

Poetry Series

**Louise Tredoux**  
**- poems -**

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## Louise Tredoux()

May this day bring joy and freedom and happiness, may my hand write down the thoughts of the gods and fill the reader's mind with new ideas and wonderful new ideals!

## A Flame Within Me

I have never known such a wonderful time  
with Rudi's presence burning like flame  
within me, never felt so warm and glowing  
continuously

This place he has built for me where I am free  
to sing and dance for him, to express myself  
without any fear of rejection, without shame  
for being a human being

I used to try and become someone else, could  
not live with myself, but Rudi created a space in  
which the real me fits like a glove, I need not cut  
off parts of myself, suppress my feelings

Ignore my passions and follow rules, I can live  
rambunctiously, run when others are walking,  
shout when others are whispering, jump when  
others are kneeling

Sing the joyous refrains in my heart without crying  
about death and destruction like the rest of the  
world, safe and free with Rudi...

Louise Tredoux

# How Much I Love You

Woke up this morning without you  
no morning kiss for me, no good  
night kiss last night, I'm keeping  
count, shall require all the kisses  
I missed

Attending the funeral all alone, my  
uncle heartbroken, nieces in purple  
sorrow, could not breathe in church  
it is all wrong because death of the  
physical body is

A birth into a new form of existence  
my aunt would want us to wish her  
well, our questions and tears are  
holding her spirit back; soon the  
family will accept

How heart-wrenching to see my  
uncle's tears, how wonderful to  
know that he loved her so, here-  
with a million kisses, reminding  
you how much I love you

And always will, the way you  
created a special place just  
for me, I miss you more  
than I can tell...

Louise Tredoux

## Keep Thinking Of Me

Sighing, not enjoying my present task  
preparing a curry dish for a ladies' charity  
Sister Teresa actually forbid anybody to  
serve in her hospital or monastery unless  
they smiled and looked happy – I suppose

She would have chased me, asked me to  
leave unless I could devote myself in love  
to my serving task, I'm trying to visualise  
the poor enjoying my curry to infuse my  
heart with happy humility

But I would rather be walking on the beach  
admiring the wide blue expanse of the sea  
than be imprisoned here in my little kitchen  
though when I remember the wonderful  
times I've spent here with Rudi

I have to smile, the education he gave me  
on love and expression of affection has a  
lot to do with our kitchen, memories  
flooding my mind, I start laughing  
Rudi finds me dancing and singing

Amongst the curry dishes, asks what is  
going on, I kiss him, YOU are the subject  
of my thoughts, I tell him, if it makes you  
this happy, he says, keep thinking of me!

Louise Tredoux

## Light Of Truth And Love

Sunday night without Rudi, the day fine  
without him, dreamed about my heroine,  
now it's late, my visions are gone, my arms  
empty, only his presence keeps me safe,  
without him doubts about myself assail my  
soul, I'm searching for reassuring thoughts,  
want to stop fearing my ability to make a  
mess when he's not around, wanted to  
share my dreams with him, wanted to  
give him the love I feel ...

Ah, Rudi returned, fulfilled my dreams...  
How different everything is with Rudi home!  
How I glow, how exciting life becomes within  
the circle of his love, how beautiful passion  
is, how warm being together like this, how  
wonderful to escape from my fears into the  
light of the truth and love he brings with him,  
how delightful to take care of the one I love,  
how glad I am that I missed him so much,  
so that his return brings me more joy than

Anything else in life...

Louise Tredoux

## Shimmering Whispers

,  
Then my heart opened up  
like a flower unto the sun  
of your words, the pain of  
humiliation leaving me

Rejection in shadows lifting  
up, I saw beauty and grace  
everywhere, heard music in  
laughter, feelings of despair

Leaving my heart, this gift of  
shimmering whispers the most  
sumptuous delicacy, fragile like  
the finest glass, more precious

Than everything cherished before,  
more beautiful - every new thought  
always eclipses those that existed  
before, every day your words

Are a new stream of joy-creating,  
life-giving energy...

Louise Tredoux

## For Him Alone

Rudi dressed me, made me look sultry  
I felt beautiful, seductive, enticing, Rudi  
wanted me to seduce him and I did, he  
loved it

But I refused to appear in public in such a  
flattering dress, want to charm only him, too  
shy to meet strange probing eyes, I am not  
a siren

I could not accompany him in a revealing  
dress, he said nobody else would notice or  
care, that became my ace, why dress up to  
be ignored

I glow for Rudi alone, he knows I am his only,  
I'm amazed by celebrities who delight in public  
admiration, showing their attributes without  
embarrassment

I fear strange eyes, I hide myself in Rudi and  
the refuge he made for us, sharing my being  
and dreams with him only, dedicating myself  
to him

Taking care of him with all my life...

Louise Tredoux

## How Small We Are

Realizing we have little money, I'm  
happy to stay where I am, I don't  
want to visit tourist attractions to  
join the culture-vultures, happy to  
be a spirit free

Enjoying life with my loved one with  
me; I do not want to use my beloved  
like a mercenary, only create a safe  
haven against all of life's storms; he  
enjoyed my fantasies

He knows I don't need money, jewels  
or overseas trips - only to love and to  
hold, to laugh and to scold when he  
forgets 'We learn too late, How small  
we are -

- How little we know! '

'How Small We Are; How Little We Know'  
.....Song By Earl Wilson, Jr.

We laugh, we cry,  
We live, we die,  
and when we're gone, the world goes on.  
We love, we hate, we learn too late,  
How small we are, how little we know.

We hear, we touch, we talk too much,  
of things we have no knowledge of.  
We see, we feel,  
yet can't conceal,  
How small we are, how little we know.

See how the time moves swiftly by,

We don't know how, we don't know why.  
We reach so high, and fall so low,  
The more we learn, the less we know.  
Too soon the time to go will come,  
Too late the will to carry on,  
And so we leave too much undone,  
How small we are how little we know.

Louise Tredoux

## A Kindred Spirit - Glowing

,  
Love the freedom of the grey sea  
went diving today, ice-cold water  
free from restraint, swimming and  
floating, enjoying the fact of being  
alive without constraint

Safe in your love protecting me from  
the guilt of existence, you claim I can  
delight in the fact of my birth as I bring  
YOU joy, your reason for being is found  
in me, we were born to set each other free

Free from a meaningless existence in  
providing spiritual sustenance for a  
kindred spirit; these thoughts warm  
my heart, keep me glowing  
wherever I go on this earth...

Louise Tredoux

## Dreaming Away...

You kept your word, you promised  
you would come home with liqueur  
and a red rose in your mouth and  
you did, now you have to bear the  
brunt of my love, I can't stop kissing  
you, you looked so sweet, the liqueur  
and chocolates were wonderful

Though what I did under the influence  
of these wonderful gifts should be a  
secret for evermore, don't tell anyone,  
besides, I was practicing for that won-  
derful trip you promised me; we'll have  
to use chocolate liqueur to fulfill  
our dream; but what a prospect

While you're working today, I'm  
dreaming away...

Louise Tredoux

# I Expected Love

I expected love – and you came, the details  
turned out differently but with Abraham I can  
say the vibrational essence was the same, I  
dreamed about dark, curly hair – and you are  
blonde, I dreamed about dark, brooding eyes  
and yours are blue

I dreamt about a deep velvet voice, and you sing  
like a contrabass, more heavenly than I could ever  
suspect, I dreamt about understanding – and you  
see more than I knew there was – I dreamt about  
love, little bits of love – and you brought more  
love than I can ever understand

You are so much more, with more enchantment  
more magic, more humour, more happiness, than  
I was able to visualize, reality is better than any  
dream, you are larger than any little hope and  
small expectation I have ever cherished – it  
would seem, you are an angel yourself

And I love you so much!

Louise Tredoux

## Delighted All The Time

I know I've shocked Rudi, maybe even I  
know life can't be so perfect, but at least  
we can try to have fun at some tourist sites

Surely just walking about and checking the  
boring stuff pointed out by world-weary  
guides can't bring much joy

We've all seen it pictures, we need to add the  
unexpected, playing at being a tourist is NOT  
my strong point, I'm a dreamer

Embroidering reality, with Rudi next to me, we  
can change routine actions into something new;  
at least he has something to think about

The way he acts at night, I think it is doing  
him good – as for me; I'm delighted  
all the time!

Louise Tredoux

## Total Bliss

I was content, knowing you were  
at home, waiting for me, I was  
happy when you announced you  
were coming here, I was thrilled  
seeing your face at the airport,  
I was overjoyed when I clasped  
you to my heart, I was ecstatic  
when we made love, it was total  
bliss to lie next to you afterwards

Louise Tredoux

## A New Life

The sudden light in your eyes, the sudden look  
of delight, everything changed, the sun came out,  
henceforth, the world is different, I am renewed,  
the discovery that love is pure, unblemished in  
you opened new horizons of total bliss, when  
I smiled and you took me in your arms, waltzed  
me outside into a new world that belonged to  
you and me, I knew my faith in love and life was  
redeemed, a new life began with thee...

Louise Tredoux

## Explore Quantum Time Waves

Rudi was shaking his head,  
couldn't believe what I had said,  
he wanted to know what my short  
story was all about, when I told him  
he laughed, incredulous

He wanted to read my story himself,  
worried – Oh Louise, do you really  
think it is possible? – NO! I replied,  
It is but ONE of a myriad possibilities  
and I DON'T want it to happen at all,

Just wanted to create the possibility,  
Rudi kissed me – And what is your  
conclusion, little one? – That it would  
make my heroine most unhappy, that  
realizing this possibility

Would bring her too much pain and  
self-recrimination - Would you like to  
publish it? He asked, a twinkle in his  
eyes, I laughed and deleted the text  
with a happy sigh

No, my heroine would run away and  
never return, my characters would  
never forgive me for revealing their  
secret experiments with quantum  
physics - Rudi pulled me

Into his arms – But I'll remember and  
if I might play the role of Brian, I'll explore  
a small part of this possibility with you – I  
looked at my heroine, she nodded with  
a smile - YES! I would love that!

Then he proceeded to explore quantum  
time waves with me...



# Happiest Person Alive

You are glowing, Louise, Juliette said,  
yes you are, and why, I smiled because  
the indelible memory of Rudi's return  
from his marine research trip will for-  
ever be with me

I never knew that natural feelings and  
animal instincts bring so much joy, I  
never realized that the mere fact of our  
existence and desires fulfilled bring so  
much ecstasy

I thought I should achieve in order to  
enjoy life and feel happy, now I discover  
that doing what comes naturally is the  
most wonderful feeling of fulfillment and  
brings me more joy

Than anything I ever achieved or accomplished  
the primitive urge to simply exist in comfort and  
joy fulfilled makes me the happiest person alive...

Louise Tredoux

## His Reaction Was Smashing

If I show you the world, will you let  
me make love to you everywhere?  
No, I replied, because I'll be making  
love to YOU in all kinds of wonderful  
places, Rudi smirked – And shall  
we visit the Eiffel Tower?

Yes, you'll have to arrange it... No  
problem, only tickets needed... For  
privacy, I said, I want to do it there –  
Why? he asked bewildered, I sighed -  
To make the place ours, afterwards,  
that place will forever be mine

Don't you know anything? – What if  
somebody sees us? – They'll die of  
jealousy; Rudi warned - We might  
get imprisoned for public indecency –  
Then we'll sell our story, Two Love-  
birds In Jail / Two Jailbirds in Love

The money will get us out on parole,  
then we'll do it again, make head-  
lines – Louise, you're having me on!  
Maybe, I said – You'll have to prevent  
it, I want to make love to you every site  
that we visit – That might be

difficult - he sighed, with a delighted  
shine in his eyes - You've given me  
new reason to live; I smiled, got up  
and showed him what clothing was  
lacking, his reaction was smashing,  
he looked dashing in the throes

Of excited passion, the time I spent  
reading paid off...

Louise Tredoux

## My Magical Destiny

I'm lighter than air, floating  
about like helium gas, buoyed  
up by words and thoughts of  
absolute love, the diaphanous  
gauze of feelings enfolding my  
life

Sinking a golden anchor of the  
sweetest delight into the infinite  
depths of my mind, spreading the  
glow and warmth of flaming light  
everywhere, enclosing my universe  
in a golden halo

Assuring me that you are more true  
than reality, that you are my magical  
destiny...

Louise Tredoux

## That One Beloved Face

Sometimes we realize how wonderful  
the presence of a loved one – his tone  
of voice, his understanding, even his  
wrath or anger; everything is different  
when it is HIM who experiences an  
emotion,

We bask in the glory of their goodwill  
and love and suffer under their fury, al-  
ways they are exceptional, always it is  
that one beloved face we wish to see,  
always HE turns back to me with an  
understanding

And compassion that motivates me to  
try harder to fulfill my ideals and make  
him proud, feeling such pride in his hard  
work to create a better world, seeing a  
different world through his eyes - and  
when

He forgets to laugh, turning his eyes to  
all the joys in life, showing him all the  
beauty we can see, hoping to motivate  
him to create more beauty with me...

Louise Tredoux

## Eternally Young

Talking, conversing, laughing and joking;  
this is heaven, this is how I always want  
it to be, you here with me, walking on the  
beach, crutches and cast, you carrying  
me when necessary, spending time  
together like this

You confide in me, tell me your dreams,  
I share my thoughts with you, in the safe  
care of your hands they become jewels  
while your dreams shine like a beacon  
to me, leading me into the future with-  
out fear, together

We are strong, we are happy, we are  
eternally young!

Louise Tredoux

## Just The Way You Are

You're so sweet, looking at me  
with one eye like that, protruding  
between the blankets, you're so  
sleepy, don't want to get up, so  
I decided to leave you like that

To let you sleep till you wanted  
to get up and tackle the day in  
your own way, kissing you softly  
good night in the morning, that's  
when you woke up and I was

Not sorry, I loved the way you  
started the day with me clasped  
in your arms, kissing away, this  
is just as I always dreamt it would  
be, I want you just the way

You are, forever and a day...

Louise Tredoux

## My Sweetheart Knight

What we choose to live is our  
truth - I looked at Rudi with a  
smile - I love the choice he  
made when he chose me

I love my choice for him even  
more, should he ask me again  
whether he still is my sweetheart,  
I would reply, yes indeed

I choose to crown you my Sweetheart  
Knight, I shall be your Lady-Love for  
as long as you choose to serve me  
with your loving troubadour song!

Louise Tredoux

# Tears Of Delight

The memory of last night is growing in  
my heart, the warmth of your presence  
is slowly melting all the cold loneliness  
away, the beauty of being in your arms  
is warming my heart

I was freezing without you, Rudi, although  
I sent you my faith and trust to keep you  
safe, and it worked; I did not have vital  
energy left for myself, when you  
returned and the world turned

Right side up, I did not have power to enjoy  
your return, now as you fill me with love and  
joy, your staunch presence, your love, your  
lips, I'm becoming myself again – but I was  
so cold beneath the façade of trust

So cold – it takes some time to warm up  
again, but the warmth of your touch – I  
missed you so much and had to keep a  
positive face for Providence's sake,  
convincing the gods that they

Could use my faith to bring you back – slowly  
defrosting now, releasing the fears I had buried  
beneath a trusting veneer, forgive me for crying  
so much – I did not dare to shed too many tears  
while you were gone

I had to be strong - the pain has to be released,  
but these are tears of joy;  
tears of delight!

Louise Tredoux

# , Whorls My Love Into A Spiral

We radiate energy  
when we expand into  
a state of meditation  
or experience  
love profound

I looked up into  
your loving eyes,  
questions chasing each  
other over your brow,  
regarding my life

A puzzle you  
cannot unravel,  
yet you did not leave  
me all by myself, your  
hand took mine, you  
helped me up

I felt a wave of love  
profound washing over  
me, I could see into  
your heart, discerning  
your soul

Seeing a heart so  
brave, a soul so  
beautiful, I wished to  
touch, to become one  
with you – you smiled  
enigmatically

Radiating energy which  
whirled me out of mundane  
consciousness into a new  
awareness - where all  
is bliss

Your love fills me with

energy and whorls my  
love into a spiral that  
energizes you also...

Louise Tredoux

## Life Is Music And Love

Listening to Cavalliera Rusticana, Rudi's favourite, I don't know it well, male voices like hobos and flutes, golden shine in the brown hues, silver sopranos flashing in deep ocean water, the music calls for conducting moving to the music, Rudi's arms around me

I love him, love the music, vibrantly alive, a celebration of life, rhythm and notes bring love to me, music enclosing everything, a framework that confers meaning, Rudi's voice a velvet cloth in which he wraps me safely, soft, warm, caressing my heart

Spinning a safety net, catching me when I fall into nightmares, building a bulwark against fear for the future, against the pain of being born sinful, being incomplete – he brings completion and infinity, the most wonderful feeling of security, music and

Harmony, I fly on your music, swaying to the beat, life is music and love to me...

Louise Tredoux

## Love In A More Intense Way

Enjoying my heart's wish today, walked  
on the beach, pristine white sand forming  
a far horizon, wind whipping my hair into  
total disobedience, walked all the way to  
the rusty skeleton of an old ship, nostalgia  
in the air, a cold-knife wind cutting through  
my jersey, the water burnt my feet, the pain  
made me feel alive, aware, the world is re-  
created once again, sat down with my note-  
book to record the adventures of Ernestine  
my latest heroine, create a relationship with  
an intensely angry man who will be changed  
by her joie de vivre

Came home, frozen, Rudi waiting for me, read  
my story in fascination, wanted to know which  
part I would like to experience in reality so as  
to describe my heroine's life with more accu-  
racy, I was delighted, what a valuable contri-  
bution, I explained and he was game, now  
love will never be the same for me, I have  
added the dramatic adventures of an  
Ernestine to my life and I love Rudi in  
a new, more intense way!

Louise Tredoux

## Waylaid By The Mermaids

,  
when you're back, I'll sing you a song,  
when you're back, I'll write you a poem,  
when you're back, I'll listen to your voice,  
when you're back, I' stare into your eyes -  
bask in the sun of your being, dance with  
delight, but first

I'll cry, for myself, for having waited so long,  
for the time lost without you, cry for the joy of  
having you back, then I'll smile, run and jump  
and shout in delight, chase you around; terrorize  
you for the sheer joy of having you back, I'll follow  
you around like a little dog

Overwhelmed by the privilege of having you part of  
my life, right now you are in my heart only, but when  
you're back, you'll be in front of me and I'll glory in the  
magnificence of your presence - when you're back -  
but now I'll cry for still missing your face outside my  
mind, first I'll let go of the tears

Because you aren't here - then I'll start composing a  
welcoming poem for the beloved of my heart who left on  
an Odyssey and has been detained by the Cyclops and  
waylaid by the mermaids and who knows what else besides...

Louise Tredoux

## , You Loved Me

I was delighted when I found you  
where you were hiding, jumping  
on crutches I couldn't chase you,  
searching the flat, in a flash of  
pure inspiration

Looked through the flap we had  
installed for the cat, and there you  
were, eyes twinkling and laughing  
like mad, and the feeling opened  
like a flower within me

The realization flowed through my  
being like the sweetest honey and  
made me glow – you loved me,  
and I loved you so!

Louise Tredoux

## Hold His Heart

Dancing through shops selling stationery,  
buying books and cards, looking at second-  
hand clothes, dressing up in Victorian finery,  
playing with various personalities, but in the  
end I shall just be me

Waltzing to a restaurant, lunch with Rudi, on  
his way to Lüderitz, I shall wow him before he  
leaves, let him remember me passionate next  
to him, he will hurry home to see what I have  
for him, I want to envelope his soul

Hold his heart, make him the happiest man  
in this country – in the world; if he feels as  
joyous as I do, there is no way of  
stopping us from experiencing  
ecstasy...

Louise Tredoux

## My Heart Is Safe

Softly my beloved went away,  
early in the morning, long before  
the dawn, facing an emergency,  
before he went, he left a kiss for  
me, a promise on his lips, sweet  
secrets between him and me, it  
is so lovely to know he is there,  
walking about, knowing my heart  
is safe in his care...

Louise Tredoux

## Pirates Have Been Found

The pirates have been found, Rudi's been  
taken into custody with them, suspected of  
collusion with these criminals since he tried  
to help them – this sorely tries my patience,  
though I fall back on faith alone, with the cer-  
tainty of mathematics I know everything is  
still the same; except

A hole has opened in my heart and is growing  
bigger still, hope is wonderful, but hope alone  
is not enough today, everything is difficult, now  
treading my way in the treacle of reality I can't  
escape the knives of pain cutting holes in my  
thoughts, my trust is cold and hard, hope  
like a jewel polished bright with use

But inside, I'm cold, cold, cold....

Louise Tredoux

## Suicidal Attempt At Enjoying Life

Crashed a quad bike, fell so hard,  
skin burning in raw abrasions, face  
swollen in purple and blue, twisted  
ankle, broken ribs, the quad bike  
destroyed, guilt unalloyed, no  
extenuating circumstances

I borrowed the bike illegally, enjoyed the  
amazing speed like a fool demented, felt  
I could fly, hit that tree camouflaging on  
the sly, I am resigned to all the anger and  
fiery tempers and threats of punish-  
ment which greeted

My temerity to survive my suicidal attempt  
at enjoying life, expressed in righteous indig-  
nation by my well-behaved, faultless peers,  
they have no need to charge around to feel  
alive, they recommend I resign myself to life  
as routine in servitude

Staying safe, out of danger's way, looking at  
their self-satisfied holier-than-thou faces I wish  
I were dead, spending a boring life amongst  
them is the worst fate, what Rudi will say when  
he learns the facts - I prefer not to go there...

Louise Tredoux

## Darling Beloved

Your lament on my having to leave  
for a short while was touching and  
sweet, you know it is but a short mo-  
ment in time, I will be home again to  
listen to your thoughts, react to your  
moods, calm your mind at the onset  
of a temper, share your life, dispel  
clouds of loneliness before they can  
rain on your joie de vivre

Point out the flowers to you, showing  
that you are the sun to me, I am the  
moon revolving around you, nobody  
else holds my attention like you do,  
though I am not physically present,  
living means Rudi to me, do not fret,  
my darling beloved, I am returning to  
you as soon as my duty is done, a  
funeral, a birth into a new form of life

an uncle bereft, we all have to face  
death some time, let us prepare by  
enlarging the love in our hearts...

Louise Tredoux

## Kids On Street

I'm listening to the song, "Fool, you didn't have to hurt her, fool, you only had to love her..." and I'm crying, also cried yesterday when McCartney sang "Hey Jude, don't make it bad, take a sad song and make it better..."

When I complained to Rudi about the collection request and how I got sucked in, he had no sympathy, calling me a simpleton for not resisting the attempt to suck me into Ladies Aid, I felt so hurt and rejected, he said I should learn how

To say NO in the right tone of voice, like a majestic matron, why couldn't he have masked his disdain, even false empathy would have helped, I feel doubly bad – for my being such an unsupportive collector, incompetent in the extreme

And for the orphanage kids who will be on street unless we succeed... "Fool, you didn't have to hurt her, fool, you only had to love her..."

Louise Tredoux

## , Wunderleben, Faria, Faria, Ho!

And so Rudi came marching home again,  
Hurrah; back from sea and wave and foam,  
hurrah, hurrah! Freed from custody, fatigued  
by his misadventures

A magical Odyssey, safe and hungry for justice,  
when Rudi comes marching home again there  
will be a feast, Werner and Juliette are here,  
hurrah! We are all cheering him

Rudi ist wieder da, hurrah, nun wohlan, das  
Schicksal will, dass heut allein, ich NICHT  
soupieren, Ja! - Lustig ist mein  
Wunderleben, faria, faria, ho!

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again", "Die Fledermaus"  
Adele; and "Lustig ist das Zigeunerleben, faria, faria, ho."

"Lustig ist das Zigeunerleben, faria, faria, ho.  
Brauchen dem Kaiser kein Zins zu geben, faria, faria, ho.  
Lustig ist es im Grünen Wald, wo des Zigeuners Aufenthalt...  
faria, faria, faria, faria, faria, faria, ho"

Louise Tredoux

# , Ciribiribin I Love You So Much

Hab mich lieb  
Du hast mich lieb  
Ciribiribin, Ich hab  
dich ja so lieb Rudi  
Ich hab dich lieb

Aimez-moi  
vous m'aimez  
Ciribiribin, je t'aime  
beaucoup Rudi, je  
t'aime pour toujours

Love me  
you do love me  
Ciribiribin, I love  
you so much Rudi  
and I always will!

