

# Call me your lovely

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Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## summary

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Rosemary sneaks into the garden

What am I?

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Call me your lovely

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## A chilly winter morning

This morning,  
I am shivering.  
It's probably the cold winds  
of this harsh, relentless winter,  
or perhaps the icicles inside my frozen innards.

Longer are the nights now  
resting ever so slightly on the edge of the fleeting daylight  
with a blood moon etched across the tendrils of dusk  
enamoring the sky leaving only the tiny bits of light left,  
in the stars.

The days are stretched thin  
with a world to do within the realm of the endless ticking  
I run, and run, and run  
until there is nowhere to run to.

I shudder to stop and look at the sky  
shrouded in darkness, pitch-black hoarseness  
the black up above would reflect my soul, I'm afraid,  
and an ashen, desolate heart.

Maybe I'll peek upwards when dawn breaks  
in tiny little pieces, mending my bits cast astray,  
and maybe then, it will be all bright and bearable  
for a moment of time, stopping by my own will.

Maybe then, it will be summer finally  
and maybe, I'll even stop shivering.

## Rosemary sneaks into the garden

Rosemary sneaks into the garden  
as the night grows tall and the walls around her harden  
she tip-toes with her itsy-bitsy tinker-bell feet  
into the night that charms her with a cherubic greet  
she probably caught a whiff of homegrown thyme  
or was frightened by the stale breath of briskly passing time  
her folks wearily smile from above and whisper  
if only we'd told her, she wouldn't be such a trickster  
But it's alright so long as she doesn't know  
let her frolic around in the dark till she has to go  
at the first break of dawn,  
with the silent notes of a perpetual yawn  
she will go into a deep slumber,  
lasting for many a moon, maybe even forever.

## What am I?

I soak up everything around me, you, them, none  
left of me after I am done, they're done  
piling up their burdens on my feather shoulders  
flying up and crashing down upon comely boulders  
Can you tell I've had enough,  
trick question, you can never even take a rough  
guess, I keep it all inside, boiling and simmering  
summer cauldron, ransack their evenings with shimmering  
sparkle and glitter,  
making jokes with plastic teeth as the insides wither.  
They partake in a flesh-eating feast  
blood turns lovely, no beauty around this beast  
trudging along hallways of empty commotion  
searching for the potent, elusive happiness potion.  
Why do I, of all, must suffer this fate?  
Tales of miserly oblations told much too late  
and now it's open for all who wish to peak in  
biting the sneering tongues they speak in  
hiding behind the very shadows that burnt them  
walking barefoot on the very thorns that hurt them  
Why must we repeat our stories?  
drink the broth of lies, listen to harebrained theories?  
Speak now, I must, and end all that is yet to begin  
bring it to a boil, this unabated churning within  
Back, back in a circle, catching the ends not here  
I am the Toulouse of godmen charging at each other in fear  
It isn't easy, maybe it is, no it isn't, yes?  
a wound festering in my wrists, crimson chalice,  
to the ends of the world if this might reach, God bless.

## A Night Forgotten

Wondrous maven  
whose lair it is that you haunt?  
Is it mine? Is it someplace divine?

Crimson splashes on your face  
ashen eyes staring off into space  
Is this dream one of yours? Is it all morose?

Purple pink tears streaming down  
fine lines bordering on an ocean deep frown  
Did you pin this chandelier to the wall?  
Did the glass cuts not faze you at all?

Empty bottles on the porch  
Buffet reeking of their insatiable gorge  
Were you the once dancing till daybreak?  
Skinny dipping in the marmalade sea of heartache?

Mind me if I say so, but I don't mind much  
Violet hair to the floor, beauty ethereal, divine such  
May I steal a bit of those charms you do?  
I have been watching you from the tower, oh you too?

Rooster shrieks atop a ledge, yellow breaking the night  
This is where it all ends huh? Even all the rancour and might!  
Was all of it never real?  
Then this must be the acrid taste of love that I feel.

*Isn't it?*

## Galactica

A dying star  
A galaxy teetering  
Honed by millions of glimmering lights,  
planets aspirating fire  
Supernovas into flames,  
Flames to black  
Bleak nothingness, occluded breaths,  
Stoic, slow, and raging  
Calmly then frantically through the pyre  
of millions of glimmering lights.  
Hope above, shooting from the labyrinth of purged whites  
Purple glitter gleaming, swirling, a blinding typhoon  
The eye of the storm, radiant zero  
Starting from afar, starting from nowhere  
Hearts exploding, like heads,  
Necks and hands bound by ropes of time  
Thinly sliced, grated to hair,  
holding shards of lives,  
on scrawny fingertips.

