

The Pen is

The Pen is

By : Vashti Puls

A warning to those who think they wield power between their legs- for the last (S)word shall belong i the hole
where badgers dare to keep remembrances both grim and sweet

Published on
Booksie

[booksie.com/Vashti Puls](http://booksie.com/VashtiPuls)

Copyright © Vashti Puls, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

The Pen is

If I could i would wield an ink filled pen
I'd be both black and blue
and dripping crimson red

Spilling my seeds and words
on fields once untried
I'd yield both sickle and hoe
to dig deep 'neath the ducky ground
To find a speech I never spoke> to yield a new and howling sound

If there is a pounding of the rain a falling
Don't assume it's my tears nor spume
Electricity will come from the plume of bird and song
when lightening hits the rod
with both courage and fear
Feel- it is real
The weather vanes will spin
like heads upon spikes of old
when such living was a sin
and such bodies kept naked and cold

If I disrobe the throbbing letter
then will you receive
the cocks crow
the loose screw
the cows teat
when the arrows on sundials and clocks
come loose
if I unveil the charcoal hoods
will you reach for my ash
dashboard light hot and red
in places you can't probe fast enough
for oils which come unfettered

If i could wear a mask with (W)holes
The hymnals would not be
in the eyes
for may mouths speak at once
to keep wagging tongues in surprise
gag and unwrap them
as a present gift
uplifting
If I do wear a fancy gown with frills and quiver
up and down
The truth will be tied
underneath
with a bow inside of a posy

The Pen is

fresh twisted
lovers knots

For beneath the fishy pond
where your copper pennies you do throw
salamanders and roe wield much more
or less worth than eggs of tadpoles fetus growth
when covered over mists
of ice or condensing snow

Both shells may hold the flesh
in back shacks amongst streams
along unknown weedy trails
wild winds may blow
more than mere kisses
so gave goose bumps and carcasses
the necks of fowl
and blue gill hunted by bitches

Save any stones or feathers you have plucked
those holes you have invaded with both nets and poles
Wish that you may fly
Gather all the bones you may
and cast them as you die
trembling like snakes and apples over ripe

That dripping stickiness prevail
in phosphorescent dreams like the trials
given unto glow worms, slugs, moss and snails
Captured like stars in screwed in jars
lives reviled only when the darkness yields
Where the pearl or the sand
when she keeps shut the pink ridged clam
The reflection of her orbs
reflecting beneath places you plan on diving
in midstream
next time demand knock her door will open
though in the shell may be some reeking
oil it once or twice
much better for the squeaking

Oh mouse caught in a trap with cheese
What is this hide or seeking
once you were in fields free
now to the peanuts butter you are sticking
not to the roof of thatched huts
open to mules and mares
but to the hooves
of mustangs and steeds
stealthily speeding
trampled underneath

The Pen is

the inner courses
The reasons of the game
A trophy for the winner of such keepings
sheaths that are blazoned bold
old already now this death that has no name

So blush and push the buttons twice
the elevators are rising
make sure the cables are not cut
For the arrival is in the timing
While waiting take out a cigarette
and light such straws for the burning
from your yearning make a halo
of both sins and naughty behaving

Her powder puff is pink and sweet
as a bunny's tail receding
but you forget the seasons change
both her colours and her breedings
So take your quills and dip them deep
receive such advice and sharpen it like a knife
perhaps when she is snoring and she lies asleep
you'll catch yourself a wife> but remember each s(word has a sheath
and discarded pearls shells have teeth
Think twice before you write for your pen
is the instrument you must lose and keep

Vashti Puls

The Pen is

The Pen is

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-26 23:00:56