Ciribiribin - Lyrics by Howard Johnson (1932)  
Music composed by Alberto Pestalozza - 1898

Ciribiribin, with hearts so free we'll sing and dance this melody  
Ciribiribin, oh what romance with loving hearts in harmony  
Ciribiribin, what ecstasy to sing through life so merrily  
Ciribiribin, ciribiribin, ciribiribin means love to me

Louise Tredoux

## Communing With Angels And Spirits

Rudi and his mates fell victim to a  
band of pirates, if my name were  
Angélique of Sergeanne Golon,  
I would have been on my way to  
save him, but then I'd have to sleep  
with the pirate captain and a few  
gallant men along the way as well,  
that's how it always went under  
Sergeanne's pen, it must have been  
Serge who wrote in all those ravishing  
scenes, Anne would never have done  
that to a heroine – I sigh and get up,  
day-dreaming will not solve the problem,  
though I am sure Rudi's safe

After praying for him, after getting  
those tea-drinking, but well-meaning  
ladies of the Bible-study group to fast  
and pray, I know there is a safety net  
of prayer around Rudi and his mates,  
the only thing that could break it is a  
loveless deed by one of them; Rudi  
would never do anything unloving,  
he has far too much compassion with  
suffering, he will probably help them  
solve the problems that led to piracy  
in the first place

Everyone thinks me crazy for not  
worrying, I wandered in the church-  
yard this morning, communing with  
angels and spirits, completely serene...

Louise Tredoux

## , Evolving Dream

After the event  
passion spent  
two souls warm  
content

Two hearts unite  
two eyes meet  
intimate in mutual  
understanding

Two lives entwined  
in silent telepathy  
two minds bound  
in the quest

For mystery infinite  
woven for each  
other meeting  
in a magic

Evolving dream  
increasing joy  
forever and  
ever

And ever...

Louise Tredoux

## ,           **Fragrant With Spice**

Reposed in church  
letting beautiful ideas  
flow over me, filled with  
wonderful goodness

There need not be a God  
standing around in ermine  
cloak for me to believe, I only  
look at wonderful people

To know that divine consciousness  
burns in mankind, when I listen to  
your words, dearest, sweet and kind,  
filling my mind with happiness

Fragrant with spice, fresh with energetic  
intent, filling my heart with shining love,  
there is no need for a godly being in my  
life while you are there as the god of love

Louise Tredoux

## Love And Passion

I know romantic love and passion are temporary, passing as time goes by, a hormonal imbalance, a fluctuating feeling of infatuation, still I cherish every moment with Rudi

Although the friendship and humour we share are more important than the feelings that come and go, it is the most wonderful experience to bloom in his arms, to fall into a trance when his eyes

And his voice exert their mesmerising force, although our camaraderie will survive the moments of love, I cherish every moment of wild desire for him, I shall enjoy physical life unto the very end

Making the memory of Rudi and his special love the essence of my awareness that will endure beyond the end of my physical life...  
&#8195;

Louise Tredoux

## A Bauble Of Love

The lattice work of beautiful words  
you have woven in my heart,  
enclosing my mind in a bauble of  
love, diaphanous, but tough,  
your words playing like the sweetest  
melody in my head, forming my  
smile, infusing my laugh, giving me  
wings, making me fly, I'm burning  
inside, I want to jump and shout, tell  
everyone love is about, feelings  
are bubbling in me, asking myself  
who adores whom most, could you  
adore me more than I adore you?  
Impossible, though the love you've  
shown, the way you held me while  
you sang a song of love makes me  
think of unfathomable depths, becomes  
the most overpowering mythology –  
experience too wonderful to contaminate  
with the routine descriptions of reality

Louise Tredoux

## His Presence Balms My Heart

My heart so filled with love,  
look at everything my beloved  
does, I'm so proud of him, he is  
different from other men, does  
not seek his own glory, does  
not blow his own bugle, makes  
time to help his little wife, I realize  
the way anger filled his heart

I reached my hand to him, he was  
still my loving Rudi, still took care of  
me even when buried by pressures  
of a labour fight, though his eyes looked  
away, his hands always reached for mine,  
he was aware of me all the time, though  
he seemed a million miles away, his  
presence balms my heart

As it always does...

Louise Tredoux

## , Sun Shining Upon Him

There, I'm rational again, the self-pity,  
and selfishness cried out of my system,  
happy for Rudi out on a boat on the  
open sea, doing what he loves most,  
working with all things marine, he  
won't ever know about my crying so  
wildly, I was caught unprepared,  
now to get on with my own work,  
move to my father to help him with  
his research on church history,  
knowing Rudi will return, he always  
does, life is good and the same sun  
shining upon him and the crew  
is shining for me, the same wind  
that ruffles his hair, is ruffling mine...

Louise Tredoux

## Treats Me Like A Prince

Panic attack, total confusion, didn't know  
where I was, at least knew who I was, could  
not recognize a single street, all shop-fronts  
strange, I was lost, a kind lady made me sit  
down, a friendly part of town

Thought of Rudi, where could he be, at work  
of course, tied up in court, close my eyes,  
visualize a golden light, saw a doll, rather  
small, beautiful, bought the doll, fear  
subsided, quiet in my mind

Hailed a taxi, happy African music, people  
smiled, recognised my street, safely home  
without disturbing anyone, Rudi will be  
proud of my dealing with the crisis on  
my own without involving him

Should he smile, I will be delighted; should  
he frown, I will be heartbroken - What is  
love? The best autocratic way of life, the  
lovely challenge of either upsetting  
or pleasing a beloved

I love anticipating Rudi's face when he  
comes home, though shocked by my  
tales of incompetence, he always  
treats me like a prince...

Louise Tredoux

## Consideration And Self-Restraint

So disappointed in myself, thought  
I had my temper under control, thought  
I was turning into a compassionate person,  
but no

Although the ladies prayed for Rudi, and I  
am so much obliged; when they came with  
irrational demands for contributions and  
serving tea

At one of their functions, I got so angry, my  
face started to burn, my heart nearly left my  
chest, I felt like killing all of them then and  
there

What a horrible, passionate person I am, how  
can I learn consideration and self-restraint, I  
HATE these functions so much, but there is  
no need

To be furious, as soon as Rudi is back, I'll  
channel all my energy into loving him and  
maybe these angry spells will be less intense;  
that is

If these ladies do not wish him secretly dead  
after my murderous look, I can't understand  
why I'm such an unteachable person, why I  
have no natural love

For sweet, simple, idiotic humanity...

Louise Tredoux

# , I Love Him, His Everything

Car hit me, stunned, whole universe  
angry with me, a genie out of a bottle  
trying to kill me?

Not serious, only shock, confessed the  
incident to Rudi, he exploding

Shock making him angry, then contrite;  
my heart broken, do I truly deserve  
such rejection?

Rudi explaining he loves me, can't bear  
the thought of death and loss

Do I forgive him? But of course, I love him,  
his anger and his thoughts, his everything,  
and I always will!

Louise Tredoux

## , Life Really Is Beautiful

Rudi and red wine, we watched  
sun going down while I told you  
all about my eventful day, the fun  
of confusion, you told me all about  
yours, we shared the happy

Moments of our lives after a day  
spent apart, taken up with our own  
concerns to come home with new tales  
challenge and excitement, a splendid  
meal and watching TV

Before getting busy with paperwork and  
reports, a nightcap, bed, unwinding,  
holding each other tight, love making  
us strong to face whatever comes,  
life really is beautiful...

Louise Tredoux

## ,           **Marching Home Again!**

I've been singing again today, simply for  
the joy of making a noise - When Johnny  
comes marching home again, Hurrah!  
Hurrah! ... The ladies they will all turn out;  
my father sourly remarked that Rudi had  
better come marching back before my  
singing drives him mad - but his eyes  
were twinkling as he mumbled and  
grumbled about the noise I made, then  
I grabbed him and twirled him about re-  
peating the words: And we'll all feel gay,  
When Rudi comes marching home!

'When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again'  
(circa 1860-1900, Patrick S. Gilmore)

When Johnny comes marching home again,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll give him a hearty welcome then  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The men will cheer and the boys will shout  
The ladies they will all turn out  
And we'll all feel gay,  
When Johnny comes marching home.

Louise Tredoux

## ,           **The Joy You Bring**

Read this morning people write  
the end of their story right from  
the beginning of their life and all  
through the way, look what people  
are doing and how they treat  
others to get a hint of the end

I fell into a reverie thinking of the  
beginning of you and me, how you  
noticed my problems and helped me  
up when I fell, how you treated other  
people and how your joie die vivre  
increased with the years

I feel sure there is a beautiful ending  
for us, I know that your lips are more  
eager to smile and kiss than ever be-  
fore, your arms are stronger, your tread  
more steadfast, I can tell you are writing  
an enchanting tale for us

I can't get enough of the joy you bring  
into my life, I jumped up and sent you  
an SMS just to say I love you so much...

Louise Tredoux

## To Be Me

I wish I could change myself, become more rational and shove love out of my life, set my beloved free to a life at sea and find my goal in an administrative job, enjoy being ordinary, not plagued by fantasies and strange feelings, but since I can't change just like that, I'm waiting for Rudi's call, dreaming about him, hearing his voice, realizing I have no other choice – at this point in time- but to enjoy loving him; without him life loses all colour and taste, all meaning and beauty; to be me, I have to continue loving Rudi, wherever he be, whatever marine projects take his fancy – and I believe wholeheartedly, he will always come back to me...

Louise Tredoux

## , Your Thoughts Warmed My Soul

Though I missed you  
last night, your presence  
still enfolded me like a cloak,  
the warm velvet words you spoke  
left an indelible impression in my heart,  
the memory of your face makes the sun  
come out, though I woke up all alone,  
the memory of your thoughts  
warmed my soul

Louise Tredoux

## , Crystals Of Divine Light

This morning I was pondering great concepts and wonderful ideas, such as the magnificent human being; we are crystals of divine light with infinite potential, locked in-phase with each other, expressions of a unified field, sentient souls, lifted by resonance, creatively altering each other's consciousness, then I cried, oh Rudi, if only you were here, if only I could imagine you near, if only I could wake up with you beside me, my lonely thoughts safely within your keep...

Louise Tredoux

# , Do It For You

Though I can live  
without you, I don't  
want to

Though the sun shines  
without you, I don't care,  
it doesn't matter what I do

As long as I do it for you

The sea kept foaming  
without you, the sky was  
still blue without you - but

The world seemed all skew,  
when you didn't come home,  
I knew, whatever I do

I only want to do it  
with YOU!

Louise Tredoux

## , Burning In Me

Maybe we should not have such  
wonderful times at night, it is so  
difficult to focus again after ex-  
periencing heaven, but as you  
pointed out, we can do it again,  
tonight, I'm looking forward to  
being with you, feeling you  
burning in me, setting the  
dynamite in me alight,  
an explosion that  
simmers forever  
afterwards

Louise Tredoux

## , Heute An Bord

I've been singing all morning: Heute an Bord,  
Morgen geht's fort, Schiff auf hoher See! Rings  
um uns her Nur Wellen und Meer, ist alles was  
ich seh'! Next time Rudi leaves I'll sing this to  
him, then he'll know how happy I am for him,  
my father will stop begging me to stop singing  
the same song over and over for him who is  
staying here, preparing a sermon while I'm  
serenading him; he says he wishes Rudi had  
taken me with him – and I wish the same,  
besides, irritating my father has always been  
the happiest game and I love him all the same!

Paul Vollrath, 1903 - Melodie - Nach einem magnarischen Liede

Heute an Bord,  
Morgen geht's fort.  
Schiff auf hoher See!  
Rings um uns her  
Nur Wellen und Meer  
Ist alles was ich seh'!  
Hell die Gläser klingen,  
Ein frohes Lied wir singen.  
Mädel schenke ein,  
Es lebe Lieb und Wein!  
Leb wohl auf Wiedersehn!

Louise Tredoux

## , In Rudi's Lap

When I started jumping up and down,  
shouting and crying, a temper tantrum  
par excellence, Rudi allowed me time  
to express my feelings, then made me  
sit down and tell him what it was about

I explained how I hated it when I wrote  
an article and red-pen toting editors  
changed everything just for the hell  
of it, simply because they preferred  
a different vocabulary, he laughed

Said I should publish somewhere else,  
a place where freedom abounds, where  
I can be myself, I thought about that, the  
place where I can be myself is in Rudi's  
lap, so I climbed on to him and said

This is the place where I want to be, I'll  
save my manuscripts for later, maybe  
future generations will be able to accept  
my wild vocabulary, he smiled, quite  
content with the course of events...

Louise Tredoux

## , Love Through Sun & Clouds

Who made me the beautiful sunset tonight,  
purple clouds, golden sun shining brilliant  
blue on the opposite side; who sent golden  
flashes through trees, making yellow rain

It must have been Rudi, sending his thoughts  
of love through sun and clouds, touching me  
through feathersoft raindrops; Rudi, I got  
your message, heard your voice

Felt your presence, knew your spirit entered  
mine and fortified it - as you came, the world  
changed again, I became a different me, a  
merrier, happier, joyous me, I felt so free

I started to burn, the feelings in me flaming high,  
I knew your boat must be turning round - we  
could not make contact, the coast guard vainly  
tried, yet I knew you were safe

Your face kept smiling at me, your arms held me  
tight, whatever storms you faced; somehow the  
mythological gods kept you brave, unscathed,  
insisting on bringing you back to me

When Juliette called beyond herself with worry, I  
was happy; she rushed over, thinking me mad,  
but I'm rational and delighted, she wants me in-  
carcerated because I kept singing

"Puff the Magic Dragon lived by the sea, little Louise  
Tredoux loved that Rascal Puff, and frolicked in the  
autumn mist in a land called Honalee! " - my father  
explained I always sing when I believe

My faith will keep a loved one safe, we listened to  
the radio, I watched the remnant of the sunset you  
made for me, Rudi; I know you are safe, I feel your  
mind; I know your lips will meet mine

In passionate love, I love you Rudi, my love is the  
means that will keep you safe and alive...

Louise Tredoux

## , Our Thoughts All Day Long

If we become what we think about  
all day, you must be the world's  
greatest lover, what's more, I must  
be the second greatest

So as soon as you get home, let's  
practice the very best way to show  
what we have become; given our  
thoughts all day long!

Louise Tredoux

## ,           **Sharing My Soul**

I dream of your eyes and that look you  
gave me, so long ago, of your mouth and  
the words you said as we met after a long  
absence, of your hands as you took mine  
placing a bouquet in them, I dream of your  
face in which your eyes shone with delight  
and your mouth spoke big words of might,  
I dream of your caress when we are alone  
and you assess the wonder of life and all  
its gifts – you are the wonderful gift I  
received from the gods, you so big and  
tall, your spirit touching infinity,  
sharing my soul...

Louise Tredoux

## , I Wish He Were Here

I wonder what my beloved is doing,  
what line of research he is pursuing,  
whether he is so immersed in his own  
concerns that he forgets all about my  
existence

He is not here to listen to my nonsensical  
songs or strange fantasies, I hope he is safe  
on his boat and comes back with the load he  
went in search off, I hope he greets me with a  
kiss

And misses me a little bit while he is having an  
affair with the sea and its creatures, I hope he  
enjoys living his dreams, but deems me worthy  
to return to, I wish he were here already, telling me  
all about his adventures

I wish his arms were encircling me to hold me safe  
against all doubts and fears....

Louise Tredoux

## , Happy And Carefree At Sea

Here's wishing you a wonderful day,  
happy and carefree at sea, boat safe,  
life is a dream, come back to me as soon  
as the long voyage is done and let's have  
some fun, I browsed in the flea-market and  
found old Mad Magazines and laughed  
myself silly, when you are back, we shall  
start a collection of comedies and funny  
stories – that is what heaven is, laughing  
until I can't see, I laughed so much for  
"A Fish Called Wanda" I couldn't get up  
afterwards, "the more I laugh, the more  
I'm a merrier me"!

Louise Tredoux

## , Love Your Devotion To Excellence

I love it that you feel so significant and  
Inspired, I love your personality divine,  
I love your devotion to excellence - I  
love it that you only know positive things  
about yourself, I love the way you've got  
your life on purpose in your own dream,  
I love it that you ask nothing of anyone

I offer you my love not because you need  
it, being so self-sufficient; but because I  
can't help myself, you are so adorable,  
though you don't depend on me, I can  
see my love brings joy to your eyes,  
and I love your happy laughter  
more than life itself!

Louise Tredoux

## , **Come Here, My Beloved**

Come here, my beloved,  
let me greet you with a kiss,  
let me touch you with my lips,  
let me feel safe in your arms,  
let your voice be the balm in  
my fluctuating life, let me listen  
to the words you have been  
thinking all day, let me delight  
in your thoughts, let me be  
your confidant, the way  
you are mine...

Louise Tredoux

## , Fresh Toothpaste Kiss

A soft pastel day, even my thoughts  
are faint and misty, my feelings are  
ambivalent about the gift of this day,  
only one thing is clear

I love your sweet sleeping face, the  
warmth of your body near, I love waking  
you, sharing the first morning coffee with  
you, I love the way you stretch

Then jump up with a spring in your step,  
excited about the forthcoming day, I love  
the enthusiasm you exude, I love the way  
you look forward to the challenges

At your place of work, I love the fresh tooth-  
paste kiss you give me before you leave,  
I love the tune you whistle as you run  
down the stairs

I love you, my colourful man  
in this soft pastel day...

Louise Tredoux

## ,      **How Excellent A Lover**

It is cold outside, not even  
a stray ray of sunshine to  
lift the gloom, the landscape  
is doomed – as is my soul  
unless you send me magic  
words to lift my eyes beyond  
this little world

You went off to work, whistling,  
ready to tackle the dolphin problem,  
looking forward to study the great  
white, whales and manta rays –  
everything sounds so exciting  
simply because your enchanting  
eyes confer magic on them

Come home, my beloved, after  
your work is done, come and listen  
to my song, come and study the  
things I have done, I'm a marine  
animal also, I am your clown fish  
to make you laugh forgetting all  
about duty and work and

In showing me how excellent  
a lover you can be!

Louise Tredoux

# , Stole My Heart Completely

Rudi called, I sang my song to him, he  
laughed - then sang right back at me:  
Mädle ruck ruck ruck an meine grüne Seite,  
i hab di gar so gern, i kann di leide.  
Bist so lieb und gut, schön wie Milch und Blut,  
du musst bei mir bleibe, mir die Zeit vertreibe...

He stole my heart completely, I knew he was  
meant for me, but I never knew how happy I  
would be with him always there for me, though  
he lives his own life, often at sea, his love and  
thoughts are always with me, he likes my quirks  
that drive most other people nuts

He brings song and laughter into my life!

Text: A. Gathy (1845)

Melodie: C. Wihelm (1848)

Mädle ruck ruck ruck an meine grüne Seite,  
i hab di gar so gern, i kann di leide.  
Bist so lieb und gut, schön wie Milch und Blut,  
du musst bei mir bleibe, mir die Zeit vertreibe.  
Mädle ruck ruck ruck an meine grüne Seite,  
i hab di gar so gern, i kann di leide.

Louise Tredoux

## , Your Soul Encompassing Mine

Where did you learn to speak  
like that, surely Goethe never  
reached such lofty heights in  
all his poems, Schiller never  
touched me so, Ilse Aischinger  
made me cry, but here you are,  
singing songs of wonder and  
love that makes knowing you  
more than knowing mere man,  
to discover the depths of you will  
take a lifetime – to be loved by  
you is the greatest wonder of  
my life, to find your soul encom-  
passing mine, is nothing short  
of a miracle...

Louise Tredoux

## ,      **Come Home Soon...**

It is quiet without your voice  
I miss the noise when you yell  
for something I might have lost  
I miss your eyes looking at me  
accusingly when I fib about not  
doing the laundry

I miss your reaction to my excuses  
for dinner being late yet again, the  
way you laugh when you discover  
my weakness for sentimental stories  
the way you forgive me for losing  
track of time

When interested in something else,  
not focusing on daily chores, the  
way you pull me into your world  
and sweep me off my feet –  
come home soon...

Louise Tredoux

## , Heaven In His Eyes

My sweetheart is resting, I'm watching  
and wondering what he is dreaming, a  
smile playing on his lips, his handsome  
profile reminds me of all the good times  
we spent together

Softly I outline his cheekbones with my lips  
press the softest kiss on his eyebrows, he  
wakes up and smiles with heaven in his  
eyes, pulls me against him and teaches  
me what love is

Passion overwhelming, soft touch, softer  
whispers of words I never dared to think  
of before, making me shine, I turn into  
a shining star, explode and blow  
away, nothing left

Only pulsating light of  
delight and love...

Louise Tredoux

## , Knowing You Are There

You are sweet and kind,  
you make space for the  
fears in my little mind,  
you understand when I  
explain, you help me to  
overcome the mental  
blocks that freeze my  
thoughts, you take my  
hand and keep me safe  
while traversing obstacles,  
you bring sunshine into  
the black fears that used  
to keep me immobile,  
I smile and kiss your lips  
in gratefulness, singing and  
jumping for joy, knowing you  
are there makes all the difference!

Louise Tredoux

# A Bottle Of Champagne

Bought a bottle of champagne and prepared everything to fix a festive meal as soon as Rudi walks in that door, negotiations are continuing, I will believe he is safe and on his way back to me because then I can be happy and concentrate, I refuse to consider a negative outcome – belief carries power and brings worlds into being, my trust and faith will form a ring of protection around him, will infuse him with power and strength and add to his wisdom, champagne on ice, music and candlelight, Rudi will be king, when he is home, I shall be queen...

Louise Tredoux

# A Delicious Delight!

Then you took me diving, and I could clearly see why we had to be on our own, why you didn't want to dive with the others; if you had behaved like this in public, they would have accused us of indecent exposure! Why did the diving suit excite you so much? Oh, you said it was the curves they embodied – cold and purple, warmed in a bath; then your hands and lips and mostly your words – what a delicious delight!

And afterwards, caramel and cream, well indeed; I would never have thought it was such an important part of bodily delight! When did you find out it should be liberally applied – oh, I know, the past is dark, does not concern us now; but I'm so glad you like licking caramel and cream, and we read of mannequins serving as platters; I never thought I would be one, but your satisfaction with me as platter shows - it's a brilliant scheme!

Louise Tredoux

# A Dream So Beautiful

Without words, quite overcome,  
came across something so divine,  
fragile and beautiful, can't speak,  
can't enunciate, want to cry with  
the wonder of it all, maybe music  
could give relief to my feelings,  
this wonderful feeling has taken  
power of expression away, I need  
to cry with the wonder and glory  
of it all, my heart is burning, only  
tears hold the promise of full relief,  
this is too wonderful for general  
symbols like words, I can't move,  
staring at the wonder of something  
I adore, feel like sobbing for a day  
and night, I never knew so much  
delight was possible, so much feeling  
could be fighting for room in my  
breast, my heart is clogging my  
chest, my mind keeps screaming  
impossible while my imagination  
fights back with the belief that every  
thought that has ever been thought  
is alive somewhere, this probability  
does exist and will for evermore,  
I love the idea so much - I'm reduced  
to helpless tears, not strong enough to  
hold on to such a high fantasy without  
succumbing to fears that a dream so  
beautiful can never appear before me,  
to assimilate it, I'll have to break it down...

Louise Tredoux

# A Game Of Empty Religion

Life was made for death, life is begun  
so death can come, father hates me,  
hates me terribly, you don't want to  
take me into a life of poverty, you want  
to marry properly and set up a home,  
how shall I survive until then, will you  
come visit again, when, when, when?

I have nothing left to live for, without  
you; serving tea, smiling vaguely, doing  
embroidery, taking care of father, serving  
breakfast, listening to his tirades about  
sinful humanity, about me, failing a test,  
one measly test and it were best a stone  
were hung round my neck and I be drowned  
in the sea

There is nothing for me, the earth is spitting me  
out, I'm a dead volcano, a sinner lost, I must bide  
my time, you say if I wait, you will come for me, all  
done correctly, you won't expose me to rejection by  
society, that is very noble, but I'm bleeding inside,  
feeling shame and rejection, life is just a game  
of empty religion...

