

Anthology of S.L Appleby

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

My poems and short stories are dedicate to the experiences i have had in life. They are also dedicated to the colorful people i have met and the wonderful friends and family i have.

Acknowledgement

To those i have met, to those i keep, to those i love and to those i am yet to meet.

About the author

I am 28 and i am a student nurse. I write to make sense of my experiences and to make sense of the world and the people around me.

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Moonflowers and daisies

The moon beams reflect on the deep puddles left behind by the rain in the same way that my mind reflects on the experiences I have had. Some reflections are darkened and blurred by the clouds and others are crystal clear like the water of a lagoon. I have learnt that both can be as equally as beautiful, as we can learn from both good and bad experiences and we can grow and flourish from them; in the same way that moonflowers bloom at dusk and daisies unfold their petals at sunrise.

The wonders of my beautiful world

The mind; it's beauty is like nothing else
it is creative, imaginative and magical.
The mind is truly captivating,
it's capable of many thoughts, emotions and feelings.
The mind contains many secrets and it can be beautifully dark too.
Beware as the mind can bite
it can be dangerous;
capable of creating and unleashing unimaginable destruction and pain.

To see; i mean really open your eyes
see the world around you.
See the colorful beauty in peoples kind, courageous and thoughtful actions;
let them inspire you.
Open your eyes and see the amazing beauty in peoples creations.
observe and see the bad in the world and learn from it;
learn to never repeat it.

To hear; concentrate and listen deeply to the meaning of peoples words.
Listen to their magical body language too.
Analyse and decode the messages and signal they send.
Listen that hard you can feel and understand peoples emotions, thoughts, and feelings.

To speak; choose your words wisely.
Use kind, thoughtful and intelligent words;
the words that slip off your tongue will be remembered forever.
Change the world with your voice and teach with your voice.
Speak up for your self and others.
Release your thoughts, feelings and emotions scream them from the roof tops.

Touch; comfort and excite people with your touch.
Hold peoples hands like you have never held them before squeeze them tight.
Give meaningful hugs
touch peoples faces with passion seeping from your fingers.
Touch peoples hearts and feel them beating. Touch peoples minds and light them up brightly.

Laughter; laugh with people so hard it hurts and almost makes you pee.
Laughter is good for the soul it helps us to heal and it lifts our spirits.
Pull funny faces do silly dances
tell terrible jokes.
Most of all find your partner in funny crime and laugh the days away.

Love with all your heart and all your mind.
Love with passion, kindness, compassion and empathy.
Love the little irritating things that people drive you crazy with.

Love peoples flaws there is no such thing as perfect.
Love yourself and let yourself be loved.
Most of all love life its far to short not too.

My savior

You're the sunrise that brightens my dark like a flaming spark.
You're the wild rain that cleanses my pain.
You're the twisting wind that blows seeds into my baron garden.
You're the warmth that enables my forest to grow.
You're the colorful flowers that cradle, touch and kiss my soul.
You removed the weeds so my heart and mind could grow.
Now there's colorful wild flowers growing where it was once bare.
Thank you for showering me with love and showing me you care.
I'm now dancing and singing in the rain without a care.
I feel completely free there's no more despair for you to repair.

Dark cherry lips

I wait patiently for him to arrive, I thought I'd surprise him by wearing my thong. I have heels, a pretty lace bra, stocking and suspenders on too and a choker chain encasing my elegant neck. I sit on the dining table with perfect posture and I spread my legs to give him a show. I hear the key turn in the lock and my hairs stand on end as he walks through the door. "Where are you my slut" his voice echoes in the hall. "Come and find me Sir" I shout with a giggling tone. I can hear him scurry as he rushes through the hall, then he finally finds me sitting there tall and proud. He looks me up and down with his piercing eyes "where is dinner my slut" he says as he looks in surprise. I bite my plump cherry lips and reply with a teasing tone "I haven't made dinner sir, but it's just been served."

"What do you mean my slut" he whispers eerily into my ear as he slips his leash from his pocket and clips it to my choker chain. I look into his eyes in a deviant manner, "the diner I have in mind is to feast of each other." I watch as the hunger grows in his widening eyes then I feel my chain tighten as he yanks on his leash with pride. I grip the table with tears rolling from my eyes, I feel completely helpless yet I feel released. The chain constrict further as I wriggle and struggle, I'm gurgling and spluttering and gasping for air. My face is flushed and my eyes are bloodshot, I know he's waiting for my sweet surrender. "Please release me sir" I squeal as I beg and plead. "Beg louder my slut" he replies with a devilish grin. "PLEASE RELEASE ME SIR" I shout as I fully submit. He holds his leash a while longer then eventually loosens his grip. He grasps my waist roughly and slides me slowly off the table, "Good girl" he says as he pulls me closer. He flicks his knife open and glides it swiftly across my plump red lips and edges it close to my fragile neck.