## Call me your lovely

Pouring, jaded night, you spot shade in me  
I wonder what you're looking at, there's nothing to see--  
here--it's all moody and dark and bleak--  
you scratch and cut and claw, try to make me feel  
--pain, grimace--my body is hollow, it doesn't bleed.  
You're skin and bones and veins and beats,  
I am made of tears and retributions and promises men couldn't keep  
So feel free to drag me around like a rag doll you found in a heap.  
Put paint on me, make me pretty,  
call me your lovely, skinny or curvy  
I'm whatever you want me to be.  
Shiny ribbons in my hair and glass sandals on my feet,  
I'll waltz all night in glee--  
--on the strings that you upkeep.



## Oh Darling One!

My great sea, my lone desire  
My gentle cloud, my scorching fire.  
*Burn me, drown me, engulf me.*  
I am but dry beach sand  
Castles and footprints and  
Lots and lots of shells.  
Empty, hollow, foam of pearls  
Listen to the riptide, hear what it tells  
Sings a lost song, of oceans and melted snow  
A song nobody but for them know  
They who have opened their chests to the vast blue  
And let themselves go.  
*Into the nothingness we go.*  
*Into the turquoise gleam of sleep we go.*  
*Into life, living as in death, we go.*

## Old Paul

I make it beauty, I make it fashion  
I decide, the letter of love and law.  
I see the fortunes and I see the banes  
I tell which is true, and that which is faux.  
There is cries on one end,  
cheer on the other  
I decide what is fair and just,  
I tell you when to stop and shudder.  
Look here, what do you see?  
Through the ripened end of time, bright lit burning free,  
And tell me thus,  
what do you see?  
A child sitting petrified, more bone than skin  
We're good men here, 'tis the culmination of eons of sin.  
Or so the good men would've said,  
But I am not among the nice,  
I lurk around in the creaks and corners,  
Living on dusty cobwebs and silk fed mice.  
I see no man or son of god  
I see only fingers and toes and I decide  
To keep you company, keep you warm  
'Tis by my and only my law that I abide.

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"Old Paul went loony  
They sent a car but he never arrived  
Something must've got to him  
That poor soul, how his wife of 21 years cried!  
He talked about ancient pilgrimages  
Brisk white cliffs and trance-sque sages  
Nirvana, he looked the other way, merging with the red in the sky  
Burned a hole in it, through the prying corner of his eye.  
The blue was too much for him,

He pulled a crimson tint over his eyes  
Painted everything gray and risque black  
All so he couldn't see the sun rise."

-----?-----

"My brother always had it in him  
Beyond his years and much too wise  
Lived the good life, bread and wine  
But carried a kind of fog in his eyes.  
He loathed the balls and merry making nights  
Eyeing all with a disdain albeit despite  
being raised hen coop with the ones he admonished  
only upon shedding the silver skin, did he find respite."

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They say I'm ahead of the wheel  
But--Bible it is--I am none the wiser  
We're all born with load-strapped backs  
Any calm or repose is nothing but a scintillating appetiser.

Look around you, dreams of rich green  
Love and freedom and health  
They pray through days and sin all night  
Cotton words in mouth, accursed living in stealth.  
I rest steady in this burrow  
The beasts and I in perfect peace  
I don't do anymore, but you look like you need him  
So I'd dig another hole and pray for you to the keeper of bees.  
Just keep quiet in this dark now, will you?  
They might hear my breaths  
and come down dancing.  
I for sure don't want that!

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*Gentle city, cold flush, and clear skies  
Young years, rose blush and buoyant eyes.  
But I live not in condominiums or a high rise  
Bronzed dust and amber trunks are where my soul lies.*

## A full stop

A full stop.

Stamped across ashy lips

Snapped shut by brazen fingertips

Words choked blue in throats

Poisoned by the air that floats

All over this ghostly mansion.

Some call it my heart.

A full stop.

Tattooed on our backs

Gorging everything it lacks

Relentless questions, screaming facts

Yet on the heart's bullhorn it acts

Everytime we're struck by a painful blow.

Some call it cupid's arrow.

A full stop.

Over the other side of the hills

Dimmed by the illegible scribbling on these pills

All colors of the rainbow, gnarling reds and calm whites

Glimpses of a lavender sky & purple-pink kites

Folded by a stroke of lightning, angry Zeus

Some call it the lovers' ruse.

A full stop

Staring back at me through empty pages

Screeching a tempest within glittery cages

A hornet's nest walloped open

Bloodied bites on naked skin, unbroken

Deceased eyes resting upon an undead face

Satin dreams stripped down by bristled lace

Some call it one's own undoing.

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*So where are we now, o voyeur of unknown lands?*

*Come closer, why don't you? Let me find peace in your wounded hands.*

*We aren't welcome anywhere, the outcasts that we are  
Both of us, so why don't we just sprint away together, somewhere magnificent and far?  
"I'd love for us to", he says. His voice echoes in her heart, what beautiful silence!*

## Battle lore

*Be here, be here, be here for me.*

What more do I need? What more could a mere mortal want?