Louise Tredoux

# A Gilded Anchor Enmeshed In Sea-Weed

A beautiful wedding dress, a wonderful gown,  
a lovely pattern, a magical moment in time,  
the dressmaker frowned when she heard the  
wedding would be on the beach, but that's  
too bad, now she is shortening the hem and  
taking the scallops away, but I'll still have  
scallops and pearls on the bodice - and a  
pearly headdress

Rudi says he'll hire a tuxedo, but he'll roll up  
the legs, leave his shoes at home, the pastor  
frowned also but smiled when we showed him  
the makeshift structure in which we can be  
married in sand; Juliette will be a happy  
bridesmaid, happily gazing at Werner

I want to carry a concoction of seaweed  
and other nautical things, Rudi asked  
what about a little anchor in gold and  
laughed, he gave me an idea, now  
we'll see his surprise when I pitch up  
carrying my gilded anchor enmeshed  
in sea-weed

Juliette wanted to add a ship's figurehead;  
adding mermaids as a theme, I sternly told  
her she could do that when she marries  
herself, if on the beach I will assist, other-  
wise she'll have to be on her own

I can't wait to see the dressmaker today, a  
wedding on beach is the second most  
wonderful idea I've ever had in my life -  
the first one, of course, was saying yes  
when Rudi proposed...

Louise Tredoux

# A God Unto Me

I shouldn't have worried, Rudi kissed  
it right! I showed him my wound, he  
applied ointment, softly kissed the skin  
around, saying he always knew I was  
dangerous around sharp knives and hot,  
burning stuff, my mind was elsewhere,  
I was not aware – but he did NOT scold  
as I thought he might, I am so glad, going  
to bed without a fight, he's aware of my  
wound and so sweet about it, he insists on  
putting his expensive knives away for my  
safety, he laughed at my awkward mistakes  
at Home Affairs, though with empathy,  
insisting it was good to face reality, he would  
accompany me to obtain passports for him  
and me; I feel so comforted, safe and secure,  
requested a poem - he read Schiller and Georg  
Trakl, I asked for Walther von der Vogelweide  
just to be a devil, he laughed and read Sir Gawain  
And The Green Knight instead, he is the sweetest  
creature on earth; I fell asleep to the resonant,  
beautiful sound of his voice, he is become as  
a god unto me...

Louise Tredoux

# A Great Escape Orchestrated

A fate worse than death, ladies recruiting  
hostesses for a local charity event, each  
to preside over a table of ten - provide and  
serve a full-course dinner with dessert  
afterwards, table decorations, serving  
while a famous singer takes centre-  
stage, I was aghast

Volunteers required - can women really  
choose such suffering, I was speechless  
with shock when the lady asked me, but  
luckily Rudi kept his cool - kindly informed  
the charity lady I would not be available,  
to our infinite regret, I appreciated the  
white lie he added

A great escape orchestrated by Rudi, the  
lady thought a pastor's daughter like me  
should be obliged to acquiesce, I'd rather  
die than live through such an ordeal, thanks  
Rudi, for stepping in timeously, she was so  
overbearing, I didn't know how to oppose  
her - it would have led to a tragedy!

Louise Tredoux

# A Knight In My Life

It is wonderful to have a Knight in my life,  
who thinks of me first and then society and  
its eternal needs, its infernal demands on the  
individual, its unending requests to accept  
responsibility for less privileged people

Trying to please some abstract godliness who  
requires absolute obeisance to his holiness while  
he plans the destruction and full-scale massacre  
of Philistines and Infidels – or could that just be  
human ideas – could we accept that

The Golden Rule - Thou Shalt Not Kill – applies  
to ALL lives, not only to the privileged few who  
claim to have heard a disembodied voice telling  
them to destroy all those who displease them  
under the guise of doing god's work on earth

A very particular deity, who chooses to reveal  
himself only to those who are willing to kill and  
maim – it seems this non-physical being has  
strange taste in disciples...

Louise Tredoux

# A Magnet To Attract Wonders

It is difficult to look at broken dreams, painful to look at the broken pieces buried deeply, a vision that was destroyed, never came true for the me that I am - though it could possibly be happening in a parallel universe – to look at the hopes I cherished and the sand castles I built while still believing the new avenue was open to me; only to find afterwards that reality had no room for what I had defined as my cherished dream -

I can't pick through the shattered pieces of my broken dream; the sharp, jagged edges cutting my skin and making me ache all over again; I do not contemplate the sadness of the fragile dream that shattered into dangerous fragments; I refuse to grieve over the dream I lost, but expect something better instead; keeping my eye on the new horizon I've lately discovered and construct delightful new visions, while clinging to

Every beautiful thing seen, heard or encountered, leaving reality to live in a fantasy that fills my eyes with happiness and gives me hope that the new dream falls outside the scope of danger and threat; a fabulous new theory that can't be attacked by detractors since it has not been verbalized or presented for malevolent analysis; but is only used secretly as a magnet to attract the wonders I've visualized!

Louise Tredoux

# A Million Poems

It feels like heaven, new life, exhilaration, joy, clarification, when I am acknowledged by my beloved, I love waiting to be in his arms, dreaming about what it will be like, every time he returns, fantasizing about how he will arrive, thinking about what he will say, how he will whisper, how his eyes will twinkle with joy when he sees me, how my eyes will light up when I see him again, a blush covering my face, almost in tears with overwhelming emotion, how he will run to me and pick me up, scared that I might run away, trying to comfort and reassure me after his long absence, he will start smiling then laughing then kissing me and whispering sweet words in-between, unable to control himself, yet steady, holding me and gazing at me and then going into frenzies of feeling and we shall spend days just appreciating each other and sharing thoughts and ideas and explore each other, mind, body and soul; fascinated by his mind, he'll write me a million poems and I'll write him a million more...

Louise Tredoux

# A Passion Of Life

It was so wonderful  
to meet on the beach  
to kiss in greeting,  
lingering, lingering,  
a kiss in greeting

A kiss that grew,  
a kiss of your lips,  
your face, your eyes,  
your hands, your  
whole body

Touching mine, making  
the world reverberate  
a kiss of love  
growing into  
a passion of life

A kiss that became  
racing pulses, my  
mind befuddled,  
no more thinking,  
just feeling

My heart pounding  
you must have heard,  
you touched and cupped,  
I tried to cover and expose  
at the same time

I tried to touch and  
withdraw all at once,  
but you were firm  
and wonderful, and -  
you know me...

I cannot meet  
people now, face  
flushed, lips swollen,

the imprint of you  
still marking me

I'm marked with love,  
I'm blushing in  
embarrassment, but  
mainly in a new joy  
of infinite love...

Louise Tredoux

# A Pragmatic Epicurean-Stoic

Born Free – I'm quite willing to agree we are born free, but as we are imprinted by the opinions of family; the culture in which we live, the civilization in which we have our existence

Our freedom is chained, imagination is limited - because only within limitation can we be taught to conform to the narrow norm that enables us to do boring stuff without caring enough to long for more enjoyment

In fact, modern teaching is all about educating us how to survive suffering without blowing up, I'm a pragmatic Epicurean-Stoic; I insist my suffering has to be enjoyable, contributing something towards eternity

Suffering is only acceptable if it will allow me to have fun and benefit by it, leaving the knowledge gained for generations to come; I can't complain too much, suffering taught me

How to be a clown and zoom in on absurdity as a source of innocent merriment, always hoping things will go a little awry for more opportunities to laugh at inflated egos - and vain and pompous

Self-importance!

Louise Tredoux

# A Private Eye Bajadere

Monday morning, washing day, clothes, linen,  
towels, sneakers, socks of course - before I start  
I need a shot of dreams, a fantasy to carry me  
through a mundane job of cleaning things

I could be an old-fashioned galley slave working  
away on a ship crossing the Caribbean, or I could  
be a fairy banished from fairyland forced to toil  
a human life in order to earn fairy Brownie points

Or I could be a Private Eye posing as a household  
drudge in order to fool all the street thugs while I'm  
watching their every move, sending information  
to my spy friends through secret signs

Suddenly, while I'm still sending signs pretending  
I'm washing windows, someone grabbed me from  
behind, I screamed, Rudi laughed; enquired about  
my funny game, I told him my Private Eye fantasy

He became a rich Mafia boss seducing this Private  
Eye to tap her brain, then fell in love and took her  
for himself, mmm, Rudi understands my games  
so well, next I'll be his Bajadere

He'll get to be the god Siva just as he is for me,  
tomorrow I'll immolate myself upon his pyre and  
ascend to heaven in his arms...

(When our lecturer asked me what is a Bajadere,  
I answered modestly Ein Dienstmädchen, he  
smiled paternally and said we'd leave it at that)

'Der Gott und die Bajadere', a ballad with the sub-title 'Indische Legende' written  
by J. W. Goethe in June 1797, and published in the *Musenalmanach* for 1798. It  
is the story of an Indian prostitute who is visited by the god Siva, unrecognized  
in human form, and is seized with true love for him. The human shape is found  
lifeless in the morning, and the Bajadere immolates herself upon its pyre. She  
ascends to heaven in the arms of the god.

Louise Tredoux

# A Rose Of Pure Ecstasy

Lying in bed early morning, adrift in your  
dreams, following cotton-wool candyfloss  
paths meandering happily within the map  
of your desires, embracing

Gossamer visions, drifting between thoughts  
and feelings, passions awakened by the magic  
of secret schemes, heart held safe within new  
insights into the meaning of life

Beautiful thought-forms created by your loving  
whispers forming an aura around me, lyrical lines  
exhorting with rhythmical melodies, you are the  
Pied Piper of Hamelin leading me

Sighs creating new dimensions - the splendours  
of which are still to be revealed, each moment an  
unfolding rosebud, each one prettier and more  
marvellous than the one before

Until a rose of pure ecstasy is brought to perfection –  
a new starting point for more dreams to come...

Louise Tredoux

## A Saint Of Love

But still, we were outside, modesty dictated  
we should break, so I pulled away, but you  
did not let me, I was growing scared of discovery,  
you whispered let them with such defiance,  
but I was brought up a different way, I really  
grew panicky and you laughed at me, I fought  
to break free, but you were too strong, such  
sweet surrender, your arms so strong, such  
sweet kisses, I felt the pressure for a long,  
long time afterwards, such irresistible coercion,  
such conviction of your own mastery, I lost  
the fight against your arms and your mouth,  
my body won the fight, not my mind, but my  
heart went to the other side and irrationally  
I let you love me on the beach, forgetting  
we were exposed for all to see, such sweet  
surrender, such sweet words, I'll always  
remember, always bathed in their glow,  
such a glow will last forever, will always  
shine in my mind, and old tant Joekie,  
such a memory to treasure always, I'll  
never forget, neither will tant Joekie,  
who saw us and ran down to warn us  
that father was home, I was embarrassed,  
you were thankful, I was red while dressing,  
you laughed and enjoyed my confusion,  
when I was covered up you kissed me  
again, undoing all my attempts to become  
serious, trying to get back the religious  
mien that father requires as proof of a  
quest for saintliness, but I feel like a saint  
inside, a saint of love, adoring you still  
more and more every day...

Louise Tredoux

# A Savage Embrace

Thank you for your e-mail message, oh Rudi,  
do you think I love you less? When you're on  
the boat, many duties, loving the creatures  
of the sea you work with, so much to occupy  
you, while I'm sitting here, with so much less  
responsibility, dreaming of you, thinking of  
you, only the voice of Juliette accompanying  
my thoughts, oh Rudi, when you explained you  
long for me near, I imagined our Wiedersehen,  
imagined you crushing my body to yours, kissing  
me so passionately, I nearly lose consciousness

I saw visions of your eyes boring into mine, con-  
veying the messages you sent electronically,  
I visualized so much, I felt your touch, for a few  
magical moments we were united, you and I,  
in a savage embrace, fuelled by a longing so  
deep, we could not sustain tenderness, you  
savagely ravishing me and my soul so responsive,  
so happy in passion overflowing, oh Rudi, your  
words are burning in me, your enunciations have  
become letters cast in fire, burning my soul,  
scalding my heart, a hallucination of nuclear  
fission, never to be split apart again, oh Rudi...

Louise Tredoux

# A Spiritual Bond Eternally

Oh, how could I ever have doubted him? Rudi accepts me totally, completely, no need for playing games or any ruse, all is plain sailing, he loves my books and ideas, a metaphysician with spiritual leanings is just what he wants

Conventional thinking bores him just like me, I confessed all my fears, fearing playing a role for the rest of my years, risking the relationship and the gamble paid off; Rudi is listening with interest, no more feeling inferior about thinking weird

No more pretences of no comment; I even told him I'm a Fortrean and Pyramidiot and he is happy with that, the fact that I believe mediums can levitate and people produce thought-forms does not threaten him, he really loves me as I am, not

Requiring me to change for him, he believes we are free and he approves of my using my freedom to grow mentally, touching is but a symbol of a spiritual bond that binds us eternally, I love you  
Rudi!

Louise Tredoux

# A Spray Of Water Drops

My wedding dress resembles a spray of water drops around me, looking just like the sprays of sea water I always kick up when I come out of the sea, and I love it, I have my anchor and sea-weed concoction to carry, the rough-hewn canopy is ready, Rudi has his suit with the pants to be rolled up, the beach party is ready all unconventional, champagne and glasses have been organized, Rudi's colleagues allowed him to survive his stag party, Juliette's sea-green dress turns her into a mermaid, the pastor is paid, Rudi walks about with a shine in his eyes, I can't sleep any more, we have practiced the ceremony on the beach, Juliette and Werner came over and we all drank too much in exuberant spirits, I think modesty went overboard, all acting lewdly like Romans of old, but some decadence to get rid of inhibitions is recommended, Juliette's parents will attend, a few of my old school friends, Rudi's colleagues, I'm dreaming, floating, enjoying, delighted, an old Cadillac will drive me to the beach, my new swimsuit is ready to be worn underneath, it will be a dream come true – and marvelously, my father will be there too...

Louise Tredoux

# A Symbol Of Life-Giving Love

My sweetheart is here with me, lying in the grass with Rudi next to me, my head on his chest, his arms encircling me, chewing young stalks while listening to him, his voice a song in my ears, telling of dreams – a sanctuary for marine life and the fishes of the sea, a big, white house next to it so he can come home for lunch and be with me, I tell him my dream of a post at the university, lecturing and exciting talks, he listens to me with delight in his eyes, his face becomes the image of paradise, when I kiss him, earthly love becomes a sweet allegory of the spiritual ties between him and me, when he touches me, the sublime becomes a quickening pulse and the adrenaline changes us into a new kind of being, strong in a feeling that explodes unto heaven in a swirling vortex of creative energy - until we regain consciousness in a new dimension, as we put on our clothes, we have become a divine allegory, a symbol of life-giving love binding our souls to eternity...

Louise Tredoux

# A Tapestry Of Enchanting Thoughts

Security embedded deep in my heart,  
the life-giving love filling my mind, the  
guidance I need, how beautiful the life  
of my beloved in my eyes, how wonderful  
to know he's there spinning a tapestry  
of enchanting thoughts, being the unique  
person he is, how privileged I am to share  
a life with him, contemplating the dream  
that is my life, knowing he is listening  
when I speak, teaching me how to live  
life without fear, teaching me about  
nobility, honour and wisdom...

Louise Tredoux

# A Taugenichts

My life is meaningless until I assign meaning to it  
the world is meaningless too until I assign meaning  
to it – today I applied for a job and didn't get it, I  
assigned meaning to life in terms of my getting  
a job, being good enough, and I wasn't

I don't want to show my broken heart to Rudi –  
what does my life mean – I cannot bring honour  
and glory to him, I can't bring anything worthwhile  
home, I was meant to be a char, washing floors  
and dusting houses

I'm a Taugenichts, a good- for-nothing, just fit for  
consuming food and oxygen while giving  
nothing back

I must practice smiling before Rudi sees me,  
at least I can try to support him with positivity,  
though it is too late to really serve in any  
practical way; I feel so sad, sitting next  
to the sea, so useless, so meaningless...

Louise Tredoux

# A Time Of Gentle Love

Es Ist Der Liebe Milde Zeit

I had a nightmare last night, dreamt I  
was falling as I did on that recent hike,  
again felt my head bump against the  
outcrop of rock, woke up screaming

Told Rudi of the scary scene and he  
held me tight, read a favourite poem  
to me, Verklärter Herbst by Georg Trakl,  
"Gewaltig endet so das Jahr

Mit goldnem Wein and Frucht der Gärten,  
Rund schweigen Wälder wunderbar...  
Es ist der Liebe milde Zeit..."  
(Blissful autumn, crowned with fruit and

Golden wine, wonderfully silent are the  
forests, a time of gentle love) and rocked  
me gently in his arms, I still wanted to  
listen to his resonant voice

But I slumbered feeling safe; looking for a  
special treat to offer him; he makes my  
life complete, what will kindle sparks of  
joy in his eyes tonight?

Echtermeyer & Von Wiese "Deutsche Gedichte"  
August Bagel Verlag Düsseldorf 1973. p.595

Louise Tredoux

# A Warm, Golden Cocoon

We prepared the meal together, Rudi and I, working in an assembly line, I peeled the veggies and he cut them up, stuffed them all into a pot, added meat and condiments, working in a warm, golden cocoon of love

All the smouldering embers of last night making our hearts flame in completing a mundane job working together, I felt angels around us, smiles in the air, angelic thoughts filling my mind, celestial music, Rudi stood there like a godhead of old

These warm moments of togetherness - the basis of the passion that binds us with golden ties of flaming desire conferring magic to life - adoring Rudi, the most beautiful thing that ever happened to me, to be loved by him - the most marvelous experience

Impossible to describe...

Louise Tredoux

# A Wedding On The Beach

Brooding today, cannot believe what  
transpired last night, thought the curse  
of the latent aggression bubbling in a  
warped mind would never touch me in  
public; never provoked it deliberately;  
I felt safe because of my trick to hide  
behind a mask when father's around

Hate doing practical things affording him  
the chance to belittle me - prefer doing  
nothing, reading a book, living in my mind  
so he cannot criticize; hiding my thoughts  
and theories; then to be caught in this way,  
dishonoured in front of Rudi, now he knows  
how awful his father-in-law to be

Read about bad genes and marrying into a  
family means the in-laws will be part of life,  
thought Rudi would leave once he saw my  
father acting in an insulting, humiliating way;  
but Rudi laughed at my theory; said he is not  
marrying my family, my father can never be  
part of our life, not even for a day

I may chose a perfect wedding, I want to  
marry on the beach, a dress in peach, walk  
barefoot in sand, he'll have to roll up his pants,  
a pastor - a makeshift canopy; a swimsuit  
underneath, diving into the waves after the  
ceremony, a barbecue on the beach  
Rudi was surprised - then agreed

What a splendid idea, splendiferous, magnificent,  
magnificento, marvelous, he loved my scheme  
for a wedding on the beach...

Louise Tredoux

# Abandon To Physical Sensation

And I swam and swam and dived  
into the waves and rode them out  
and tumbled about and became a  
water sprite and rolled over and  
over in the shallow water and ran  
into the waves, splashing up a  
wide new ball-room dress, beautiful  
circles of diamond glitter in the sun,  
diving into the cool water again and  
changing into a dolphin, water my  
natural medium, experiencing sensory  
ecstasy, swimming fast and deep,  
feeling the delicious fatigue, turning  
over and becoming one with the foam,  
bubbling with the wave crest, in total  
abandon to physical sensation...

Louise Tredoux

## Add More Fire To These Scenes

Rudi's return has been deferred, spent the day crying,  
I hate it when Rudi's away, though Wiedersehen is so  
wonderful and absence makes his presence sweeter;  
I lament losing the sparkle he adds to every day

I shall cry until my bitter feelings are washed away, then  
construct a romantic fantasy of a happy return, imagining  
delight, visualizing joy, rehearsing words I would like to  
say, though to be forgotten when he appears

Simply for the enjoyment of experiencing these scenes in  
my mind repeatedly; naughty thoughts already making me  
smile, such outrageous scenes of passionate love, enough  
to make directors of blue movies blush

Thinking thoughts on red-hot romance that would scare timid  
souls away, involving deliciously impossible moves; cringing  
in embarrassment should someone else be able to read my  
mind and see these wild scenes enacted there

I hope the angels are discrete and look the other way, right now,  
I'm smiling and laughing and blushing something awful; oh, how  
lovely to have an unbridled imagination, though such acts are  
possibly too difficult to execute in real life

The enjoyment can't be taken away; wish I could record these  
scenes to show Rudi when he comes – better not, he'll think  
me a pervert; I laugh, thinking of him – probably not; he's  
likely to add more fire to these scenes!

Louise Tredoux

## Adore From Afar

Rudi furious when the new person  
treated his dolphins without respect,  
seldom looses his temper, but on finding  
him manhandling the dolphin, he brought  
him down with a blow, he faces the con-  
sequences, a fire is burning in him, he  
hates injustice and misuse of power  
over all forms of life, he walks about  
with a his eyebrows knitted into a frown,  
the new member of staff has to go, all  
life is sacred is Rudi's creed - to de-  
secrate life is an abominable deed,  
I cannot reach him in his anger, he is  
a person in need while the flames are  
burning, I act rationally, do everything  
quietly, something will ignite an explosion  
and then he'll feel better again, until then  
I can only love and adore him from afar...

Louise Tredoux

# After Having One Good Cry

Oh dear, I have gained such a lot of weight,  
now to learn how to make my peace with it,  
then start shedding as much as possible

Won't confess to Rudi how much it bothers  
me, he'll say I'm vain – and he'll be right, of  
course, I only need to look good for him and

Myself, nobody else - I hate my new picture,  
I'll start eating right and focus on being content  
with life, apparently eating is an emotional crutch

To create a feeling of well-being artificially, I know  
the postponement of the wedding and everything  
that happened caused a great upset

But now's the time to become emotionally mature  
and make some new year's resolutions, I will stop  
feeling sorry for myself and seeking comfort

In scrumptious food, my wedding dress is so tight,  
the dress-maker was quite angry, her son remarked  
upon my widening girth and I felt so ashamed

Chin high, eyes bright, wide smile, I'll conquer  
the dragon of overeating as soon as possible-  
right after having one good cry...

Louise Tredoux

# All About Hope

Cold, but not miserable,  
alone, but not lonely, this  
day is all about hope –  
hoping you will come home  
early

Hope you will have a wonderful  
day, hope that the beauty and  
love you showed me last night  
will fill your being and keep you  
safe

Hope that the feeling of delight  
that bubbled in me when I heard  
your voice, also bubbled in  
you...

Louise Tredoux

# All Messages From You

A magical weekend,  
today is cold and blue, the  
sudden loneliness without you  
caught me unprepared, at first I  
felt like crying, having grown  
accustomed to your presence,  
but as routine duties unfolded,  
the rhythm of life swirling me  
along, I forgot the separation  
in the happy memories of your  
laughing face accompanying  
me, I kept smiling back, then I  
knew your thoughts are here  
with me, the little motes of swirling  
dust are dancing to the tune of the  
love you are sending me, the wind  
softly sighs outside, all messages  
from you, the scattered raindrops  
are packages of love, since you  
are all around me, I am happy and  
content, dancing and singing as I  
work, sharing this awareness  
with the whole universe...

Louise Tredoux

# All My Love To You

While you are happily gallivanting  
in the sun, fixing Landy's and having  
fun, I'm sitting here at a Ladies Meeting,  
for some unfathomable reason I got  
roped in to do my duty offering tea, my  
soul is not here, it is hanging over your  
shoulder, my spirit is probably with you  
too, only my body and mind have been  
cornered in this space, the rest of me is  
caressing and kissing you, can you feel  
it in the soft touch of the breeze, in the  
hot sun warming you, taking all my love  
to you?

Louise Tredoux

# Always Choose Love

Bought the Zeffirelli DVD of La Traviata with Teresa Stratas as Violetta, Italian with English subtitles for my beloved, as soon as he gets back from his trip on a marine research ship, I want to give it to him, I know he likes the opera, I cried while watching this version

Violetta was wrong in giving up Alfredo on the flimsy evidence of the father's description of the probable future decline of their relationship, she was a fool not to believe in the goodness of the universe, I would never give up my loved one, I believe in the strength of love

To overcome all obstacles, I would create my own life, not follow the prescriptions of the self-righteous who force rules on others while they know they can't find happiness following the rules themselves; I shall always choose love – and never give up!

