

Canabalising Emotion

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some emotions burn at the heart - 'burns with teeth of flame ' This is such a story of a bitterness which has consumed a once dear friend ' the kindest (kill) do it with a knife for the dead so soon grow cold'



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She tells me now
She spends her days
Counting the cost.
The cost of trusting.
When all the trust
Just turned to rust

Of love that was only provisional
On promises which were only conditional
Commitments which were fantastical
Dreams which were digressional
And , for that matter ;
Also illusional.

She is bitter as the sloe
Hanging from the Winterâ s bush
That life has served her such a bitter blow ;
Left her always
In the shadow of her first girlhood flush.

She reminds me now of two
Constellations swirling
Round in space ; whirling ;
With the larger feeding off the other
Which will slowly cannibalise the lesser.

And sadly she is the lesser
Bitterness , makes her lesser still
And makes her now the wrathful aggressor
And makes her roads all lead downhill.

Where is the girl
Upon whose freckled Face

Tthe sun did dance
And made it glow

I see a tree
Leafless and unblossomed
Its branches reaching up like claws
Yet it is Summer now
And the bird-clawed branches
Scape , in anger at that self same Sun

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And still she spends her days
Now just making rust.

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