My body is tense and my mind runs wild as he pushes my back firmly against the rouged brick wall. "Hold still slut I could slip" he says as he runs the knife's serrated edge down the front of my neck. I can feel the cold blade and the sharpness of its edge as it scrapes against my delicate skin. I daren't move, not even a flinch I'm so still I can't move an inch. He edges his knife towards my lace bra and cuts it off with one quick strike and it drops to the floor. My breast are bare, my nipples are erect and my skin tingles as he runs the knife edge down the curvatures of my body. I grin with delight as he ventures towards my panties and slips the knife in then slashes each side. My panties are wet when they fall to the floor. He sweeps the knife down the front of my cunt and he skims my swollen clit vigorously with its sharp edge. My juices are flowing my clit is throbbing I'm excited by the danger. He swirls his knife around my inner thigh then he digs the point in and I wince as he pricks my skin. My skin stings and my warm blood trickles and drips down my leg and pools in the indent of my inner ankle. He clasps my hands our fingers are intertwined; he lifts them above my head and pushes them against the wall.

He kisses me wildly, his tongue swirls against mine it's as if I can taste his deep, dark and beautiful mind. Then he turns me round and bends me over forcefully. My nipples become erect as he pushes me flat against the cold table. I can't see now it's completely dark he's covered my eyes with a soft silk scarf. I feel his touch as he binds each ankle with rope and ties them tightly to the spindly table legs. My legs are spread wide and the rope feel rough as it digs in and rubs. He grabs my arms forcefully and ties them together behind my back I've now become entrapped. I hear his belt buckle unclip and my heart starts to race I think he can see the rush in my face.

Heartbreaking shift

A heart wrenching shift has caused my mind to drift.
I sit in reflection knowing that life is perfection.
One minuet, one hour, one day, one week, one year how long will we be here.
I promise myself this and so should you live life the way you have always wanted too.
Roll around in the autumn leaves throw snowballs till you freeze.
Sit in the shining sun and have lots of magical fun.
Skip down the street with a spring in your feet.
Have a dance and a sing while you shop it's fun when people stop to watch.
Spread your love with words, smiles, kisses and hugs because sharing is caring after all.
Never hate and don't hold a grudge there's no time for this type of silly crime.
Laugh with a friend, laugh with a stranger and laugh on your own over those funny phone calls.
No Dream is too big no dream is too small there yours and yours alone.
Be crazy and have imperfections that's what makes us all unique.
Encourage people to be the best they can be and most of all catch those who fall.

The wild woman

She runs free through the trees flowing with the winds chilling breeze.
Her paws leave prints as she dances amongst the autumns auburn leaves.
She quenches her thirst with the aquamarine trickles of the fresh bursting streams.
She gazes in awe at the colorful world; the intense yellows of the sun and the shadowy greys that have a slight haze.

Her wild eyes glisten as they absorb the bright shimmering light that seeps from the stars in the dark of night.
No man can tame her wild ways; it runs too deep within her veins.
She stands tall, she stands proud, she's ready to release her enchanting sound.
Her lips touch and kiss the dark indigo sky as her howl sings a wild tune to the glowing moon.
Her howl cradles the wilderness and whispers a sacred secret; I would kill and even die for a love a pure as the midnight sky.

Embrace the dark with grace.

There was once a girl without a voice she saw no other choice.
She fooled the world with a charming smile; surly this can only last a while.
She wept a waterfall of glimmering tears as she was plagued by torture for many years.
There was so much pain that she endured it was cleverly hidden behind closed doors.
Her flame was a dimming orange amber as she died inside with rage and anger.
She's was like a smoky chard piece of used dirty coal, could anyone save her broken soul.
The poison flowed throughout her veins as it surged straight from her pained brain where it will forever remain.

Her cuts where deep; her warm burgundy blood did seep.
The poison drained like the gushing monsoon rains hitting the heavily leaded window panes.
She lay in a red sea awaiting the fast-flowing torrent to swiftly sweep her heartache away.
Then a voice whispers a much-needed reminder; all hope is not lost my sweet dear now get up and swim through your fears and remember to wipe those tears.
She dragged herself up and took another look; There's still beauty left in the world so let's not give up.

The people she met next ignited her fire as they enriched her life and loved her forever.
Her scars will last a lifetime but she embraced them with grace and a meaningful smile upon her face.
She has learnt that bad experiences often shape the unkempt hedges to allow the hidden flowers to bloom in the golden rays of the shimmering sun.
I am a survivor, I now have a voice and a choice.

Tease

She's a wild teasing flirt
who wears a skimpy silky shirt;
tucked into a tight pencil skirt.
Clickety-clack, clickety-clack that rhythmical sound that's so profound.
It's her heels pounding the ground while she struts around.
She sits on the office chair twiddling her fair hair.
All the men watch and stare giving her that raunchy glare.
A ball point pen she lifts to her plump pink lips this is one of her tantalizing teasing tricks.
She stands at the photocopier, her hands squeezing her hips while she laughs and bites her bottom lip.
Everyone can see her silky stockings as they start to slip.
A piece of paper floats to the floor as she closes the photocopier door.
She falls to her knees to tease and retrieve all you can here is the men as they heavily breath.
There's only one she eager to please; the boss knows just how to control this meticulous tease