Louise Tredoux

# An Aphrodisiac

Kahlua liqueur – the perfect aphrodisiac, I discovered it on New Year's Day, as soon as I tasted it, I wanted to be Rudi's mistress, couldn't wait for his friends to depart, then took him to the bath, gave him a full body massage, then practiced the Kama Sutra on him – he was so well pleased, forgot his respectable wife, just loving me, the things he did – he seemed hungry – Rudi can forget about the old Louise, she has been replaced by me... The next day I couldn't get up, it was worth my while, I just needed bed-rest and got new respect for ladies who practiced a certain trade...

Louise Tredoux

# An Impossible Task

Faced with an impossible task –  
collecting the right amount to save  
the orphanage – I've held collection  
boxes before, it was awful, I don't do  
it anymore – now to begin again, being  
a beggar for a good cause, my heart is sore,  
this is not something I can accomplish, walking  
from door to door, standing at a shopping centre  
with a collection board, feeling so bad I can't smile  
and beg nicely – if these poor orphans are dependent  
on me, they'll starve to death, that's for sure...

Louise Tredoux

# And You Weren't There

I looked at the sun  
you weren't there  
I looked at the dunes  
you weren't there  
I cut up the meat  
made sausages  
you weren't there  
I churned the cream  
you weren't there  
I talked with family  
who didn't care  
that I was there  
I baked millions of cookies  
Made several dresses  
for my niece's doll  
you weren't there  
I took long walks  
alone in the veld  
you weren't there  
and nobody cared  
I sought everywhere  
for a trace of you  
a sign to indicate  
your love was true  
stuck on my uncle's farm  
you weren't there  
stuck in hell  
I couldn't find  
any sign  
that you still cared  
I dared not think  
dared not breathe  
fearing to find  
you never existed  
you had been  
a figment of my  
imagination  
finally it did seem  
you had never been

part of my life  
and I died  
with empty heart  
empty eyes  
empty ears  
unshed tears  
in loneliness  
she had expired  
because of a dream  
there had never been  
someone at all

and you weren't there

Louise Tredoux

# Approval And Love

The warmth of approval in your eyes,  
your sweet expectation that I'll always  
belong to you versus Werner's proving  
his theory that all love is doomed

Kissing me in an effort to shatter your illusions,  
saying your Louise is untrue - I was asleep on  
the couch, watching TV with Werner, I  
murmured your name, he kissed me

I woke up and realized the vibe was all wrong,  
no spiritual connection with your essence, I  
broke free, saying your inner being is not  
tuned to mine, you do not reflect

Noble ideals unto me, kissing is a neutral game  
while I prefer an inner connection, Rudi's eyes  
full of love filling my soul with joy, Werner said,  
You are wise beyond your years

I want to disillusion Rudi before life hurts him  
too much, wipe the warm, trusting smile from  
his mouth and put pain and shame in his eyes,  
but YOU will not do that to him

And I will not do that to you, I have learnt of your  
inner strength, not preferring mercenary hedonism  
to your dream of inner connection, and I'm jealous,  
I smiled - Juliette loves you, she could show you

What real love can do, his eyes lit up, is that  
really true? I like her too - - I secretly sighed  
knowing how often I would be alone; BUT I'd  
rather go to a convent while you're gone

Than lose the warmth of love and approval  
in your eyes, the happy, trusting smile that  
keeps your mouth sweet and wonderful...



# Art Of Making Love

Poring over my favourite books in the library  
when Rudi walked in, amused seeing me  
studying various countries - I'll show you  
the world one day, he promised

His bleeper called, crisis at the aquarium, he  
sighed - Or I'll send you off with the money I  
make - I refused - No, I want to see the world  
safe in your glorious presence -

You only need me to feed you, he joked - True,  
only you are allowed to give me ambrosia, I  
replied, kissing him - And without the food of  
the gods, the world would look sad -

You're supposed to try local food everywhere, he  
continued our magic metaphor, said with a kiss -  
But I'll go along and see you don't starve - I looked  
at him with adoring eyes -

I'll bring you liqueur and a red rose in my mouth when  
I'm done at the aquarium - he promised, a twinkle in  
his eyes; I put the travel books back, needing books  
on the art of making love...

Louise Tredoux

## Assurances Of Love Set Me Free

I looked at the letters in unbelief – actually he had written to me – and his letters were intercepted – nobody knew or cared how I suffered, thinking my beloved had deserted me; I opened the first letter and read – he assured me of his love – and I started crying, crying for all the pain I had suffered, inuring myself to the pain of becoming a recluse, left by the love of her life; I looked back on the vistas of pain I had envisaged, the bleak future before me – unnecessary;

He was thinking of me; he was writing faithfully; while I was preparing to be alone without him, pressing the pain in my hands until I was numb, making myself accept my fate without him, now this sudden release of incessant pain – I cried and cried in overpowering delight, shocked at the terrible future I was contemplating until his letters were handed to me, until his assurances of love set me free...

Louise Tredoux

# Best Thing I Ever Did...

Rudi asked me to  
play with ... ..  
I couldn't do it  
at first

But I practiced  
for him -  
I would do  
anything

For him -  
it was free of charge  
wouldn't hurt anyone  
only required that I

Let go of the  
false values and  
weird upbringing  
I was blessed with...

I had to drink  
some alcohol  
in order to be able  
to play with ... ..

I did it tonight  
successfully  
seeing his reaction  
turned it into

One of the best  
things I ever did  
in all of my  
life...

Louise Tredoux

# Brandishing A Sword

I read somewhere a man with toothache  
cannot fall in love, the pain makes it impos-  
sible to focus on ephemeral emotions - well,  
now I know a man full of righteous indignation  
cannot fall in love either, he is too consumed with  
justice and warfare and hatred for what he thinks is  
wrong with the world to open up to the finer emo-  
tions, he is brandishing a sword while perched  
on an imaginary horse; beware anyone who  
crosses his path while he is engaged in  
this kind of warfare...

Louise Tredoux

# Breathless Delight

In breathless delight, I'm overpowered,  
still throbbing, a live electrical wire, so  
becalmed after the storm of emotion,  
after the ecstasy of flight into another  
dimension where you transformed me  
into your queen, where you became  
the king who served the goddess of  
love until I was vaporised, changed  
into incense pouring from every orifice  
of my body, and I can't begin to describe  
what you became – it is too magnificent  
a concept to ever define....

Louise Tredoux

# Burst Of Fire

Oh, for that burst of fire,  
within a ring of feeling, the  
fire of love consummate

For the overpowering desire,  
the desire for fire, the living  
feeling like a being alive

Seizing, overpowering its victim,  
unifying all rivulets of desire in a  
flaming quagmire, burning alive

Inflamed in an all-consuming, over-  
powering desire, torturing, tortuous,  
delightful, delicious, destruction of

All restraint, instinctual seizure,  
instincts alive in burning desire,  
aflame, alight, lighted, lightning

Shocking, deft retreat, hypnotised,  
frozen fire, desire alight, aflame -  
in love consummate

Submitting to fire, sparkling, blowing  
apart, insensate, desire satiate, briefly,  
evolving upon the new knowing

Kindling upon new experience, stirring  
memories ancient, increasing instinctual  
release, a never-ending spiral

Flaming higher, desire awakened anew,  
flaming higher, insatiate, a force uncontained,  
unrestrained, joyous submission, peaking

Peaking, growing forever ascending, a  
spiraling curve of growing explosions  
until melting together forever...

Louise Tredoux

## Can You Seduce Me...

Rudi, a bit of disinfectant is necessary, don't be such a baby, your leg looks fine, don't complain, soon you'll be up and about again, but until then, I'll be your nurse, on with the bandage, don't say that it hurts, have some brandy, then let us play; you be the spy, I'll be your secret link to headquarters, but in the employ of the enemy, seducing you, leading you astray, look at what I'm wearing, bet you never knew I could dress to kill, you can't catch me, try if you will, amazing what you can do encumbered by an injury, I see your come-to-bed eyes, I like your style, can you seduce me, we'll have to see...

Louise Tredoux

## Carefree And Excited!

Rudi writing a report, went into his "cave" to do "fire-gazing" while concentrating, the sensory world of sea and sand and shells and books and colourful markets fills my mind and heart, I enjoy eating ice-cream with Juliette, shouting remarks at cheeky stall-keepers, laughing at old-fashioned comic books we picked up, diving amongst rocks and fishes and sun-bathing, knowing Rudi enjoys his work, we are both enjoying "time out", browsing in second-hand shops, buying old wooden chairs we shall restore ourselves, Juliette's dad put his tools at the disposal of us girls, her mother helping us to make new coverlets, it's great to feel so care-free and excited all the time!

Louise Tredoux

# Caressing My Hair Absently

To be with him, sipping wine under the stars,  
to be with him, my beloved and joy, the man  
reigning as king in my heart

To hear his voice, resonant and deep, listen to  
him say the most beautiful words, he can recite  
the most beautiful poetry

I dissolve in his being, drown in his eyes, lips of  
heavenly ambrosia, his hands like two strong  
doves, messages of love in his touch

He takes me on his lap where I perch like his pet,  
stroking my back, caressing my hair absently,  
while he reflects, fire-gazing he says

He looks at me with shining eyes, declaring that he  
is the luckiest of men, I disagree, I'm the luckiest  
person in all mankind, to have him

He only has me, but I have HIM, which goes to show  
how clever I am to have chosen you, he laughs,  
shaking his head, oh no,

I chose you first; I try to think, who chose whom, when,  
does it matter, I suppose it does, the one who chose first  
is the cleverest, I smile at him

Yes, you chose me first, I agree, because, you see, you  
are the best and cleverest being that has ever been and  
that will ever be!

Louise Tredoux

# Catatonic, Suspended In Limbo

Sitting here unconscious, immobile,  
helpless, chained to my chair, I've  
fallen into a pit of despair, falling still,  
on my way down, my head is heavy;  
my ears filled with lead, my mind  
sluggish and my feelings are dead

Behind a glass wall looking out upon  
the world, the picture the same, only  
I am not, I've turned into a statue, time  
has stopped; if I don't snap out of this,  
they'll lock me up – as happened once  
before, I dare not admit anything

I must keep my pose and wait until life  
returns – insanity is doing the same things,  
but expecting new results; I'm still living the  
same old life, so I don't expect new results,  
life is meaningless; nothing has changed;  
I'm still chained to a mind that

Cannot change to accommodate a new  
life-giving attitude to reality, I'm catatonic  
suspended in limbo...

Louise Tredoux

# Caught In A Whirlpool

Feeling like one caught in  
a whirlpool or time warp,  
feeling sick and ill at ease,  
waiting for release, waiting  
for the pain to subside,  
waiting for death to claim  
its prize; what other goal  
is there in life - other than  
death?

Louise Tredoux

# Chocolate Cake And Rudi

Chocolate cake and Rudi  
and my life is complete  
Rudi surmises if only  
I had more chocolate  
cake I would have felt  
better all the time, he  
says for a statue I have  
amazing powers, I  
forgot to say, I'm the  
statue of Liberty!

I wonder, will too much  
love scare him away?  
If he takes another trip  
out to sea, I'll be a stow-  
away; why should he  
be a marine biologist?  
Juliette says I mustn't  
love him so much to  
prevent my heart being  
broken, I said yea right

I'll hate him already  
and when I have kids  
I'll kick them around  
to make sure I'll never  
miss them if they leave  
me one day - that's not  
what I meant, she  
declared, I said if I  
cool down my love  
so as to be prepared

For later strife – I'll be  
the cause of the rift,  
what a brilliant self-  
fulfilling prophecy...

Chocolate cake and Rudi

I'll just love him to death  
I missed him more than  
life itself, while he was  
gone the world stopped,  
the sun went away, now  
he is back, the sun came  
out, I can see again...

Louise Tredoux

# Cloak Of Words

Have you ever been forced into needlework  
choosing embroidery, to be told by  
well-meaning women! that it is a waste of time,  
knitting is so much more practical,  
look at the bootees and jerseys they are knitting,

One making a bedspread for the suffering  
in the squatter-camp, then you have to put down  
your embroidery - to have it attacked by a pack  
of well-meaning women! the Ladies  
Sewing Group, meeting in the Minister's

house, and you are forced to serve them  
tea with home-made scones, while they  
take your embroidery apart, dissect your life  
and pronounce your handiwork all wrong?  
I embroider beautiful things, shepherdesses

and lovely landscapes, a Vermeer with the  
lady staring into the distance, it is clear  
she is trying to get away from a group of  
interfering women discussing her embroidery!

Oh beloved, the cloak of words you sent,  
the words of love and hope, the cloak of  
long-suffering, was all that kept me from  
growing hysterical and running away...

Louise Tredoux

## Creating A Sacred Space

Cried my sorrows on Rudi's breast, I didn't want to tell him anything, he insisted I tell him what was wrong, I told him all about the dressmaker's son, how he insulted me, how bad I felt, Rudi commiserated, did not laugh at my vain heart at all

I confessed to taking a taxi – Rudi sternly forbade me to do so before; the taxi had an accident, how terrible the shock when he ran a pedestrian down, I cried my penitence, promised him I wouldn't take a taxi again, explaining I was looking for comfort in the warmth of my African friends

I cried and cried until all my tears were spent, crying the shock out of my system; Rudi understood so well, when we went to bed he softly kissed my head, read my favourite poem aloud, we cuddled warmly, he smelled divine, his skin like golden butter under my exploring lips

Feeling safe and comfortable – wonderful, the horrible day buried in the past, the overpowering joy of the present filling me like incense, creating a sacred space in which my spirit is rejuvenated...

Louise Tredoux

## Cruising At A Loving Altitude

Woke up this morning into the joy of a new day - at peace with myself and everybody else, Rudi wanting to know whether it is safe to be him again, I'm laughing at him, yes it is, I love opposition, but I love you for many more reasons

It is wonderful to wake up next to you, let's make peace, I'm finished with being a member of the Samurai, I'm sorry I bugged you so much, I went into overdrive, now I'm back on autopilot, cruising at a loving altitude, thank you that you withstood my attack of

Hypocritical self-righteousness, my despotic despondency in wanting to be right at all costs, I love you more than any theory or thing you can say - Rudi's kisses erasing all memory of my obstinate insistence on stupidity...

Louise Tredoux

# Crying Secretly

When Rudi  
goes away,  
the sun pulls its light away,  
the mantle of my chores  
envelopes me within sad  
and dreary thoughts, the  
blue sky becomes empty,  
the sparkle leaves the sea,  
the beach stops shimmering,  
growing insipidly grey and dirty,  
birdsong loses its meaning,  
the stars start to fade, the  
moon turns into withered  
cheese, the sun becomes  
a faded, dying ember of  
its former glorious  
self

I'm so depressed  
with Rudi gone again  
on another quest, a boat  
trip – my life is just a test,  
a race of endurance to see  
how much pain I can quietly  
bear, why did another Great  
White attract their attention,  
it is so unfair, just when life  
becomes so safe and beautiful,  
Rudi leaves - I must remain  
calm and dutiful, yet  
my heart is cleft – and  
I never tell Rudi he's got  
to stay with me, I know  
his spirit must be free,  
his life is bigger than me,  
I sigh in silence,  
crying secretly...

Louise Tredoux

# Cynical, Cold, Angry

Juliette rolling her eyes while I cried,  
Rudi left again on another trip, this time  
I stay on my own – being alone  
infinitely preferable to seeing my  
father's judgmental face every day

Met Rudi's brother for the first time,  
how unsettling – looking just like Rudi,  
yet being much stronger, more domineering,  
Juliette fell in love with him, claiming  
love at first sight

I'm amused, but he scares me, his eyes  
are strange, the line of his mouth is  
cynical, cold, determined and angry,  
I fear he might hurt my friend Juliette,  
I hope Rudi returns

Before long...

Louise Tredoux

# Dancing Under The Stars

Dancing under the stars  
with my beloved, swaying  
in the breeze, let us forever  
seize the opportunity to live  
life to the full, empty the goblet  
of intoxicating drink to the very  
dregs – even to the pain of loss  
and change

Let us not waver in our enthusiasm  
to meet all of life's challenges, let us  
not hide in fear for the possibilities that  
things can go wrong, let us tackle every  
problem and create a new solution for  
everyone, come, let me comfort you  
in my arms, accept the balm of my  
affection

Rest in my embrace, follow the  
direction indicated by the feelings  
growing in your heart...

Louise Tredoux

# Day Of Red Thunder

Giving up Rudi doesn't mean  
I should stop thinking of him,  
remembering all the beautiful  
things we did together, the fun  
times we've had – checking my  
cell-phone in vain for a message  
from him, how long does it take to  
get a divorce, slowly doing some  
chores in my father's home, my  
thoughts far away, I'll treasure  
each memory carefully, writing  
it down, remembering the day  
Idelette returned to him -

The day of red thunder, the lightning  
that broke us asunder, the horrible  
jealousy, setting them free - not to  
meddle in their destiny, the sad blue  
day without Rudi, the bitter night,  
the blight in my soul, the longing  
to be whole - while part of my  
heart has been cut out...

Louise Tredoux

# Debating My Case

Rudi makes me so angry when he takes on too much responsibility and I don't see him enough, just having him here is bliss, when he's not a certain excitement goes out of the air, I'm looking forward to a little fight with him, invited to dinner to Julliette's parents he summarily refused, but they are like parents to me, I love them, I want him to get to know them too, pay our respects – just showing them the love I have for them – can't wait to start debating my case...

Louise Tredoux

# Deceived By Appearances

The father asked his children what they wanted  
as he left on his travels, all things expensive,  
chorused they, except Beauty, who asked for  
a single rose instead

As he dined in a deserted palace, wondering  
who his host could be, he saw a rose and picked  
it for his humble Beauty, and that brought  
the Beast thundering down on him

How dare you pick my roses after my hospitality? -  
he boomed, only on the father promising he would  
return with Beauty if she came willingly, did  
the Beast allow him to depart

At home the father gave the rose and ultimatum to  
Beauty, said he was willing to return alone and face  
his fate as the Beast required, but Beauty said  
it was her fault he picked the rose

And went with him willingly; faced daily with an ugly  
Beast while dreaming of a handsome prince, she  
refused to marry him till he lay dying and she  
realized she did love him

Promised a wedding and the Beast revived, turning  
into the handsome prince she had dreamt about,  
never be deceived  
by appearances...

Louise Tredoux

## Delighted With Me....

I woke up and Rudi's still next to me,  
I luxuriate in his presence, the feeling's  
divine - he, his knowledge of marine life,  
his experiments, his research and everything  
belongs to me, today I'll be his skivvy, I want  
to fetch and help and carry, we're going down  
to the aquarium, I'll see all his colleagues, I'm  
wearing overalls, it is such fun - Rudi makes me  
feel safe, a feeling I missed as a child, when his  
eyes laugh, I can do anything, when he gets angry,  
it must be with someone else, I can't face rejection  
from HIM, from anyone else, but never from him, his  
sunshine fills my soul - maybe where my mother would  
have been if she were alive, but I'll do anything to keep  
Rudi in my life - and him happy, healthy and  
delighted with me, as I am  
with him...

Louise Tredoux

# Desires To Be Experienced

The New Testament teaches we should love ALL people, spiritualists claim true peace is only found in freeing ourselves from our passions and desires

I'm not willing to do either, I want to love Rudi only, without constraint, passionately, not guarded for in case he should die or run away or fall in love with someone else

If he does, I'll stab him with a knife, otherwise how would he ever know how much I loved him? And if I should abandon him, he'll kill me surely, ah, glorious life!

Heady feelings, emotions and desires were made to be experienced, I shall not renounce them as yet, there still are so many delicious sensations and new adventures

Waiting in this - my wonderful life!

Louise Tredoux

# Devoured By You

The church was freezing inside, my fingers purple and blue, I looked up and saw you, handsome in your coat and suit, you looked so aloof; then you saw me and your face changed, warmth crept into your eyes – defiantly, you took your place next to me; I was overjoyed, my temperature changed; I felt hot, my face red in exultation and joy; the ladies looked at me meaningfully, father did not look pleased; I was determined to follow if you went outside – but you stayed;

Intensely aware of your presence; your hands and face; felt self-conscious in my desire to be held in your arms; it was a fight to stay calm – finally father said amen, we went outside, I saw nobody else; only aware of your profile; only desirous to hear your voice; wanted so much to feel your embrace; yet too shy to make the first move; you turned to me and your voice shook – do you want to go home? - I said no; not at all; you laughed - You're not very safe with me - you warned me happily - I'll take my chances, I said;

Let's go to my flat, start a fire, be comfortable; I turned red; you laughed and drove us there, a fire to warm us, chocolate liqueurs for me; Warm enough? - No longer purple and blue; you held me in your arms just as I dreamt you would, kissed me in a way I did not foresee, helped me out of my clothes - that move was new; you started doing things I'd only read about; I protested; you simply put liqueurs in my mouth and proceeded, modesty no longer counted; your passion grew; mine did too; we became rhythm in unison; you were savage in your desire; so was I; the timid me that I knew was gone again, in her place was a virago, devoured by you...

Louise Tredoux

# Die Of Shame

At least, this rejection is better than before when I had to sort cards alphabetically and couldn't do it, I cost the Department their budget, they lost their funding to order new books because of my non-functional system, ordering the same books twice or more times

The only comfort I've found is when I read the author Herman Charles Bosman was ordered to sort printing blocks alphabetically while in prison and made such a mess of it, he was assigned to stone-cutting with the worst offenders, wish I could receive more literal punishment also, just burning

With shame is not good enough, I wish I had the opportunity to make amends for my incapacities, instead of only suffering the pain of growing inferiority, I managed to cope to a certain stage, then lost the ability to keep up with others, I think I'm an idiot and I wish I could die of shame...

Louise Tredoux

# Discovering Everything

Applying oil to wood,  
wood needs loving  
care, alive in the sun,  
caressing the beautiful  
texture, polishing it to a  
shine, touching it softly,  
feeling the life, glorious,  
perfumed embuia, the warm  
colours like precious stones,  
when you walked in with your  
suntanned skin, golden hairs  
reflecting sunbeams, to kiss  
you softly, feeling the glory  
of you, a subtle whiff of after-  
shave overwhelming my senses,  
delighting in you - as you  
delight in me, discovering  
everything...

Louise Tredoux

# Do You Remember Me?

Wondering what you are doing,  
where you are right now, what  
you are thinking about - are you  
amusing your colleagues at work,  
gazing at specimens with wonder-  
ment, are you bored, what do you  
see, do you remember me, sitting  
here, thinking of you? Wishing you  
were here in token of a universe that  
has place for me, a place where I want  
to be, you are my link to life and eternity...

Louise Tredoux

# Double-Clutched

Did everything Juliette told me to do,  
got embroidery of a Vermeer or someone,  
a lady staring into the distance to keep my  
mind and hands occupied, tried to fix the  
new iron myself, putting right colour  
wires supposedly in the right place

Driving the ancient Landrover into town,  
we have a flat tyre, try to change it myself,  
fail dismally, bloody thing was too heavy,  
jack must be ancient, from before World War One,  
two handsome guys help me, Juliette disapproved  
vehemently, then Rudi called from whatever port

I cried, strictly forbidden Juliette had said;  
he asked how I was, replied I actually enjoyed  
the electrical shock when I wired the steam iron  
wrong, he was quiet for a while, I thought  
maybe Juliette was right, maybe he wanted me to  
be more independent, he asked what I had done

told him – proudly – about driving the Landrover,  
mastering the double clutch and difficult steering  
after all the model was 1961, then the break-down  
and getting the tyre changed, Rudi was quiet  
on the other side, worried I hastily explained  
I did all in a bid to become more independent

then he could go off on his boat trips with  
more confidence, silence continued, I explained  
Juliette gave me tips so he could go off without  
worrying about me; he drily commented he was  
more worried than he had ever been before,  
he did not want me to mess with electicity

The Landrover was an experiment not meant for  
me, as for embroidery, he knew I only ever  
did it to keep interfering old women away –  
not impressed, wanted to know how much I had written,

any new theories; I sobbed loudly, I have several  
but thought he wouldn't be interested

Just keep those theories at the ready he says - STOP  
messing with electricity and ancient Landrovers,  
if such things made Juliette happy, it's their affair,  
preferred the impractical Louise he knew, I sobbed  
even more, so glad I need never wire an iron  
or drive a double-clutched Landrover again...