If I die right here in your arms, your stone heart I'll haunt

'Tis a battle isn't it? An uphill one at that

Would Freyja greet me on the other side, if it's your altar my remains lie at?

*Love, o you the elusive one, the troubled child who I could never get a hold of. Forgive me, forgive me for distrusting and deriding you. For it's you I get this blob of flesh and bones sticking out, moving and growing*

*Don't let these shallow breaths be in vain.*

## Don't you worry

I could make myself a thatch out of straw and dried leaves.  
At night, I'd fold in a rolling ball you can place in any corner of the floor,  
staying dead as the carpet underneath you.  
So you don't need to worry. In the morning, I'd wake up crinkled and unfurl.  
I'd cuss you out for wrinkling my soul, wash it in the sea of longing, and leave it out in the sun to dry,  
for hours and hours.  
By nighttime, it'd be stitched back like new again.  
So you don't need to worry. In the afternoons, I'd make myself a cup of nice, lukewarm tea  
and sit and stare at it for moments that feel like years,  
wanting to drown in it.  
But then I'd sip it and read the leaves for a change,  
grim mark of death, but my mother tells me it often means nothing.  
So you don't need to worry. Come the evenings, I'd put on some rose blush  
powder my nose and color my lips stark red,  
the scart letter still hanging above my head.  
But your father tells me most can't see.  
So you don't need to worry. So don't you worry,  
my days are wrapped in a blanket of satin comfort  
and hope that fizzled out far too early.  
But I am still walking, talking, standing,  
living some might say.  
So you don't need to worry.

## War

It's our elixir, it's our hubris  
It's the red we go swimming in,  
after the sun has set. It's our passion, it's our pride  
It's the charred gray tea-kettle lying on the bedside  
after the world is quiet. It's our agony, it's our writhe  
It's the lips squirmed in a basket smile  
after the joys have died. It's our delusions, it's our repudiations  
It's the lies we feed ourselves, sizzling and dressed  
after the truths have met their demise. It's our beacon, it's our guide  
It's the tainted armor splashed with wailing cries  
after the wars have been levied. //**Aber der Krieg muss geführt werden**//



## Just For Show

*//For laughter's sake, happiness we retire  
barefoot we run through thorns  
only to fall into a wildfire//* It's in the men we choose  
in the worlds we draw  
in our heads, the sound of a million wanton shrugs  
in the shredded tapestry glued to the walls  
of our dilapidated homes. From the far side, a child's cry  
colors the sky red  
the fire in the eyes of their dead  
shimmers in a wok  
harebrained words with which we talk  
come crashing down in an acid rain  
landing in a dumpster pit of emotions and feelings  
we swept aside, out of living sight. Words and letters come flying to me  
and I drown in puddles of them  
they hold me as if I'm a forlorn child  
strong arms wrapped in breakfast cereal  
mild honey yogurt, to rub on my face as I squirm  
in delight, in rapture, in anticipation  
of the next adventure. Is Summer too far gone?  
Is Autumn around the corner yet?  
Did I hear the spitter-splatter of rains  
pounding down on the bare tin roof  
of the bare house? Mine isn't the heaviest cross to bear  
but it breaks my bones as it is  
I stitch up what's remaining of my skin  
in a warm white to appease glass eyes  
Holding down an eternity  
a moment to never come  
I cry until I see blood dripping down  
and mop it up with a smile. ***//Aber die Show muss weitergehen//***

## Things

Things.

Intriguing things

Mystifying things

Riveting things

Haunting things

Things.

Things we let go

Things we just don't know

Things spiralling in our heads

Things sleeping with us in our beds

Things.

Things you and I knew

Things too good to be true

Things ricocheting off of murky waters

Things that make our voices falter

Things.

Things muddying our skeptical lenses

Things that lie just north of the senses

Things we dreamt of as children

Things we left to bubble and simmer in cauldrons

Things.

Things, nevertheless, things

Things of mystique and things of love

Things clumped together with things from above

Things we look for all our lives

Things that look like gentle knives

Things that hurt, things that heal

Things we would never ever reveal

Things we keep locked, things we throw to the winds

Things of the paupers and things of the kings

Things that make up all other things

You, me, and every other thing

Things that come from nothing

Things that end into nothing  
Things.

## Friend

A kindred mind  
A heart to bind  
Someone to share with  
This dream of mine.

A child's wonder eye  
A magnificent night sky  
Someone to remind me  
I have wings and I can fly.

A summer too long  
A forgotten song  
Someone to still the waters  
When everything feels wrong.

A laugh too loud  
A ditsy mushroom cloud  
Someone to cry joyous tears  
And scream, "You make me proud!"

"Isn't that what we call, a friend?"  
"Yes, the end."