Louise Tredoux

# Dream Come True

When I look at my friends, all  
bereft of sweet words, never  
hearing a whispered word of  
comfort or love; only harsh  
voices raised in accusing  
argument; I'm appalled

I tell them to join me in the search for  
for sweet words, whether pronounced  
by strangers or not - but one confided  
in me - 'As long as I believe that every-  
body is as nasty as hubby, I can carry  
on, but when

I suspect there might be another kind of  
man; I start crying, too sorry for myself to  
carry my cross' - No, thank you, I never  
want to see sweet words again, they only  
appeared to me when I was small; un-  
willing to see my friend giving in to  
bitterness;

Reality is bitter and harsh and cold and  
empty - I cried; Rudi came home, in his  
face I saw bliss; I cried again; he was  
concerned, What is it, Little One? - he  
asked sweetly, as only he can

I could only reply with a kiss; I shall  
never give up my love ideal; never  
forget the life Rudi brought - even  
when I'm forced to live without him;  
he is MY dream come true...

Louise Tredoux

# Dream Of Rudi

The benevolent gaze of my beloved is not upon me any more, Rudi on a weekend conference, I miss the feeling of his presence, the subtle atmosphere of goodwill and joie de vivre he creates, I HATE weekend seminars, what a plague to normal human beings, without him the sun loses its power to cheer as it inserts golden tentacles into my workroom

Without him the sky fades into a dim kind of background, without him the music cries in my ears, without his cries of anger on reading newspaper lies and on missing the bin when he tries to aggressively throw a rolled newspaper projectile into it; my day seems empty and meaningless, I shall have to create an objective for myself, swimming a long way into

The sea would help, frying fish on the beach would also be fun, I'm going out, no more sitting here and moping about, I shall dream of my beloved while drinking in the soft warmth of the sun on the beach, the sun and I both free from suffocation in the work room...

Louise Tredoux

# Dynamite In Our Hearts

I wanted to say hello for one last time,  
before you were swept away by work  
and duty, the aquarium where a crisis  
looms, suddenly I wanted to hug you  
tight, hear your voice one more time,  
share one more kiss

You looked so handsome when you got  
ready to leave, then your eyes became  
dreamy, you wanted to hold me too, it felt  
so right and the feeling grew; you were  
late for work, but the fire and sparks that  
went with you will last

The passion you shared with me will always  
be a beacon of strength in our hearts - the  
desire I saw in your eyes will last a century,  
when you return tonight, we will continue to  
explore the power and might of the dynamite  
smouldering in our hearts...

Louise Tredoux

## Each Other, The Sun And The Sea

Two vegetables and a salad, meat prepared outside, a small meal prepared with love, ice-cream and peaches for pudding, we don't have much else, financially strained after the wedding, but we've got each other, the sun and the sea, the beach is my garden, as long as I can feel free, I have everything I need, sharing a bottle of champagne, listening to Mantovani, sitting quietly together, watching the sunset, being in love is the best, the very best way to live one's life; Rudi's eyes are alive, his touch brings revival, his presence security and his words spring from wisdom...

Louise Tredoux

# Ecstasy In Being Alive

You came back this morning, kissing me softly,  
so gentle after last night's wild passion, you just  
held me and covered every inch of my face with  
feather-soft lips, you whispered I was soft in your  
arms, I started to doubt my senses, were you  
really here last night, was the wild, passionate  
lover who held me down really this kind, gentle  
person covering me with his caresses?

Last night you kindled a fire in me, you nearly  
devoured me, I thought I was burning up, all  
protest was peremptorily stopped, all objection  
simply overridden; held down by you I suddenly  
caught fire, an electric wire ran down from my  
mouth right down to my feet, setting me alight,  
you held me so tight and I wanted more of what  
I got, you were insatiable and I turned into a

fury exploding all over; your powerful movements  
enthralled me devastatingly, I became a new  
person, the old timid me died in your arms and  
another strong, rosy, loving person arose in her  
place; this morning you were so soft and gentle,  
whispering sweet words and stroking my cheeks,  
staring at me and moving so softly – until your  
gyrations drove me wild and I was the one who

turned my passion on you; I desperately wanted  
to be in your possession again; I wanted to devour  
the mind that brought you to me and inspired your  
sweetness and love; I felt the passion building in  
your tensing body, the urgency in your voice,  
this time I submitted by choice, without coercion,  
without force, just ecstasy in being alive and  
exploding with you...

Louise Tredoux

# Electric Bolts

Going so high, coming down was like floating  
down softly, but being held to break the fall  
on the ground, I dozed off, I think, nuzzling  
woke me, adored softly, touched sweetly, be-  
coming a wave myself, racked by lightning,  
becoming the fury, the eye of the storm, ex-  
periencing instinctual joy, feeling a rising of  
exquisite sensations unknown before, en-  
folded within something so loving, so good  
and overpowering; trying to move upwards  
and make my own waves, being moved from  
outside without any say; breathing torturously,  
burning fire in my throat; you set me on fire,  
fiery waves spreading, a raw need for release,  
an animal wanting you for what you do, a  
new being, a bolt of lightning, electricity, sparks  
everywhere, you are the fire, you are burning,  
maelstrom turning, vortexes churning, breathing  
stertorously, sudden fear, whispering, feeling  
vibration - your voice getting deeper, losing  
myself joyously in you, overpowered so good,  
so good to give up everything, flying, spiraling  
upwards until electric bolts rack all of life...

Louise Tredoux

# Electricity In Explosion

Lying quietly against your chest,  
listening to your heart beating, the  
warmth and joy of this togetherness  
delicious, the fire in the grate, the  
wine in long-stemmed glasses,  
listening to Chopin, I need more  
violins, shadows dancing on the  
ceiling, your throbbing, heartbeat  
increasing, a bubble of joy rising  
in me, the intimacy of your lips  
growing into a passionate kiss,  
two becoming one, throbbing  
together, loving forever, fission  
and fusion, fire and sparks and  
electricity in explosion, a moan,  
a stifled cry, delight, I die...

Louise Tredoux

# Embraces Life-Threatening

I resist, refuse to submit, it hurts to worship when Rudi  
doesn't reciprocate in the same way, no more  
investment in feelings larger than life

Fighting attraction, withstanding emotion, Rudi persisting  
against indifference feigned; overpowering enchantment,  
bewitching touches - Rudi's victory

Succumbing to the sweetest, most passionate kisses,  
loving combat culminating in wild ecstasy, resistance  
relished and overcome, asserting dominance

Explanations, extenuating circumstances, planning excursions  
to incur wrath for the excitement of fighting for love, Rudi  
threatens mockingly

Hearing about my running off and swimming at night in the  
sea, spending a day in the cave, he is livid with rage, says  
he'll spank me without the finesse

Of a black-leather clad madam, I laugh, he crushes the breath  
out of me, kissing me to death - what's the use of lamenting  
running risks when his embraces

Are life-threatening?

Louise Tredoux

# Emotions Flaming High

Silver background of flat, immutable sky,  
no sunshine, the stage of life is sad, the  
fizzle is gone, all we need is a soft drizzle  
to create a perfect feeling of nostalgia, so  
glad you're here, I climb onto your lap while  
you're trying to concentrate, interfering with  
your work, when you complain, I threaten to  
go away for the day, not an idle threat – must  
visit Juliette, you prefer I stay, love my presence  
you say, I demand some time, you decide you  
require more than a mere embrace as your work  
has been stopped; I laugh, delighted, this is  
wonderful, emotions come and go, while they're  
flaming high we should enjoy before feelings  
become stale...

Louise Tredoux

# Encumbrance Of A Physical Body

Rudi has been taken into hospital,  
if he has to die, so shall I, I cannot  
live under conditions like this – how  
carry on when he isn't there? If he  
has chosen to die, so shall I, I shall  
not carry on in this world without  
him about, how could I return to the  
nothingness of the days of my birth

How could I accept the emptiness  
of my youth, the loneliness, the  
uncertainty of everything – when  
he agrees to move on? Once again,  
a lonely vigil for him, I shall live to  
pray and fast until he returns to me,  
if he doesn't, I'll give up life, in such  
a way that the Christians will not

Condemn me to hell – just dying  
slowly of a broken heart – pain in  
all forms is acceptable, quick, efficient  
release of any kind is totally wrong, in  
Christian eyes only suffering will do, so  
I'll give it to them, this life was a farce  
of unhappy stupidity, with only Rudi  
to lighten my life – if he

Has decided to give up his spirit, so shall I,  
I have nothing to live for – my only goal has  
ever been to find my soul – and I can find  
it so much better without the  
encumbrance of a  
physical body...

Louise Tredoux

# Endearing You In My Eyes

Now I know why Sundays have been  
made, to lie in your arms, find cathartic  
explosion in your love, rest on your  
breast, listening to

Your fierce words of desire, though I  
enjoy your sweet attempts to possess  
me, we both know that I give you my  
love freely, the keys to my heart

That you hold in your hands have been  
bestowed in total trust and devotion; you  
and only you, get to calm the tension in  
me, only you can

Understand me, you know we share a soul  
and your wild attempts to ensure no-one  
else comes between us are superfluous,  
serving one purpose only:

Endearing you in my eyes, ensuring  
your place in my heart  
for eternity...

Louise Tredoux

# Enriching My Mind With The Shortcomings They Find

I love my enemies because  
our worst enemies are our  
best friends, they are united  
with us in rejecting ourselves

We have one thing in common,  
they hate us as much as we  
hate ourselves; this bond binds  
us forever; those who dislike us

Reflect our own feelings and I  
feel a kinship to them - I love  
it when they voice their anger  
in vitriolic abuse, they do it

So much better than I myself  
ever can; it makes them feel  
better to get the ire off their  
chest and I feel better

For receiving just punishment  
for sins past, present & future,  
I love my enemies for doing  
their special duty

Informing me of my failings;  
we share a quest for wisdom;  
enriching my mind with the  
shortcomings they find

Furthers my quest immensely!

Louise Tredoux

# Entwined In Your Love

To be entwined in your love, that is all I desire,  
to be rocked in your arms, that is the height of  
my ambition today, the joyous day of your return

To be kissed senseless, that is all I can think of,  
to be needed with the urgency of a child, to be  
held and stroked, that is all I dream of

To comfort you in my arms after your weary travels,  
apply lotion to your sun-burnt skin, kiss the grazes  
away on your forehead and chin, listen to all your

Tales, make you repeat them again, the way your  
eyes light up each time I ask you to repeat my  
favourite parts, massaging your back, rubbing oil

On the old scar, stroking your hair, cuddling in bed,  
watching a favourite movie, watching and playing,  
exploring more than the story people do

Testing your strength and your passion, laughing  
at you, teasing you, running away, being caught  
with a shout that brings neighbours out

The joy of your return is indescribable, loving you  
with an abandon I never knew before, ignoring all  
other people, not hearing when Juliette speaks

I can only hear the deep timbre of your voice, I can  
only see the lines of your face, I'm blind to all else,  
the rest of the world recedes, all people retreat

In the blaze of your warm regard when you look at  
me, the fire in your eyes, the line of your lips, your  
high cheekbones, your hands that touch me

I even adore your jealousy, exclusivity that blooms  
into the swoon we experience when we are together  
after each separation, far beyond ordinary bliss

I shall pay with a million lonely hours for these hours  
we are together, I shall keep faithful watch for your return  
every moment, knowing the fire your presence kindles

Is the brightest, the highest, the most enchanting emotion,  
the most voluptuous passion, the most sumptuous experience  
I can ever have; a memory that will never fade

You will never fade for me, I know how to tie knots in my heart,  
I know how to keep these memories alive, I know how to record  
my thoughts to keep you in my mind forever and ever...

Louise Tredoux

## Even More Domineering

I love Rudi's protectiveness, Juliette says  
I'm a disgrace to all feminists, I love his  
jealousy while Juliette points out that she  
is the great beauty, not I, she has the hair,  
seriously beautiful hair, long legs and big  
blue eyes; while I have soft hair, light-sen-  
sitive eyes and short legs and a non-sexy  
smile, Juliette has been crowned first  
princess in a beauty pageant

She mockingly threatens to steal Rudi from  
me, he's much too handsome and I'm much  
too clinging, she says, but I disagree, I asked  
him could he have chosen Juliette if he had  
met her first, he burst out laughing and said  
not on your life, I don't care for eyes, legs and  
hair, but about what's inside, I asked him if  
he loved what's inside me more  
than the outside –

He replied, I love what's inside AND I adore  
the package in which you arrived, he kissed  
my non-glamorous hair and my light-sensitive  
eyes and said he liked the fire that lived inside,  
he kissed my non-sexy smile and said the love  
in the line of my lips drove him wild, I asked him  
about my being too dependent and forcing him  
to be domineering, using Juliette's arguments;  
he decided then and there

To become even more domineering instead  
and marched me off to bed...

Louise Tredoux

# Every Loving Thought

The e-mail message Rudi sent me -  
a delineation of feelings so sublime,  
feelings he cherishes being all mine  
I can't come down from the lofty heights  
of mesmerized delight and become a  
normal, left-brain half-dead human being  
again, when I look up I see golden syrup  
beams colouring my world so fine

The leaves become gold-green canopies,  
the blue sky becomes a mysterious dome  
of divine freedom, the garden becomes a  
dew-fresh haven of promising morning  
sweetness – so many feelings welling up  
in me, I'm overcome, cannot get on with  
my duties, caught up in the beauty of  
emotions as big as mythology

As magical as legendary tales, as ethereal  
as charming fairy tales, everything becomes  
part of an allegory, symbolical of a deeper  
dimension of perfection, every loving thought  
becomes the bearer of infinity...

Louise Tredoux

# Every Word Meant For You

I smile when you mention jealousy,  
you have nobody to be jealous of,  
nobody talks to me like you do, nobody  
enchants me like you do, nobody fills  
my heart like you do

When I talk to someone else, it is a vain  
attempt to assuage the pain of missing  
you, when I'm nice to another friend, I'm  
practicing being nice to you – you are the  
hub, the centre of my wheel of life

From you everything originates, I'm trying  
all the time to fill the empty space left by  
your absence as you focus on your own  
concerns; not because I derive more  
benefit from them

I practice unconditional love for everyone to  
love YOU unconditionally, if you curtail my  
interaction I'll never get to express all the  
love I feel – everything I do has YOU as  
purpose and object

When jealousy makes me burn against the  
people on whom you lavish the attention I  
would like to have myself, I think maybe you  
are practicing too – to give me your love when  
we're together again

I practice on everyone to get along with you,  
Oh Beloved of my Heart, every word I speak  
and think, every fantasy, is meant  
for you...

Louise Tredoux

# Everything I Offer Him

When Rudi read my lament, he started  
laughing, he's a beast of a tease, I attacked  
and tried to kill him, he fought back, then sang  
"I could see that girl was no good for me, forgive  
me Delilah I just couldn't stand any more..." while  
holding my hands, I protested vehemently - I'm  
NOT the Delilahian-type, I'm more - Sister Teresa  
you see - he forced my hand open holding the meat  
cleaver and opened his eyes wide; Is that how  
Sister Teresa took care of the ill? - he asked in  
mock surprise and I laughed, what he did then  
softened my heart, I kissed him and he softly  
said it was all-right, he would help me with  
the collection, he did not think me a  
simpleton... so he got everything  
I could offer him...

Louise Tredoux

# Expanding Joy Into Infinity

It is wonderful to be Rudi's goddess  
to lie on his chest, to be held and  
caressed, to feel his lips in my neck  
and his hands on my back, to be in  
his arms, to feel his body's strength  
give me confidence, to become one  
in mind, body and soul

To find the meaning of life, sensing delight  
in sacred awareness of glorious feeling, in  
ecstatic consciousness, surrendering thought  
to become delicious sensation in the sublime  
existence of consciousness, breathing and  
feeling rhythm in movement and growth, con-  
traction and expansion, breathing in and out

Being exploding into pure, undiminished,  
expanding joy into infinity...

Louise Tredoux

# Express My Joy And Delight

Preparing for Rudi's return, Juliette's mother helped me with her sewing machine, made curtains for the flat, special ones for bathroom and kitchen, the sitting room and bedroom, made a new duvet in the same material

I felt like a real lady, measuring and sewing, Juliette's father helped me paint the walls in my favourite colour – alpine white, it looks glorious, I slept over at their place to get out of the fumes, like parents of my own

I enjoyed every moment - I could dream about Rudi as much as I wanted to, slept like a queen in a beautiful room; preparing surprises for loved ones while being spoilt – I'm overcome, can't express my joy and delight...

Louise Tredoux

# Exquisite Agony Is Just Too Much

Saturday night without Rudi, Juliette is angry  
because I'm bad company, longing to be in the  
arms of my emailing beloved, staring in a trance,  
I've tried making desultory conversation, Werner  
came over, Juliette turned into the sweetest flower,  
I enjoyed her antics so much, I forgot to mope for Rudi

When she engaged him in kissing, I grew jealous, wishing  
Rudi were here, cursing the Saturday for making me lose  
my ability to visualize, I could not conjure a vision of me  
in my beloved's arms, the company preventing me from  
realizing dreams – Oh Rudi, when you are not here, I miss  
you immensely, I know your going away frequently

Keeps the flame of love burning high – but it is such agony,  
like today, when I feel desperate for your arms – crying si-  
lently, hiding my pain, you are supposed to return home  
again and I trust that you will – but oh, trust is not enough  
when I miss you, maybe your being here would have cooled  
the longing I feel – but sometimes this exquisite agony

Is just too much, I end up a wreck, longing for you, is that  
wrong, should I learn to like being without you? – I believe  
I should, but learning is painful, once Juliette takes Werner  
away, I plan on crying my pain into my pillow tonight...

Louise Tredoux

# Exquisite Tactile Joy

I love it when you stroke my back,  
I feel like purring like a cat, maybe  
I am, goose-bumps are running down  
my spine, I wish I could lie in your lap  
forever, your hands absentmindedly  
caressing my back – the TV, the great  
estrangement factor, curtailing con-  
versation, maiming imagination - will  
become a source of joy; the joy of  
physical contact

Whether you're watching cricket or  
rugby, a sitcom or Discovery, as long  
as I can rest my head on you while you  
massage my back, I'm happy; it doesn't  
matter whether we have something to  
talk about, as long as we have physical  
contact – you make my nerves contract  
in the joy of soft, rhythmic stroking mo-  
vements; afterwards you can ask me  
anything and you'll get it, because

You gave me such exquisite tactile joy!

Louise Tredoux

## Fight For The Story Continues

Tomorrow the fight for the story continues, Juliette has Werner as guide, tonight she wants him to take her side, she will try her theories on him; tomorrow we shall see who has the most romantic ideas

I don't care what they do, as long as they phrase it romantically with the right music; Juliette doesn't care about the paraphernalia, she says action is all that counts, I vehemently disagree, that is so lacking

In atmosphere, if they closed their eyes they could be anybody else; whereas my characters keep in touch by formulating their thoughts and playing their favourite songs - Juliette went out to buy a sexy negligee

To prove her point that action and sight are more than enough - while I went for a swim in the sea, a suntan and some perfume, lovely music and incense - that is my strategy, though I worry about what to wear

If Juliette gets her way she'll clothe my heroine, I had better come up with something myself, that Egyptian dancing costume would do -  
I'll try it tonight...

Louise Tredoux

# Fighting And Kicking And Kissing

Fighting and kicking, fighting and kissing, fighting caresses, fighting for my ideas, refusing to be deflected from my dreams and ideals, wanting to take you with me in envisioning a better world

Establishing truth will not determine principle, everything's true, we simply choose which truths we want to live – how can you insist on rejecting a beautiful story simply because controversial origins are part of the deal?

Fighting and kicking, crying and hitting, insisting on being heard, fighting and kissing, fighting for my principles, fighting and loving, if I loved Rudi less I would let him be, but I want to take him with me on my metaphysical journey, I will not give in

To soothing caresses, to kisses and sweetness, I want to be heard, I want him to listen, to rethink his views, establish a new vantage point, I want him to think of a magnificent story that does not need proof to enchant and entice

To fill the mind with visions of eternal love - fighting and kicking, fighting and kissing, Rudi, I will smother you in kisses and hug you until you can't breathe, but listen you must, listen you shall, or we shall fight until tomorrow - insisting on being heard

Fighting and kicking and kissing and not giving up...

Louise Tredoux

# For Me And Him

Sometimes it is so difficult to  
see the sun, sometimes the  
clouds hide the sun and the  
blue sky is gone, though

Life goes on, my heart heavy,  
my beloved is far, on an island  
of anger, choppy seas with  
tumultuous waves

Separate me from him, his  
furious brow creating storms,  
his anger with injustice takes  
him away, far away

I'm left all alone, nothing I can  
do, nothing I can say, nothing  
touches him, I'm waiting until  
the sun comes out again

For me and him; life becomes  
bitter, my heart starts leaking  
air, I must inflate it artificially  
to keep me from

Falling into despair...

Louise Tredoux

# For Me He Is Everything

Icy-cold today, the sky steel-grey, started  
in the right way, breakfast of chocolate  
caramel cake, Rudi had his in bed, at least,  
that is what he said, but I think he needs  
real food, though love really goes a long  
way towards sustaining mind and heart,  
I prepared bacon and scrambled eggs on  
toast for him, he's got to keep his powers  
up, now he has given me a taste of paradise,  
I must keep him strong so he can do it again,  
and again, every day, I'm getting lost in  
reminiscence, I wish I could relive every  
time Rudi touches me a million times, a  
billion zillion times, I wish I could write  
a song that makes me experience every  
touch, every kiss, every hug, every time  
we melt and become one; I wish I could  
describe in words what this is like, and  
make others feel the fire in me, the electricity,  
they say nobody can know what another's  
sensations feel like; now I look with new  
eyes at all examples of sex and love; and  
I ask myself do I love enough; do they feel  
more than I do or ever could, I'm sure I  
feel deeply – deeper than they do, as long  
as Rudi is alive and mine, I'm sure I can  
learn to love enough, should I lose him  
I would fade away of heartbreak like Fanny  
Price in Mansfield Park when she nearly  
lost her beloved Edward in my favourite  
novel by Jane Austen – I could never love  
again the way I love him, could never be  
so intimate with another human being;  
for me he is everything...

Louise Tredoux

# For You Only

I try never to be nasty  
or angry with anyone  
for fear of it teaching  
me to be nasty  
with you

I try to be patient and  
understanding towards  
everyone - to learn  
to be patient  
with you

I try not to criticize anyone,  
for fear of criticizing you;  
I practice on everyone  
to be loving towards  
you, though

I reject people's claims  
of one truth; when YOU  
make that claim, I make  
an exception for you

Because you claim to love  
me, and I KNOW you do, it is  
verified in your sweet words  
and deeds, exclusivity  
is reserved

For you only!

Louise Tredoux

# Fulfilment Of Inexpressible Longing

To express  
the fulfilment of inexpressible longing –  
can human words accomplish it? Can fallible human  
hands complete this task? Can a human mind absorb  
so much sensory induced glory? Could the divine be  
made into a story? Never could any words convey the  
inner joy kindled by the fire you ignited in me, never can  
language describe the ecstasy experienced, only music  
can recreate the whole event in body and soul, only song  
takes my spirit into sublime realms where the same  
sensory delights reverberate in mind and heart,  
only rhythms rising and falling can simulate the  
feeling of infinite joy experienced in  
temporal space...

Louise Tredoux

# Fulfilment, Adoration And Love

There is a throbbing in my body,  
I'm self-conscious wherever I go,  
and on the bus, the engine throbbed  
right through me, I'm like a high voltage  
electric wire throbbing and humming,  
I might explode, I'm alive and throbbing,  
energy is pulsing through me,  
a hunger to experience release,  
a wild desire, to be held and touched,  
I have discovered places that  
never existed for me, clamouring  
for attention, too secret to mention,  
most of all, I have discovered you,  
your smell, your texture, the taste  
of you, the pressure, the movement,  
fulfilment, adoration and love...

Louise Tredoux

## Future Joy...

Allowed to serve, my beloved fights a  
system threatening those without a voice,  
I help him with the paperwork, the sparks  
in his eyes are meant for the offenders, not  
for me, I'm pleased to see his anger abating  
as he takes steps to seek redress for his be-  
loved sea creatures, the joy of fighting to-  
gether against a negative system is binding  
us in a new-found camaraderie, a guiding  
light for future joy...

Louise Tredoux

# Gave Me New Dreams

Firmly anchored in the meanings  
you assigned, moored in the warmth  
of your mind, joyous in the beautiful  
world you sang into being, delighted  
with every magical sound, the shimmering  
glory of light frequencies showing  
in colours and exploding in silver  
and gold, a pearly shine in my mind,  
a song in my heart, symbols of the  
most beautiful ideas you could find,  
I'm so enchanted by what you think  
and feel, the way your eyes shone  
when our lips met, the warmth of  
your bed, safe in your arms with the  
sound of your bewitching words in  
my ears, the world bursting into existence  
while sweet voices cheer, you  
make fairies dance with your voice,  
you bring words to life and anchor  
me in the beauty of the most wonderful  
feelings, you made me a world, you  
gave me new dreams...

Louise Tredoux

# Get Ready To Be Teased

Whenever you are not here, Rudi, and I long for you near,  
I read your star sign and sigh in contentment, your star sign  
makes you so compatible with me, you love the hearth, so  
do I, you love security, so do I, you value achievement, so  
do I, you plod steadily, so do I, though in a sideways fashion,  
most of all, your star sign loves mine

Oh joy, my star sign simply adores yours – we are more than  
compatible, we were made for each other, every time I read  
your sign's description, I feel a warm wave of love washing  
over me, having you here with your injured leg, I read your  
sign to increase understanding of your needs – you love  
compliments, but cannot show it

So I shall keep on complimenting you, watching as your ears  
turn pink in enjoyment while your face does not show a muscle  
twitching – only when I say something naughty, when I wear  
something sexy, does your smile jump out like a ray of sunshine,  
I'm capable of buying a range of sexy costumes simply to titillate  
your taste buds, I love seeing you in the mood

And then running for you to catch me – this time, with your injured  
leg, I'll be the winner of every contest, oh joy, what fun ahead, come  
play with me, Rudi, this time let's see who seduces whom, you've  
had the upper hand for far too long – now it is time for sweet revenge,  
you'll like it too, in the end – not a moment before – power is so  
intoxicating, get ready to be teased for many wonderful hours!

Louise Tredoux

## Give Me More, More, More...

I felt ill, feverish and headachy, stayed in bed  
Rudi made his own breakfast; moving in and  
out of consciousness, felt so alone, a soul in  
perdition, sounds too loud, silence everywhere,  
Rudi returned to take care of me, took medicine,  
he stayed here with me, a soft kiss on the face,  
a gently rubbing hand, warmth and comfort,  
ease of mind and heart, he looked so sweet  
and innocent, caring for me so charmingly

Softly kissed his fine-chiseled lips, he reacted  
strongly, his need of me stronger than my own,  
felt new energy in taking care of him, exploding  
to his touch, sensation inflaming us so much,  
burning ever higher, concentric circles turning  
ever faster, the universe dancing in my mind,  
passion is a charm, wondrous and fantastic,  
increasing speed, wanting more, faster, more  
amazing, I'm burning up, infinitely shrinking

Expanding to contain the universe, sensation  
swallows everything, regurgitating more  
than there were before, give me  
more, more, more...

Louise Tredoux

## Going To Dream Of You

Without Rudi, life has become unending night,  
without Rudi, I've reached the end of my flight;  
resigned, at first I cried and screamed in anger,  
couldn't accept his work took him away

I kept my pose until he had left, then I let go and  
screamed and screamed and screamed; Juliette  
called, I was hoarse, she thought I had a cold,  
next day laryngitis, for the first time I realized

What talking meant to me, how I kept people at  
bay by the way I talked all around and beyond  
and over the matter at hand; without my voice,  
a young man suddenly became too friendly

I could not frighten him off with my usual noise, I  
eschew all people until I'm able to misdirect their  
attention, keeping my secrets safe, normally  
nobody knows how much I miss Rudi

Without bravado, playing word games, acting a role  
I'm vulnerable, must literally hide to keep them from  
seeing my misery; finally cleaned all the cupboards,  
Rudi will be so proud, but my heart is numb

No fun in working without him here, no sense of ac-  
complishment, lost my sense of wonder, the ability to  
take delight in the little things in life; yet refusing to  
remain tethered to my own sorrow

I am listening to the music of "The Merry Widow" - to my  
infinite joy I'm able to sing along, my vocal chords have  
recovered from shock, the flight into the ecstasy of high,  
clear notes has begun, feeling the sweet vibration

Floating off on the melodies, Dumme dumme Reitersmann,  
oh my Rudi, reitet reitet weiter, you are so dumme to leave  
me here all alone; Ich bin ein' anstandige Frau; remaining  
faithful to you all the time; now I am going to dream of you

Feeling your kisses, hearing your laughter, tomorrow the  
sun will shine again and I shall happily prepare to welcome  
you back when you return...

Louise Tredoux

## He Laughed Without Stopping....

Such a brilliant plan, so neatly executed, based on a Barbara Steisand movie, just enroll with an agency and get paid for wearing funny costumes and bang men over the head; the painted lady said I must be willing to do anything, and I was and I still am, so when I wore an apron – as Barbara Streisand, immortal film star, did in her movie - and a guy knocked and crept up and I banged him over the head with a frying pan – should I have used a rolling pin? – following the actress to a T, and he lights out, what did Barbara's character do next? – I couldn't very well remember, I called the agency and asked them about that

When the lady fell silent, I reminded her of the Hollywood movie and confessed I didn't understand, but part of the job had been done, she screamed "You're fired! " and I was very angry, I did everything right as far as I understand, I saw the movie many years ago and determined that one day I would try it also – when Rudi came home and leant of my plan, he was angry, said if I wanted to flirt with men, I should do it somewhere else; I swallowed and stared, I was trying to make money to pay the flat, the Barbara Streisand way – why was he angry? – I cried and gave him the name of the agency, he ended up laughing, said I was a dunce and a fool

But that he loved me, the stunt I had pulled was quite cool; he knew some of the men on the list, I didn't understand, but Rudi has money to pay the flat and the lady at the agency was quite amiable when I spoke to her - sent me some more money and said we do understand each other, don't we Honey? – It was the first time another woman called me that; I felt so thrilled, I agreed and accepted with glee, paying all into Rudi's account – such an amount can only help him – when he came home and heard it all, he laughed without stopping...

Louise Tredoux

# He Wants To Be Served

Rudi is sleeping, the innocence of a trusting child in his features, my heart melts as I'm watching him, perceiving an aura of goodness and life-giving love around him, I want to kiss his eyelids, trace his cheekbones and mouth with my lips, adore him with fire and light, he awakens the best in me

His positive attitude and sense of humour, his kind words, his encouraging way of looking at everybody as if they were the most important person on earth; he is so lovable, when sleeping, irresistible; softly I stroke his hair, caressing his back, he wakes up and gives me a hug, turning it into a passionate act

His eyes enchanting as he looks at me with the sweet expression of a small puppy; I tell him about the newborn baby of Juliette's sister, Rudy reminds me of him, especially when Rudi wants the comfort of soft, warm breasts - gone is my chance to stare at my sleeping beloved, now he wants to be served

Since love is his need and I enjoy taking care of my big, wonderful man, only my sighs and his whispers are heard...

Louise Tredoux

## Heard Your Voice Today

I heard your voice today, in the wind that blew  
the sand dunes away, in the rustle of trees; I felt  
so comforted by the sound of raindrops on the  
iron roof, a promise of showers to come, a sure  
sign that you were thinking of me; as the rains  
increased I was convinced you had sent them  
for me especially, knowing how barren and bleak  
life seemed without you to inspire my heart

I faced the ordeal of no letter from you so bravely,  
knowing your love to be present in the elements;  
listening to the wind outside, all are complaining  
the wind is blowing the rain clouds away, but I'm  
sure it was a sign from YOU to assure me that  
you are aware that I am still there, far from  
you, tucked away on a farm, alone; scared  
of wide-open spaces, longing for the sea

Pining away, but now that you said you are  
thinking of me by sending the rain and the  
wind; I'm satisfied - time is passing and  
soon we shall be together again

Louise Tredoux

# Heightened Sensory Elation

You fill the spikenard that is my heart  
with so much love, it is spilling over  
until I regard everyone I meet with  
love, I feel as if a bright white light  
of heavenly delight and gratitude  
is illuminating the world around me

I feel like hugging that lonely old lady  
living all alone in the flat above us, I  
feel like playing hopscotch with the  
twins on the ground-floor, I feel like  
kissing strangers just to spread the  
surging happiness that fills my spirit

With joy and liveliness; but most of  
all, I feel like hugging and kissing YOU,  
the source of my delight, caressing you  
all over, making you feel the same  
wonder and joy, the heightened  
sensory elation, that you made

Me experience today...

Louise Tredoux

# His Beautiful Voice

Rudi relaxing next to me, I am stroking  
his back, he is telling me of his work  
with marine species

Dreaming aloud of his plans to start his  
own aquarium, work with dolphins, his  
voice warm and comforting

Creating a vision in lyrical terms, dreaming  
how he will show me everything, this sweet  
togetherness creating

Our own paradise, he pulls me down on his  
lap stroking my hair, his voice taking me to  
places I've never been

His beautiful voice a musical instrument,  
his lovely ideas being the melody...

Louise Tredoux

## His Loving Words...

Did I ever mention to you that to me  
the world is meaningless, senseless,  
my existence is totally useless, that  
I struggle to invent meaning for myself  
every day, creating the world anew  
in this way? When I lost my beloved  
temporarily; I was forced to admit  
that without him I might just as well  
be dead, I can only see meaning in  
total devotion to a cause of love and  
I have only ever loved him – music,  
of course, and beautiful things; but  
what I see with my eyes I can't retain;  
what I hear with my ears will not stay  
within me, all I ever take with me is  
a memory of texture and touching  
and words – his loving words, his  
assurances of love; I shall frame  
each of his letters; their meaning  
resounding in my heart – that is  
all I will ever have of previous things;  
no jewels or money, fame or wealth  
is as important to me as he is; since  
he declared his love; I lived as a human  
being – before I was just a stone, as  
cold and as hard, as lonely and as  
unchanging – but if he allows me to  
be his wife, bear his child; I will have  
created meaning in my life...

Louise Tredoux

## His Mistress Tonight

Listening to music last night - 'The purpose of a man is to love a woman, the purpose of a woman is to love a man' - I took these words literally - kissed Rudi passionately while turning up the volume, he was working on his notes - but understood this denoted he should stop to fulfill his real purpose in life; he complained we would be reduced to poverty if I kept on interfering with his work, I pointed out rich men take their mistresses to bed because their wives are lazy and overfed, being poor I have the time and energy to lavish on him - he agreed, insisting I be his mistress tonight, not his respectable wife, he would leave her to see me, so I took off everything as a mistress should...

Louise Tredoux

# His Selfless Love

What would we sacrifice for love?  
A gardener was willing to sacrifice  
himself, to drink from the poisoned  
chalice, knowing as an enchanted  
dancer he would forever be his  
dancing princess' lover

He looked at her with love, saying  
you'll never be a gardener's wife,  
she saw his selfless love and  
sacrificed her dignity, calling out  
Don't drink! I'd rather be a  
gardener's wife

They were married and lived a  
wonderful life as gallant prince  
and his delighted wife...

[Based on "Twelve Dancing Princesses"]

Louise Tredoux

# His Tongue Taught My Mouth

Rudi came home with a stuffed animal  
a wild dog with a sweet expression, Rudi  
loves all wild animals, that's why he loves  
me, he says, but that's untrue

I was a sprite of the sea when he met  
me living of and for all things spiritual,  
he changed me into what I've become:  
a prehistoric primitive enjoying

The sun of his love, his embraces brought  
my soul back from strange metaphysical  
places, his kisses awakened my spirit and  
taught me the reason for

Being blessed with senses and feelings,  
his tongue taught my mouth to sing new  
melodies, his voice taught my ears the  
reason for hearing – I used to

Stopper my ears for fear of hearing terrible  
things, his eyes taught me to take refuge  
in his soul, to seek shelter in his spirit, his  
love and loyalty taught me

To trust him without hiding behind clothes and  
playing roles, to enjoy sensual stimulation  
without a guilty conscience for being born  
in sin, Rudi questions that dictum

Saying it reflects human opinion, having nothing to  
do with a god-consciousness, Rudi is the reason  
I started loving life – loving him is like loving the  
whole universe!

Louise Tredoux

# His Voice In My Ears

25 December 2008 Rudi went to work today  
I went to the beach on my own, prefer to be  
alone if he can't be with me

Swam until senseless with fatigue, then just  
lay on the sand, alone, alone, Juliette invited  
me to her parents

I didn't want to go, need time on my own  
to sort my thoughts, went home to the flat,  
listened to my favourite song

A sentimental lullaby, I cried and cried, feeling  
sorry for myself, I wanted Rudi here, wanted to  
feel his arms around me

His breath in my neck, his voice in my ears...

Louise Tredoux

# Holding Me Tight Scared At Night

Love is opening a space for magic,  
being a human is already magical,  
consisting of energy dancing in circles,  
of empty space that originated in  
universal consciousness, love is the  
smile I see on your face and the way  
you treat me with respect and grace,  
the energy, optimism and hope with  
which you work so hard, love is self-  
confidence and creating magic for  
me while offering me the opportunity  
to create magic for you, love is your  
joyous delight when I surprise you with  
something I made myself, a new dish  
I tried, the glorious fun when you fix  
my concoctions with new ingredients,  
love is your willingness to sit still and  
listen to my poetry, allowing me to  
recite and play concert for you, the  
highest love is when you listen as I  
sing to you, opera songs all wonderful,  
I adore your listening, approving ears,  
most of all, I worship your strong arms  
holding me safe and tight when I'm  
scared at night...

Louise Tredoux

## Hope Through Love...

Rudi laughed at my fears and kissed away my tears  
said the equation in life is to love, he would help me  
with my temperament, work is not a means to impress  
but an act of creativity for our own joy

I can choose certain rules to help me execute my dreams  
I am free to do what I want in developing potential and  
talents, he does not depend on an income from me  
nor does he want to brag to others about

What I could do or achieve – Rudi said to stop looking  
at things as they seem and focus on dreams that show  
the world as it could be, then start making it happen,  
bringing my own visions into fruition –

Well, that clinched it for me, I immediately started on  
realizing my vision of loving Rudi to death, he has  
changed everything into something else, gave me  
hope through love...

Louise Tredoux

## How It Should Be Done

Juliette supplied context and situation, but the characters were mine, within the freedom she had given, my heroine was overpowered by Juliette's hero, I insisted on adding the lines while Juliette directed the action

He sang of the beauty of the curve of her lips while tracing the outline – Juliette had him go further, kissing the heroine; under my guidance he promised to make her feel divine, explained what he would do, where he ached to touch

Juliette unstoppable had him take her to bed, I insisted on his talking while Juliette made him active, I had to rein her in, he can't talk and make love at the same time, I wanted the commentary while she wanted action

We glared at each other while her hero and my heroine remained frozen, two puppets awaiting our commands, Rudi walked in, laughed at our folly and promised to show me tonight how it should be done...

Louise Tredoux

# How Much Can He See Of Me

Could I trust Rudi to love me if I were just myself, without wearing a mask? I had to play a role to please my father - learnt to read people's expectations and body language; I cannot simply be me with Rudi...

What would he do if I told him of all that I read - what would he say if he knew of my affinity for New Age Theories, what would he think if I exposed my love for Zen Buddhism and my yen for Hinduism, my tolerance for Muslims and

Old Testament Jewish traditionalism, my fascination with Helena Blavatsky's theosophy that brought a schism into English society, my love for mediums, spiritualists and guardian angels - will he be shocked by this eclectic mix

Of relativist, subjective spiritualism with a bizarre dash of determinism? Will his love wane with more knowledge of the roses of insight that delights me; will I have to read New Age and Buddhist material hidden under

The cover of other books as I had to at home; how much of me can he see before I lose his love?

Louise Tredoux

# How Much I Love Him

Rudi bringing me breakfast in bed wearing  
an apron only, I'm afraid the meal grew cold  
while I showed my appreciation, what an  
amazing way to start the day

Earlier today my heroine was ravished by the  
Kryptonite-King; this wonderful dream made  
up for the shock of Werner's accident last night,  
Juliette crying hysterically

Rudi went to the scene to help him, I felt Juliette's  
desperate desire for Werner's safety and cried with  
her in her sorrow; Rudi brought Werner home safely,  
I sat with my head against Rudi's chest

Realizing how much the possible tragedy of Juliette's  
loss affected me, just as I could never lose Rudi, I am  
not ready to give him up, Juliette feels the same about  
Werner; I held Rudi tight as we cuddled in bed

This morning using the opportunity to show him  
how much I love him...

Louise Tredoux

## How Wonderful My Beloved (Ed.)

How precious the words of my beloved,  
how impressive his brave countenance,  
how uplifting being in his wise presence,  
how reassuring the link to eternal beauty  
forged by him, how safe in the connection  
to divinity in unending infinity, to feel his  
warm, approving regard lift my soul away  
from mortality and temporality, to see the  
gift of prophecy in his loving attitude, to  
hear the soft caress of contrabass in his  
deep, velvet voice, to listen to the melody,  
the golden section's lines created Chladni-  
wise by his musical poetry, how enjoyable  
his challenging riddles, how wonderful  
you are, my beloved...

Louise Tredoux

# Hug Him All The Time

'When Irish eyes are smiling' -  
with Rudi's eyes so blue, as he  
smiles everyone is smiling too,  
'in the lilt of Irish laughter' - the  
perfect description of his laughter,  
all filled with sunshine and mischief,  
I forget my former grief and pettiness,  
I enjoy his happiness more than he  
does himself, I want to hug him all  
the time!

Louise Tredoux

# I Am Burning Inside

I am obsessed - by sex!  
A daughter of the parish, not yet married,  
and all I can think about is touching, feeling,  
softness, sweetness, taste, movement,  
togetherness, pressure, burning, desire,  
passion, need, want, kissing, sucking,  
tongues

I'm on my way to a Bible study class -  
this is not on, I cannot concentrate, I shall  
make drawings of flirting girls and private  
parts, oh, last night was beyond wonderful,  
your tongue in my mouth- now that's an  
attack I enjoyed, I licked you of course,  
in counterattack

Licked you from top to bottom, you tasted  
of sea-weed, and sea-things, and I licked  
you clean, you were my sea-food dish, and  
you feasted on me too, it was a soft advance,  
you started with a phalanx, your hands became  
soldiers who moved everywhere, your tongue  
went there

You caressed, I never knew one could, I was  
salty too, you said, I grew, like you, we moved,  
I suddenly grew wild in the attack, I wanted more  
and wilder and faster and harder and deeper  
and I'm obsessed with breasts, and private  
parts, and I'm on my way to Bible study class,  
and I am burning inside

Louise Tredoux

# I Cannot Live Without Him

Overwhelmed by impatience; reading letters from him, time has stopped, minutes take hours and hours take ages to pass, I can't wait anymore, I can't stand the noise of the clock and the sound of my nieces' voices, I can't listen to uncle slurping tea and music from the TV, I can't wait for the sun to rise and then to set again; I can't listen to mouths chewing and footsteps in the passage; I can't stand calls to the dogs and trucks coming and going; I can't stand lights switching on and the moon rising; I can't stand preparing meals and then eating then cleaning; I've passed my ability to be calm and content; I can't wait any more; I can't remain in my skull; I can't be me anymore, can't sit quietly, can't listen to my own thoughts; all that remains to break this chain suffocating me, tightening around my neck, is to cry; all I can do is seek relief in tears; abandoning myself to sobbing away my grief and my fears; I'm growing hysterical – I can't wait anymore, I can't wait, I can't and I won't and I need to get away; to run to a place where I can be alone and the silence is complete; I need to conjure a vision of his face and meet him in my dreams; I can't breathe and live on; I'm going to run and run and run until it is quiet and I'm on my own; please let me see him again, please bring him to me, please; I'm going mad with impatience, please, I need to be with him, I cannot live without him...

Louise Tredoux

# I Cannot Lose Him, Please Understand

I don't want to open my eyes, I don't want to face the light, I don't want to go through this again, I nearly lost Rudi and I can't believe it, he is my hero, my beloved, my best friend - and he nearly died, I can't believe that harm came so near, I can't accept that he could have been lost, I am scared of a world where Rudi's not safe, where blood-poisoning became a threat, where even gangrene was mentioned, I have started praying for him, always used to believe that his innate goodness would keep him safe, now I'm setting up prayers for him

Concentrating on sending my requests to all kinds of consciousness and all powers to guard him, focusing all my trust in this one precondition that Rudi, my sweetheart, be safe at all times - I'm scared of accepting his safety, scared that it will trigger powers against him, I don't want to do anything - I heard Juliette whispering - she explained to Werner why I loved Rudi so, I discovered how much my she cared for me, I'm so blessed, scared of acknowledging anything too much, scared of attracting the attention of evil powers and forces

Went to hospital, I was scared of rejoicing, watched Rudi's face closely, he was smiling, I couldn't believe it and started crying, I'm so relieved, Rudi said he was delighted to see us, thanked us all and promised me he would return, I can see he will be all-right, I don't want to lose him, please understand, I CANNOT lose him, all powers and forces of goodness and love...

Louise Tredoux

# I Hate Feeling So Much!

Emotions are a terrible mess; I don't want emotions in my life, I want to freeze my feelings, I want to be oblivious to everything; I want to be a robot, I want to die emotionally like most people have done – I don't want to feel any more!

Rudi was called away for a marine emergency, colleagues usurping him and I want him with me here; I feel insanely jealous, first he wrote a report all alone; then he goes off and leaves me with a heart full of burning feelings! What does he want me to do when I long for him so?

Why doesn't he send them all away and simply stay with me? I'm not in the mood for other people, I want him and him alone, I want to cuddle with him and hear his voice, even his remonstrance because I'm careless with cutting machines – I hate being at the mercy of feelings, I hate human needs

I hate being so weak, I want to hold my head proudly and do my own thing, I refuse to show him how much it hurts when he is angry with me, when he goes away, I hate feeling so much!

Louise Tredoux

# I Hear Your Sighs

Spending time together, you and I,  
sharing secrets, sharing minds,  
understanding each other without  
words, communicating with the eyes,  
catching messages from the skies,  
today belongs to us, you smile, you  
laugh, you are the king of my heart,  
you are in charge, you steer this  
our lives with insight and goodness,  
you understand me before I speak,  
I hear your sighs before your voice  
reaches my ears...

Louise Tredoux

# I Kiss You Softly

Waking up, a beautiful morning,  
birdsong and sunrise, your smile,  
your words, memories of pain  
erased, problems smothering  
your dreams, yet today it seems  
you've worked through your fears,  
your soul free from uncertainty,  
your faith in the goodness of life  
back in place, your trusting eyes  
on the horizon, together we can  
face life and meet its challenges,  
laugh at adversity and create a  
safe haven where our hearts and  
souls are free, I kiss you softly,  
good morning my love...

Louise Tredoux

## I Lose My Breath...

Landing at the airport, he is waiting for me,  
moving through customs, he is still there I  
see, his arms already stretching out to catch  
me when I'm finished, I'm smiling, so is Rudi,  
he's throwing me kisses, he's so handsome

Other girls also throw kisses at him, my cheeks  
redden, I want him to myself, he is laughing,  
his own charming self, I'm going to devour him,  
I love his happy face, should another girl accost  
him, I'll tear her away without grace

I won't share him, not now, not with anybody,  
not even his brother, Werner is there, waiting with  
him, I don't care, I still want to fall into Rudi's  
arms, feel his welcoming kiss on my lips while being  
held in his loving grip; finally officials have checked

And stamped, enough schlep, I'm through, I lift my  
backpack, Rudi is here, gives the backpack to Werner  
and lifts me up into the air, people stare, I laugh in  
delight, he swings me around and greets me with  
a kiss, paradise is heaven tonight, I lose my breath...

Louise Tredoux

# I Love Namibia

Don't know any German, but I used to sing with my compatriots "Und sollten man uns fragen, was hält euch denn hier fest, Wir könnten nur sagen wir lieben Süd-West", it is hot, it is dry, old wrecks adorning the sand on the beach, a ghost town or two with walls caving in, dunes where the wind sometimes sighs, sometimes sings, this is the thing:

I love my own country, I love my own place,  
I love the Damara, I love their version of life,  
their view of things, I love Riemvasmaak and  
old trackers with dried-leather smiles on  
weather-beaten faces, with tyres for shoes,  
making music on home-made instruments,  
playing the marimba, a mouth-organ, an  
accordion

While the sun's beating down on a happy throng  
in colourful clothing, blooming like exotic flowers,  
creating a country unique on this earth, making  
a special place where time's standing still...

Louise Tredoux

## I Love To Love Rudi

Laughing, eating, drinking and enjoying,  
Rudi ran off from the conference to be  
with me tonight, he knows I can't sleep  
when he's not home, he doesn't care for  
the function and important guests at the  
conference hotel, when he walked in with  
a wide and mischievous grin, I could have  
swallowed him, he came with chocolate  
liqueur, my favourite, found me adding  
stencils to the walls in the kitchen, he was  
so surprised and helped me clean up,  
and what with liqueur and everything,  
we had a wonderful reunion in each  
others arms before going out to buy take-  
aways – Rudi preferring THIS to his  
smart dinner-dance at a smart venue,  
I feel like a million bucks, I love the love  
that chocolate liqueurs add by making  
inhibitions fade, I love to love Rudi, I  
love the way he loves me, I love life –  
I love the world tonight!

Louise Tredoux

# I Love You

I love seeing the world  
through your positive eyes  
I love the way you make the  
world beautiful when you look  
lovingly upon everything you see  
I love the way you look at every blade  
of grass, every flower, every sand dune  
the wide, blue sky - with happy reverence  
I love you for the power in your loving regard  
I love you for teaching me to look with your mind  
I love you for introducing me to a wonderful world  
I love you for the love you have for everything that is  
I love you for loving me and teaching me to love myself

Louise Tredoux

# I Love You – Don't You See?

Playing 'The Collection' DVD by UB40 -  
couldn't stop myself, had to gyrate to this  
laid-back Calypso music, never been to  
places where they dance to this kind of  
thing, made up my own moves, turned  
clockwise till the world was swimming

Dancing for you, you smiling in happy  
satisfaction, then 'If It Happens Again'  
mesmerizing while I keep on twirling,  
'Kingston Town' – absolutely fabulous  
to gyrate to this, hypnotizing, beat fast  
enough, the wonder of becoming

One with the music, 'Higher Ground'  
still swaying to the same rhythm, this  
is divine, how wonderful to become  
a rhythm myself, then the slow-moving  
'Red, Red Wine', just turning ever so  
slowly, feeling the laid-back rhythm  
invading my bones...

'I Got You Babe' - You grabbed me  
as I passed by, kissing me, I ran away,  
you knew I would take a shower before  
we made love; just one more vodkatini;  
I love you, don't you see?

Louise Tredoux

# I Love You More

Did you know the skin on  
your back feels like satin,  
did you know that I loved  
sharing your warmth; did  
you know that I loved your  
perfect touch?

Did you know I had never  
felt such touching before,  
I adore the sensation and  
I love you more for touching  
without ten layers of clothing  
as covering?

Did you know it was the best  
experience of my life,  
did you know I fantasized  
and you were more wonderful?

Did you know I loved you before  
you touched me and now that I'm  
yours, I love you more?

I've been waiting, it seems like  
forever, for you to kiss me like this,  
passionate and free, without restraint,  
allowing me to kiss you back,  
for the first time I acted naturally,  
followed my instinct

You made me feel desirable for the  
first time, it is a delicious feeling, one  
I wish to keep...

Louise Tredoux

# I Love You Most Of All!

The porridge burnt, the coffee too strong,  
toast inedible, sunny-side up ended as  
scrambled eggs, I nearly crept back into  
bed, it is as you've said, once one thing  
goes wrong, the rest is apt to follow,  
I fell off the stairs, broke a glass, the  
sugar upset, the mess and the schlep.

On my way to town, the bus broke down,  
flagged down a taxi, for the first time  
having fun, my sorrows forgotten in the  
sunny atmosphere, the African tunes  
calming my turbulent mind, the voices  
of friendship and help to get down.

The market throng, a flower stall, the  
library, a book by Andrew Murray,  
meeting Juliette at the coffee-shop,  
confessing my tragedy in sympathetic  
ears, drying my tears.

A note from you, too scared to open,  
walked down to the beach, ready for the  
worst, planning my funeral, lots of flowers,  
the local orchestra playing a funeral march,  
a white coffin and my body, sad face and  
white burial dress.

In self-pity I never saw you coming – a  
miracle, a note and you, you laughed away  
my fears, held me in your lap while I read  
your note; all is forgiven, you were too eager;  
I too inexperienced, you love me just as I am.

No need for geisha training and videos to  
borrow from a store, you proceeded with  
lesson number 1, progress most satisfactory,  
you reported, going is slow, but inexorable,  
now the problem has been identified.

A correctional curriculum is advised, your  
training in teaching stand you in good stead,  
I'm not a lazy pupil, you love me more  
than before, but I love you  
most of all!

Louise Tredoux

# I Never Knew You Would Do What You Did

You asked, deceptively casual, why I loved you, playing with the newspaper as if my reply did not matter at all; I waited with bated breath - as the silence stretched; you looked up with passionate eyes, I relented - I love you because you loved me first, I replied; you shook your head in denial

- That can't be true; I only noticed you at the school revue and then you already knew who I was - you replied; I laughed - Yes, because you had commented on my essay when you came to see father and I noticed who this kind person was - you were surprised; you did not know

I wrote the winning essay; I laughed - That is when I fell in love with you, when did you start to love me too? - At the revue, you replied; when you sang and danced and fell from the podium; I helped you up; your eyes filled with tears - Then you abandoned your pose of insouciance

And embraced me - What would you like to do tonight; with your father out of town - I would like to watch TV with you, lie on your shoulder - I replied; you agreed; smiling sweetly, then I discovered what you really wanted to do while watching TV with me; it was wonderful; I never knew, but now I do, I fully

Approve, so many times; again and again? It is better than my fantasies; you seemed so impeccable and respectable, I never knew you would do what you did, or that I would love it so much...

Louise Tredoux

# I Refuse To Bow To False Morality

Today I'm cross-eyed from reading too much, I'm looking for the answer to the riddle of life, trying to find a reason to make life worthwhile; exiled to a farm, no longer seeing or hearing from my loved one, all letters forbidden, I must repent - of being human, for Inheriting the instinct for love?

I only repent of having been born, of being forced to live my life, to me religion has become an object of scorn, a subjugation of man's free spirit, a means to control and suppress us, a weapon in the hands of parents to mess up their children's lives; if I have been born to serve humanity; then the best service

I can offer is by blowing up the planet earth; get rid of the people who force self-negation upon us; relieve consciousness of the burden of false morality - designed to subdue the most beautiful in us; developed to control the masses while the clergy in the Middle Ages committed the sins forbidden to the respectable burghers and God-fearing brethren

The false ethics of mankind's moral leaders through the ages is driving me insane; I should stop reading before I commit hara-kiri; the backbone of society has always been the hard-working bourgeoisie who have always been exploited by the immorality of the reigning upper classes - who lived in more debauchery than Hollywood is allowed to show us

On screen, the only value I've found is the freedom to choose how we shall use this life that has been given to us; of exile and shame I've had enough,

I refuse to bow to false morality and give up my freedom to ease the conscience of selfish moral arbiters; I shall hold my head high and create my own life, serve the ends of love and NEVER even pay lip service to false justice – EVER!

Louise Tredoux

# I Was Born To Love You

Read in Bible Study Class we were born to serve, not to be happy at all, the pursuit of happiness and joy is not allowed, our lives must be meaningful – I beg to differ; I was born to love you; I was born to be happy and make you happy too, I refuse to see life as one long period of strife trying to fulfil some altruistic goal, those dour-faced do-gooders who live their lives for others, useless, meaningless - I refuse to live for the faceless, I refuse to do good according to the book, I was born for laughter and joy, for song and sunshine, even wine and good food, call me a glutton; call me anything, you could never change my opinion, without the seven deadly sins, life is useless and I would rather be dead – I was born to love life; I was born to love you...

Louise Tredoux

# I Will Forever Be Loved

When I got up at five this morning  
and saw the stars shining outside,  
tingling all over, I know that  
I will forever be loved  
the sensation of your hands  
still lingering, I shall  
treasure the memory  
forever

Louise Tredoux

# I Won't Forget

getting ready for jumping on the trampoline,  
jumping fast, jumping high, when she died,  
I lost my life, jumping fast, jumping high, she  
is dead, she is dead, jumping fast, jumping  
high, I will not accept, jumping fast, jumping  
high, I won't forget, jumping fast, jumping  
high, she shall be with me, jumping fast,  
jumping high, she'll live in my heart, jumping  
fast, jumping high, until I myself die, jumping  
fast, jumping high, falling, falling, falling,  
jumping fast, jumping high, falling

For Jeanette

October 1999

Louise Tredoux

# I'll Cherish His Love

But not a tenor for me please, I prefer  
a baritone, the tenor sounds so superficial,  
too flippant for me, I prefer deeper tones  
denoting more feeling, a tenor sounds like  
a charmer out to break as many hearts as he can

I love Rudi's voice, not his appearance as such –  
but his personality, the power of his mind, his high  
principles, to wield influence over such a man is so  
exciting, a much bigger challenge than flirting with  
a ladies' man, when Rudi gives in to enticement

It really means a big deal, to learn the rules to win  
his heart is the most exciting thing I have ever done,  
I'll cherish his love till death do us part...

Louise Tredoux

## I'll Feel Your Touch

I want to dance with you tonight, share the joy that bubbles in me, share the excitement of being alive, of having happy expectations, of trusting in God as a loving presence in life, of enjoyment of the beauty of nature as his creation, I want to cradle you in my arms, rock you until you fall asleep, I want to share all my thoughts with you, every idea that came to me as I served the ladies with cake and tea, I want to serenade you with the most beautiful songs we sang at choir practice, I want to see you happy, your eyes lighting up and your lips forming a smile, I want you to realize how precious you are to me, how wonderful your touch, how infinitely beautiful the lines of your mouth, how noble your brow, how enchanting your laughter and how bracing the power of your thoughts on reform and freedom – I loved it, the way you looked at me, I was so glad to see you attending the service and get up to say a prayer; I was overjoyed by the way you conducted yourself; it seemed to me you were surrounded by a flood of electric energy; I only had eyes for you; the girls flocking around me could not distract my attention; now I want you all to myself; in my dreams I'll meet you tonight; in my visions I'll feel your touch...

Louise Tredoux

## I'll Show You Passion

I'm alone today, you have gone away,  
I dream of you, the things we do when  
you are home, the way you laugh, the  
things you say, the wonderful things you  
do, the way you make me feel, the way  
your eyes light up – and then illuminate  
my life, the way you change the world  
into a better place – I sigh, then smile,  
when you return, I'll show you how warm  
the flame of love can burn within my heart,  
I'll show you passion as you have never  
seen it before!

Louise Tredoux

# I'm Aware, I've Awakened

I'm aware of my lips  
all the time, aware of  
fingertips, everywhere, I'm  
aware of myself, for the  
first time, aware of  
everything, from my head  
down, I've awakened from  
a very deep sleep, I have  
been kissed like a Sleeping Princess  
after sleeping a hundred years,  
your love will keep me alive  
for a hundred more

Louise Tredoux

# I'm Going To Cry

I'm going to cry, tonight and tomorrow, all day long, because I may, I promised I wouldn't cry when Rudi left, when he collected his bags, I didn't cry at all – the pill Juliette gave me probably helped –

When he was gone, Juliette and Werner also, I could let go, there is no-one left, no-one to talk to, no-one who understands, no-one who cares about me, no-one who reads my thoughts

I cried, and cried, I'm crying still, I'm going to cry as much as I want, no-one to query swollen eyes, no-one to give a damn, it doesn't matter to anyone, my father said NEVER trust anyone because when you do, your heart will be broken

And it's true, my heart is in a million pieces, there's no-one to turn to, I hate their reactions and pity, with Rudi gone, there is no-one to talk to, no-one to understand or give a damn - and it is fine - this is the kind of experience I must have to commiserate with everyone

As they go through their lives, but the pain is so real, my body so broken and sore, there is nothing left, nothing at all to live for – not telling Rudi – he must be free to chase his own dream – a dream I can't provide in, I am crying alone, as long as I don't tell anyone...

Louise Tredoux

# I'm Ready To Run Away

What a terrible class, I did not pass, the test  
we wrote, I was confused, images of you filled  
my mind, there was no place left for Dan and  
Naftali, I forgot to study, I felt so bad, normally  
I have full marks, now I'll be berated for ever,  
but in my mind your image lives, and I prefer  
feeling your touch to being praised for being  
a bored student, I prefer life to dead facts in  
a book, I prefer your embrace to holding a pen  
and writing words, I have had enough words  
to last me through eternity, the teacher says  
the flesh is sinful – so be it, I have fallen in sin  
and there is no turning back, the joy I have found  
is making up for my lonely youth, mother died  
young, father was strict, I studied every day,  
we met at school, you promised me one day  
you would set me free, I'm ready to run away

Louise Tredoux

# In The Dream You Have Created For Me

Rudi, I love you, Rudi, I LOVE you!  
Your compliments echoing in my mind,  
filling my soul, making me feel like a  
queen, you refuse that I go diving with  
anybody else – you are too jealous –  
Juliette calls it possessiveness; logically  
I'm not that pretty that you have to keep  
me all to yourself; I know you are irrational,  
Rudi; you see me prettier than I am - to you  
I am Aphrodite, your goddess of love - to  
Juliette I am just me; boring, conventional...

I prefer your biased views to her cool rationality,  
I love your possessiveness - mother died early,  
father never showed he cared; when you claim  
I may not wear a short skirt or low cut dress, it is  
because you care, your eyes see enchantment  
where others see none; though nobody sees me  
as desirable as you do, I play your game, imagining  
I'm as beautiful as you say; I keep all my affection  
for you only; though I'm not attractive enough to  
draw attention – since you irrationally believe  
I'm so beautiful and you should hide me away;  
I will do as you say

You believe so much in my charms that I become  
charming to you and I don't care for anybody else  
and they don't care for me; it doesn't matter that  
Juliette calls me an Ugly Duckling – to you I'm a  
swan, for you I become a queen, regal and proud,  
head held up high; though I'm invisible to others,  
I shall remain within your enclosures as proof of  
my adoration, in appreciation for your vision of  
me as your voluptuous goddess; I don't want to  
go outside and see others blind to the charms  
you have dreamt up for me

I love being your beautiful Queen for all time;  
if friends don't like it, wanting me to feel as

ordinary as I am; I willingly say goodbye  
to them and stay in the dream  
YOU have created for me!

Louise Tredoux

# Intoxicated On Your Words

I've grown intoxicated on  
words of love, words  
from a realm above

A symbolical union, of  
which the physical deed  
is but a mere representation

I climax on the sound of  
your voice, the sound  
of your name

Your name is sacred to me  
to be used sparingly - to  
retain magical powers

I dream on your words,  
float on your ideas,  
I sing your songs

Literal love can never be  
as good as the feelings  
I feel

When you're on a boat,  
sailing away, while  
calling to me

You love me, you  
will think of me every  
day, and I know

I will think of you,  
keeping my thoughts  
under wraps, keeping it down

For fear of  
eliciting a frown  
from those who have

Never known the  
ecstasy that is  
burning in me...

Louise Tredoux

## Ire And Passion

I love it when the anger flashes  
in your eyes like lightning, your  
mouth forms an angry thin line  
while you remonstrate with guilty  
culprits deserving of punishment;  
then you turn to me, the lightning  
is replaced with the warmth of love,  
your lips form into a smile; I know  
you don't include me in your anger  
and the passion you show in your  
ire will manifest later in your  
sweet desire...

Louise Tredoux

# Ire Of His All-Encompassing Anger

As the Biblical Queen Esther had no authority to approach King Ahasuerus freely, but had to hope he would hold out his sceptre and not condemn her for taking too much liberty, so I feel about Rudi while he's angry

I hope to win his heart back from the fiery portals of righteous indignation and make him relax without getting consumed in the ire of his all-encompassing anger, too much subservience would enrage him

While too much arrogance would be worse, now to find a balance until his upset feelings subside, I'll abide my time and try being a trustworthy, rational human being until his natural goodwill returns

Louise Tredoux

## It Ended In Making Love...

Rudi and I were fighting, it started when he said there are no relevant ideals in modern society, I agreed that people have few dreams, but the story of Christ – Rudi stopped me, saying it's a fantasy, I agreed, it might very well be, probably is a fabricated reality, but still it is a beautiful story of love and forgiveness, Rudi said it lost its value in its improbable origin, then I got angry, couldn't help myself, demanding that he acknowledge the mystery and beauty therein, he said more wars were unleashed by this kind of religion than by other societal forces, the argument escalated until we ended up fighting about my way of preparing meat, then my driving, me crying in exasperation, I am too hesitant, a danger on the roads, I argued when do I get the chance to drive, to gain self-confidence? It came to fisticuffs... at least, it started that way, it ended up in making love...

Louise Tredoux

# It's Called Making Love

You were cold after diving,  
your wet suit still clinging,  
you said I could warm you  
with my own body heat,  
you seemed so small and  
vulnerable, I kissed you all  
over, tasting salty sea sand,  
your body grew warmer and  
hard to the touch, it was  
exciting, you kissed me back,  
that nearly started another  
attack, you said it's called  
making love, I couldn't see  
the difference, you were  
offended, you said I was  
recalcitrant, I said it was  
aggression, I never saw  
you so angry, you called  
me an Alien and asked  
where I was from, I said  
Planet Parish, I thought  
you would hit me, but you  
kissed me, said you would  
make me yours if it was the  
last thing you did, it might  
very well be that, the way  
it was going, then you  
attacked and I counter-  
attacked, it's called  
making love...

Louise Tredoux

## Just Loving Every Day

Went on a quest to find strength against negative opinions from people outside, Buddhists say "Love without demand or expectation thus love will flow freely and no pain will come to you", I am applying their advice, letting go of fear, just loving Rudi every day, forgetting about possible problems, without demanding that he love me back, thus I can never suffer should he turn away - and love my fellow human beings as much as I can - that is true freedom....

Louise Tredoux

# Keeping Rudi Safe In My Dreams

I believe in ONE thing only: in trust, I believe in the power of the mind, I believe that everything depends on the choices we make amongst the alternatives we are presented with; no, more than that, I believe that the alternatives are also determined according to our own desires

When the news came of a storm at sea, implying trouble for Rudi, Werner said to prepare for the worst, I told him YOU prepare for the worst, if you repeat a negative thing like this again, I will kick you, Juliette laughed – She means it, when negative people insist on worry or problems

She becomes physical, she's a fundamentalist believing in the power of belief literally, count your words – I chased them both away, needing time to concentrate on my vision of Rudi holding him safe, trusting that the power of my positive energy will strengthen him literally

I unconditionally believe that Rudi wants to live, my choice of seeing him safe and continuing life is based on observation and experience, I trust that when he is given a choice in fighting for life he'll choose life every time, I believe that all death is based on subconscious consent, that when

Someone dies it is an unconscious form of suicide because dying is impossible unless the subject wills and wants to move on to another dimension of non-physical life, while Rudi is like a sunbeam, still too warmly in love with the beauty and magic of pulsing, physical life to move on

I'll sit here like Penelope waiting for him, I wonder what she was thinking as she faithfully waited for Oedipus, I'll remain in my chair and conjure visions of light and protection for Rudi, if Penelope could

wait for so many years, so can I, even crying tears  
in misery - of loneliness and boredom

Shall not prevent me from keeping the vision of Rudi  
until he is safely home and back in my arms, I believe  
my desire to see him alive is a faithful representation  
of his own wishes for warmth, love and life, trust is  
the basis for creating reality, until then I'll shut out  
all negative people, all worriers and false sympathy

Based on a desire to fulfill their own need to do good,  
based on their own want to project their own negative  
expectations on me, to base their empathy on a shared  
sadness and loss in reality – I refuse, I shall remain the  
mainstay for my Rudi, holding him safe in my visions  
until he returns

Bathing my visions of him in a white light of energy and  
a golden light of love, he'll be back because he is in love  
with life – and incidentally with me also, in that I firmly  
trust, my love for him creates the ability in me to love  
the rest of the world likewise, my life centers on Rudi  
because before him there was no-one else

Not my father, bitter and angry, not my mother, died at  
my birth, no bosom friends that could fill the emptiness  
within me – I was cold and alone, but I dreamt of love and  
delight all the time – then came Rudi and stepped into the  
emptiness, projecting so much love and acceptance, joy  
and laughter into the space opened by dreams within me

Filling me like a laser beam, changing my perspective of the  
world – of the universe, teaching me how to live my dreams,  
I believe Rudi still wants to be with me and although weather  
reports predict loss of boats and loss of life, I am keeping Rudi  
safe in my dreams, in my trust, in my love – and if Werner  
touches me again, I'll kick him to kingdom come...

Louise Tredoux

# King Of My Heart

You make me feel safe, you create a wonderful world through your attitude, the way you treat people makes it a loving place; I thought the delight was only in my perception

But seeing the world react to your words and kindness made me realize your devotion to duty, helping all with affection, with your superior understanding; creates a safe universe

You came into the bubble I made for protection against an incomprehensible world, you came offering companionship, accepting me as I am, sharing my space with me

No need to play a role for fear of rejection, you bring light and confidence wherever you go, you attract all things positive and good, you are the source of the love and goodness that surround you

You shine a golden light on my mind, accepting my fantasies and make me feel divine, I shall kiss you tonight and crown you king of my heart forevermore....

Louise Tredoux

# Kiss You Again

Laughing, singing, dancing, enjoying life,  
thanks for being so sweet and kind and  
brilliant and shiny and inspiring, you are  
a bright light unto me, thanks for contri-  
buting to my passionate delight with life

Thanks for eternal moments of infinite  
love, moments I relive in my life every  
time I dance in the sun and sing with  
the wind, pure light without spectral  
lines, you became a godly being

In the prism of my mind, a pure golden  
light of divine inspiration – come, let  
me kiss you again...

Louise Tredoux

# Kissed Me In Starlight

Rudi showed me how to go on,  
he told me to dress up in black,  
we went to a smart restaurant  
where he wooed me with words  
saying the most beautiful things  
as we conversed

We danced and he held me tight,  
he even recited poetry, then he  
kissed me in starlight, we went  
home and he carried me to the  
door, he told me in the most  
enchancing tones

What he was going to do, my eyes  
wide in delight, his voice carried me  
to heaven, then the touch of his hand  
and lips and the feel of his skin bewit-  
ched me completely, he seduced me  
with his voice

I was taken to heaven and beyond –  
this morning I was still so enthralled,  
couldn't continue writing my story...

Louise Tredoux

# Kissing His Forehead Softly

Rudi tossing and turning in his sleep,  
feverish with malaria, I must keep his  
temperature down, wiping his brow  
all the time, he moans in his sleep

I visualize him tall and strong as he  
usually is, in my mind's eye I see him  
laughing in health, I give him quinine  
and count the hours till morning

He has nightmares as his body over-  
heats, I sponge him down and sing to  
him – a miracle, as I sing him lullabies  
he grows calm and the fever goes down

Falling asleep myself, dreaming of Rudi  
swimming and diving and chasing fish  
as he always does, as I wake up I hold  
his hand, fearing heat will disturb him

Kissing his forehead softly, waiting for  
his eyes to open; when they do, I stare  
into those blue orbs with joy, he looks  
like my strong Rudi again...

Louise Tredoux

# Kissing Me Back Into Breathing

I warned Rudi jogging is something I can't do, when I'm out of breath I wheeze like a lady of eighty, he reasonably said just try it, I feared embarrassment

Jogging with Rudi, dewy fresh morning moments, starting to suffer with every breath burning and scratchy throat, starting to wheeze - vocal cords singing out

Rudi recommending breathing with mouth wide open, three in, three out, my eyes watering, my nose burning, wheezing increasing, oh no, I'll never go jogging again

Suddenly throat clogging up, I can't breathe at all, Rudi shocked, a visit to the hospital, an oxygen mask, my throat swollen in reaction to pollen and dust

I'm crying in shame, I won't try again, Rudi sympathetic at first, then laughing – You need not do anything, Louise, just be mine, wheezing and all - kissing me back into

Breathing again...

Louise Tredoux

# Kissing Your Eyelids

I love following the contours  
of your cheeks, the line of your  
jaw, kissing your eyelids, outlining  
the lips of the mouth that sings such  
beautiful songs

I love tracing your chest and the rest  
of the whole that is you, a friend and  
soul-mate, a lover true, I love the fact  
that you put your work aside and make  
time for me - my desires and needs

I love the understanding we have for  
the meaning we see in the world, I love  
lying next to you while you explain all  
your thoughts, I love it when you convey  
what you have been taught

I love the fact that you don't laugh at my  
theories and read my poems and stories,  
even when you feel bewildered by my  
strange ideas...

Louise Tredoux

# Landslide In My Mind

I'm still shocked by the latest landslide in my mind, realizing what my choices mean; a retiring life of quiet study without any real experience because I have been nauseated by the crude details of earthly existence for most of my life

I haven't yet defined my role; often cry about being a square peg in a round hole, not fitting in, not being content, yet held in my place by intellectual baggage, I can dream of human relationships, but only in the third person, for me personally

There is only capacity; I'm studying to learn about dreams because I can't dream as myself, I have to become somebody else so as to manifest and inhabit being, I shall accept making sacrifices continuously for duty and principles; but

I cry about wasted abilities; perturbed by the waste of potential; only saved by the thought that earthly life is simply a phase in the unfolding of infinite consciousness, that all potential is fulfilled within other lines - whenever

The trousers of time is split in two as choices are made and carried out...

Louise Tredoux

# Laughing With Rudi

Embracing, kissing, holding, stroking,  
laughing with Rudi, watching TV,  
preparing a meal, listening to our  
favourite music together, hanging  
on his arm as he makes telephone  
calls

Driving to town with Rudi behind the  
old Landrover's steering wheel, listening  
to Rudi, punching him as he insists on  
misunderstanding my meaning, running  
from Rudi, life has new meaning within  
the framework of Rudi's presence

The context of his voice, the happiness of  
his touch – I love him so much...

Louise Tredoux

# Letting Him Off The Hook

I am still angry with Rudi for rejecting  
my lovely theory, truth is not needed  
for ideals, possibility is endless and  
probability is created by our beliefs

Doesn't he realize how many people  
have been helped to survive their lives  
positively by holding onto a dream,  
by trusting in something bigger than

Themselves, I believe in the power of  
the mind, we create what we think we  
see, I shall always keep reading beautiful  
mystical theories, making parts of it true

By living my life as the spiritual masters  
do, fully aware of what I include – making  
sure to respectfully exclude all that creates  
disharmony, allowing others to choose

What I reject without ever making them  
wrong – I'm swallowing – I shall respect  
Rudi's viewpoint too - right after hitting  
him just to make him understand

How big the sacrifice in letting him  
off the hook...

Louise Tredoux

# Life Is A Song

Rudi in bed, at home, safe,  
a wounded leg, and I'm glad,  
I confess, no more leaving  
home for a few weeks, not  
being alone by myself

Listening to him whistling,  
talking on the cell-phone,  
advising his colleagues,  
dealing with conflicts, so  
glad he's here

Lunch, sitting with him,  
such fun, he's cutting  
vegetables explaining  
how he wants the meat  
done for dinner tonight

I refuse, I'm cooking, I'll  
do it my way or not at all,  
we argue, he throws a  
pillow at me, we open a  
bottle of champagne

A compromise, we shall  
buy take-aways, that way  
both will be content,  
watching TV, he's  
here with me

Life is a song, he is  
the melody...

Louise Tredoux

# Lips Whispering Against Mine

Quiet Sunday in the sun, quiet reading, listening to music, content in being, happy to be breathing, a strange state of affairs, I usually feel I should be DOING something while you teach me that the mere fact of being is joy in itself, to be aware, feeling sensations, is more than enough reason for living; I still find it difficult, until you kiss me and hold me down, make me listen to the sounds of nature, the beautiful birdsong, feel the sun – but I love listening to your heartbeat, I enjoy feeling your lips whispering against mine – THEN I enjoy nature also, as background to YOU...

Louise Tredoux

# Louise's Daydream

Louise was reading a book when Rudi walked in, still wearing his spacesuit, back from an intergalactic trip; overjoyed to see Louise again; he combed his fingers through the silky cascades of her thick, black hair; swung her high into the air, waltzed around with her in his arms; kissing her lips; then putting her down, he took out the crystals he collected on the planet Ballyhue, crystals glowing in green and red and yellow and blue, also unique white crystals, with a pearly sheen - glittering with a million diamond faces; crystals so pure and wonderful that when he struck them with a tuning fork, they reverberated in clear and beautiful tones

Louise was entranced, eyes shining bright; while she fingered them in awe, Rudi demanded a reward for the bounty he had brought, he said she had to ransom the crystals from him by surrendering her mind and body and heart to him; he gathered Louise into his arms and carried her to bed; she laughed and tried to tell him all about the book she read; but he listened not; kissed her words away and whispered her mind right into a Wonderland where only love holds sway - so it was on the next day, when Louise got to play with the lovely fine-tuned crystals, that he got to read her account of all the books she read while he was away...

Wake up Louise, it is time to get ready to leave, say goodbye to your uncle and aunt and nieces - I looked up, Rudi was standing there minus the spacesuit, but still handsome in my eyes, I smiled - reality is better than any dream I've dreamt....

Louise Tredoux

## Love As A Light...

Rudi understands these bouts of crying when I'm listening to Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, Appassionata, when I cry for all things and events that we dread in our hearts

My mother dying at childbirth so I never knew her, never felt her loving touch - Romania's orphans dying without care of staff, my gran' forced to wed an older man

Made to serve him and his children like a domestic drudge, never broke free from the yoke, even went to prison for theft on behalf of her precious son - Anne Frank in a concentration camp

After two year's confinement in a secret apartment, crying "There is no-one left" - her shaved head, human dignity bereft, only in our remembrance is she esteemed and redeemed

By her brave attempt to survive the horrors of World War Two; crying again, Rudi understanding I need to cry to lighten the burden of feeling the grief in reliving the pain of the world

Though I believe all pain self-inflicted to serve a specific purpose - maybe to make us cry, It cleanses the soul, makes my heart whole, shining love as a light on Rudi himself...

Louise Tredoux

## Love Endures Beyond This Life

A dream wedding it was, Juliette's correct mother wriggling her toes in the sand, everyone breaking out of their normal stance, romantic Rudi complimenting me as I met him on the edge of the sea, he loved my dress, lack of make-up, no trimmings that seem so irksome and unnecessary, he loved my veil and anchor, saying so much, the pastor had to silence him to conduct the service, I didn't listen, my head too full of beautiful thoughts, blue sky, sunshine, white sand, enticing sea, finally said I do, a beach braai, ran into the waves, went to a club afterwards where we danced, muted music romantic, Rudi whispering kamasutra for you and me, I love the idea, I love life and all the world, I love Rudi in terms I cannot express, driving off, leaving the rest, discovering new intimacy, proud of making a contract to take care of each other, joyous in creating a new life, willing to stake my life on Rudi, willing to live I Corinthians 13 with him – love forgives everything, hopes everything, gives everything, love endures beyond this life...

Louise Tredoux

# Love Forms My Life

Wide Sky and Rudi and I, all  
that I need till the day that I  
die, spreading my arms like  
wings and run and play  
I can fly

Rudi watching me all amused,  
I belong to him and fills his life,  
he is mine, sets me free from  
pain and fear, together we are  
a winning team

The wide sky and Rudi and I,  
nothing more till the day I die,  
I only want and need love, no  
ambition for anything else;  
keep your righteousness

Keep your faith and hope, I have  
no need for those; while I have  
Rudi and love, I am blessed  
from above, no need for trust;  
the experience of love

Fills my mind and heart and  
forms all my life...

Louise Tredoux

# Love In The Louvre

What would we be doing in France?  
Rudi asked, Go to Paris, I replied -  
Go see the Louvre? he asked -  
That depends, I replied

On whether you can make arrangements  
What kind? – To make love in the Louvre  
WHAT? he asked bemused, choked in  
his coffee - In front of everybody?

Are you turning into an exhibitionist? – No,  
I just don't want to stare at ancient art, I  
want to create living new art, all private  
and alone in that sacred place

You'll have to make arrangements... In  
front of the Mona Lisa? he wondered  
aloud, a strange new light in his eyes...

Louise Tredoux

# Love Is Exclusive

I thought life was easy, but it's not,  
I thought loving with total devotion  
was tantamount to heaven, but it's  
not, life is about pros and cons, now  
I realize how much it costs to be  
faithful to the love of my life

Werner's presence made me realize  
I'm vulnerable - when Rudi leaves so  
frequently, I'm alone and unhappy,  
missing the love of my life, a brother  
who seems to offer support - this is  
not right, I'll have to fight against

This situation, recent events proved  
a fatal blow to platonic regard, I will  
have to inflict hurt by frequent rebuffs,  
this time I managed to push him away,  
he cannot stay to petition for love when  
Rudi's not here, I love giving love, but

True love is possessive and confining,  
it must be conducted right, otherwise  
all relationships would be undermined,  
my honour would be compromised if  
I embraced him willingly, love is  
exclusive, can we be friends

Without tension, without pain?

Louise Tredoux

# Love Is Joy

Love is joy, love is acceptance – accepting my loved one, in total acceptance of Rudi, of everything he does, feels, thinks, I feel joy, and the most amazing thing is – he accepts me also! It is beyond description, how it is possible for him to accept me as I am? I've been waiting for orders to change, convinced that sometime I should become a better person, but Rudi likes ME, it's flabbergasting, how can it be? I thought one should change to accommodate your mate, I didn't know what to change into, was waiting for directions, checking expectations – and all I have received is confirmation, total acceptance from my loved one – yet I have read that there is no such thing as unconditional love, I'm still waiting for the conditions to come, I'll love you if... and there is none! Love to me is joy, total acceptance and joy, singing with the birds, swimming with the fishes, laughing with a loved one, loving his warmth, adoring his smile, seeking explosions in sensations and bubbling emotions, I see Rudi as more than human, he is an Angel to me...

Louise Tredoux

# Love Political Upheavals

Caught up in the student activities  
of Juliette's nephews, never knew  
what we did was illegal - arrested -  
an all-time first for me, part of a  
political demonstration, first time  
manacles over my hands, Juliette  
white with fear, politics is dangerous,  
called her parents to bail us out, great  
fun for me, not a word to Rudi, I want  
to do this kind of thing again, I love  
political upheavals, marching in a  
line, nothing should come between  
me and my new political career, met  
the ladies of the night in jail, they  
spit at us, I spit further than both  
them, one smacked Juliette, I  
punched her in the face, they  
backed off, aggression  
appeals to me!

Louise Tredoux

# Love You More Than That

I say one thing –  
you hear something else,  
I tell you how I really feel,  
my words are reflected back  
as an attack

I'm shocked by your  
interpretation of my ideas;  
I didn't mean that –  
why is communication  
impossible

Why is interaction  
a dangerous practice?  
Yet I have to agree,  
it is quite possible  
to interpret

My words like that,  
your motivation is beyond  
reproach, your perspective  
will inevitably  
force you

To interpret like that –  
father dear, should I  
break off all communication  
just because my meaning  
is NEVER clear?

I very much fear  
the influence your relay  
of information will have  
on third parties; but  
social interaction

Is not negotiable –  
I must count my words  
weighing the evidence

contained therein  
carefully

I love you more  
than that...

Louise Tredoux

# Love Your Exuberance

I love your exuberance this morning,  
the way you walk with a swagger in  
your step, the way you waltz on your  
way to the garage to get the Landrover  
fixed, the way you enjoy sticking your  
head under the hood to fiddle with  
everything, the love you lavish on that  
old jalopy, the way you confer with  
your confederates in a plot to get it back  
on the road again, I can mentally hear  
the Landy protesting while you force  
a new life into her tired old body

I love the enthusiasm of mechanics  
working with gear-boxes and engines,  
appreciating life as an exciting gift every  
day – a feeling I missed in my professors  
at university, their step was rather heavy,  
life was a drag – well, reading Shakespeare,  
Sartre and Heidegger has that effect on me  
too, suffering with Thomas Mann in *Der  
Tunnel*, reading *Der Steppenwolf* by Hermann  
Hesse - I prefer conversing with mechanics  
and hairdressers to listening to sad expositions  
on the end of the world as predicated by Hal  
Lindsay, Oswald Spengler and Alvin Toffler...

Louise Tredoux

# Love, The Most Important

I knew these times with you would  
colour my dreams for ever, would  
inspire my thoughts for all eternity,  
I knew that these memories would  
stay with me until long after the loss  
of my youth, I knew that life had  
changed irrevocably, I could never  
go back to what had been, and I  
felt that was good, the new place  
where I stood was right for me;  
had been prepared from before  
the beginning of time and meant  
fulfilment of promises that other-  
wise would wither and die

I knew with a superhuman certainty  
what had happened was right for  
me, that passion was what I was  
born for, that fulfilment was what  
I had longed for, that experiencing  
this was the ultimate goal of my life;  
that nothing else mattered; that as  
long as I cherish these memories  
and keep faith in your love; my  
hopes could never be shattered;  
I knew for the first time why love  
was the most important thing  
in the universe...

Louise Tredoux

# Loving Energy - I Shall Be Its Truant Messenger

A spiritual solution for all problems, Wayne Dyer claims, all discomfort reflects negative thoughts, defining the allergy as a sign of bad mental health, I'm supposed to think myself well, if not, I'm doing something wrong, I try to create a new mental life, yet a spiritual solution has not manifested yet

I carry on holding a vision of a perfect life bringing the message to all men and women that we only experience people and life in our mind, knowing we are not the objects of experience, we are the silent observer within the experience itself; this knowing is supposed to set us free – but I sigh

Although the Bhagavad-Gita says the illumed soul always knows it is doing nothing, this divine sense of nothingness has never brought me joy – I still want to do something, strive to define a goal that would make life worth living; then I remember an irate remark regarding Wayne Dyer's lack of art

And my bad rendition of it, I start to laugh, my highest goal has always been and will always be to bring joy everywhere, to point out the sun to everyone, even Sir Suurklont; my favourite song will always be: "Jesus roep my vir `n sonstraat om elke dag te skyn" - even though I've been

Admonished by a religious teacher to find another song more befitting my high old age, so I sang "Nothing is so good it cannot get better still, perfect situations can still improve..."- she was not impressed, informing me that perfection was the ultimate end – but I shall always insist upon

Infinity, which means there is no end, no external God waiting with finality for us to catch up; God is ubiquitous in loving energy; and I shall be its truant messenger in this earthly life I received so

undeservedly as Sartre explained caught up in  
his left-brain existential pain....

Wayne Dyer "There is a Spiritual Solution to Every Problem" p.25

Louise Tredoux

# Loving Him To Death

Juliette's father will accompany her mother to Italy, I'm free, though I was willing to do my duty, I nearly crushed Rudi in joy and happiness, we both tried to make the best of our feelings and jealousies, I feel like kissing and embracing him for all eternity

We need not be separated after all, I can see his face every day, live through his moods and temperamental spells, he'll be around to be cuddled and cajoled, to be smothered and enjoyed, I can't get enough of him, he is so marvelous, so

Magnificent, I love his big feelings, his terrible jealousy, based on possessive love for me, reflecting my own feelings, and his resolutely overcoming it was so beautiful, I feel like loving him to death!

Louise Tredoux

# Low-Self-Image Queen Of Cold Beauty

Snow White's stepmother must have been suffering from low self-esteem, looking in a magic mirror every day for assurance of being the most beautiful woman in all the land

When the mirror told her Snow White was more beautiful, she being second only, her low self-esteem led her to remove her rival, though all know that second in a beauty contest

Is still miles above the rest, why would this Queen who had everything insist on being the most beautiful also requiring daily assurances, whose voice in her mind was telling her that she was actually

A nonentity? Whatever the reason, outer beauty counts as nothing when inner beauty shines in radiance, the sparkle of happy laughter is a million times more attractive than a plastic chest and botoxed lips

Snow White's beauty lay in inner strength because when she found the dwarves' house in a state of disrepair, she immediately started cleaning up and preparing food, singing while she worked

With spirit and joie de vivre, sparkling eyes and happy thoughts; maybe this is why the magic mirror preferred her to the low-self-image queen of cold beauty...

Louise Tredoux

# Made Up For Lost Time

Rudi is back, he returned!  
After that frenetic kissing  
with Werner, I didn't know  
what to say; Werner announced  
casually, I kissed Louise, a smile  
lighted Rudi's face, And? he  
enquired, Werner continued  
with a lopsided grin, She  
belongs to you, that is true

Rudi queried, Louise, what do  
you say? I also smiled, He was  
the second guy to kiss me, you  
were the first, and I'm glad he  
did; Why? Rudi queried, brows  
raised painfully - Because it  
proved to me, I like you best!  
I said, Werner repeated - She  
belongs to you... Rudi smiled,

He knows it is true, I want  
full details later, he warned,  
then made up for lost time...

Louise Tredoux

## Magic Of Rudi's Presence

The most wonderful experience is helping Rudi when he is doing something, last night he fixed the Landrover and allowed me to hand him the tools, feeling I'm part of his team is the best thing there is, then bringing him coffee, holding a spanner in place so he can reach for something else, being his apprentice – I'm still filled with the wonder of it all, the magic of Rudi's presence...

Louise Tredoux

## Make Haste, My Love...

Oh, you don't know what dreams I've had,  
the lovely thoughts, the beautiful plans, the  
naughty ideas – I think those are impractical  
moves, but you never know, we might make  
them come true; and the wild wonders we  
shall experience – make haste, my love;  
come unto me; I can't wait for your lips  
and arms enfolding me; and your hands  
- this is where it gets naughty...

Louise Tredoux

## Make Him Feel Joyous

Went through Rudi's pockets before  
dumping all in the washing, came  
across a small folded note on which  
he scribbled the beginnings of a love  
note to me – Dear Louise, I'll be late  
tonight, but I'll take you out for a bite,  
please prepare by wearing your black  
dress in which you are such a pretty  
sight, if you prefer, even white, we'll  
paint the town red, before going to  
bed... - I laughed and cried – never  
got the note, how sweet of him, I  
shall compose a poem for him also,  
something worthy of his sweet  
consideration, his loyalty and love,  
something to make him feel as happy  
and joyous as he makes me  
feel all the time...

Louise Tredoux

# Make My Spirit Soar

That flat feeling after reading too  
much too fast, all the bubbles  
spilled in one emotional blast  
afterwards the feeling is gone  
in a flat emptiness

Caring for nothing, nothing stirring  
my feelings; relativism pervading  
my space, realizing how small my  
concerns on the larger canvas  
of all forms of life

Searching for a larger goal that  
will make my spirit soar above it  
all, human concerns are not big  
enough, the goal of life is to find  
how to be happy

Hedonism is not it, so what will  
it be, for what objective shall I  
sacrifice and how much will I give  
up - I charged like a meteor through  
many universes at once

If I slow down, what will I find?

Louise Tredoux

## Makes Him So Enchanting

It is so amazing, when Rudi becomes inaccessible like this, he seems more attractive to me, so seductive in his high morality, just provocation carries a charm all its own, his fight for truth, goodness and life seems so justified, honour is so important to him - protecting the weak, he would rather go hungry than break his principles – this makes him so enchanting, my heart is burning for him, the disciplinary hearing will be today, I don't know what he will say, but he will make an ardent case and I'm so proud of him...

Louise Tredoux

# Making Love Is Fun

Making love is the most frivolous act of fun,  
to be enjoyed to keep us young, but when  
we truly love someone, when we want to  
show affection and deep appreciation of a  
special person's presence in our lives, we  
can use it to convey our emotions

Feelings change the happy frolicking into a  
sacred act illuminating our hearts, afterwards  
just a friendly touch means so much, eyes retain  
the messages of love, to relay them by telepathy,  
the voice is enriched by a special tone when singing  
the name of our loved one in conversation

Our body language and facial expression reveal all  
our love, if you have felt this before, you'll want more,  
it costs a lot to build a relationship, you have to pay by  
giving up interfering associations, but the dividends are  
so rewarding, your beauty increases without application  
of rouge and cream

Loyalty to the one you love makes your spirit soar, you  
find the sublime in the mundane once your loving gaze  
transforms it into more than the sum of its parts, together  
you create something unheard of before...

Louise Tredoux

# Master Of The Universe

I'm sitting here with Rudi's request to clean out the cupboards - make space for kitchenware, get rid of mechanical tools that he stored everywhere; I look at his tools, spanners and saws and nails and screws and pieces of wood and string - lovingly

I love the flat for containing Rudi in every place, I don't want to change anything, I want even more things to speak of Rudi; I don't care for kitchenware, a toaster, a washing machine, and we've got enough - old batteries, strange radio parts, speakers

Parts of an old lawn mower, bicycle things, oily rags - this kitchen has atmosphere, it breathes Rudi all over, I become flustered, he will look in on me, he promised, I must throw away something, but what? I love it all simply because it belongs to him

I'm worried, I don't want to throw away anything that ever felt Rudi's touch, the door opens, Rudi's back, he'll think me a slouch, I haven't done anything, just stared and caressed Rudi's things, he walks in and catches me amongst rags and strings

Disappointed he says, Louise, you haven't done anything, I burst into tears - I know, I love this place as it is, I can't throw away all your things, I love them because they speak of you, he starts to laugh, looks at his tools and all the mechanical junk, and laughs so much

In the end I join in; Do you mean, you like the junk and other tool things just because they're mine, he asks, incredulous, Yes, I admit, this is a temple containing the essence of you; - Oh Louise, you impractical thing, we have to live here like civilized human beings, not build a shrine to junk

Look, there is nothing of yours in the kitchen - Yes, I agree with shining eyes, isn't wonderful, an Aladdin's cave, there might be a lamp with a genie somewhere - he looks at me - Oh, there

is a lamp, I rubbed it, and the genie came – I look around,  
thrilled by his tale – Where?

I'm looking at her, she's called Louise, and she brought so much  
love, she's the greatest magic that ever has been, I laugh, but  
Rudi kisses my mouth - Don't worry, I'll do it myself, for now you  
had better pretend the god Siva is come to claim his prize –  
tomorrow we shall immolate his stuff on a pyre

But today, today he will consume you alive! Ooooo, wonderful  
day, this genie will now make him the Lord and Master of the  
Universe!

Louise Tredoux

# May Blossom

Thumbelina felt very sorry for the frozen swallow,  
covered him with feathers and down every night,  
brought him seeds to feed and make him strong,  
when spring came he left, offering to take her along

She refused, duty proclaimed she stay with Mrs Field  
Mouse who took care of her when destitute, but she  
was betrothed to marry the rich Blind Mole in autumn,  
never to see the sun again, as she sadly waved the sun

Goodbye for the very last time, the swallow passed –  
this time she climbed up and held fast, far away they  
flew unto a far-off country of perpetual summer, where  
he set her down on a lovely flower, out there came

A little elfin man, the Flower Fairy King, crowned her  
his queen, attached some wings, she lost her humble  
name and origins when she was called May Blossom,  
the happiest fairy in all the Flower Kingdom!

Louise Tredoux

## May Happiness Stalk You

Thank you for calling, lovely to hear  
your voice, asking me how I'm doing,  
I'm fine, though I miss you, I love the  
sound of your voice, you know that,  
a call from you is never inopportune,  
call me as often as you like, I dare not  
contact you, your time is limited, research  
at the aquarium restricted, I appreciate  
it when you make time for me, enjoy  
your day, may the marine life amuse  
and intrigue you, may you come home  
safe, may happiness stalk you!

Louise Tredoux

# Mean The World To Him

What fun we had last night, how great  
to fall asleep on Rudi's breast, instead  
of lying awake all night, told him of my  
plans to construct a fairy grotto  
with some craggy rocks and  
driftwood I had found

Told him the story of the magic fairy who  
would live in it – did not get very far, his  
kisses took my breath away, he said I  
could be his magic creature if I wanted  
to, it was so easy to enchant him,  
seems he likes everything  
nature's offering

I love his voice, his attitude, his eyes, his  
hands, his hair, his whispers in the night,  
his magic touch, his encouragement, I'm  
overpowered by his acceptance of my  
ideas that used to drive my father wild,  
that made me feel like  
an unwanted child

Rudi makes me feel as if my thoughts  
mean the world to him...

Louise Tredoux

# Meet Again In Our Special Place

Desperately  
trying to create  
my own sanctuary,  
refine my own cathedral,  
create a sacred silence inside,  
to flee into myself and hide from  
life - when I discovered your note to  
meet you at our special place; overjoyed,  
my heart beating faster, my pulses racing, my  
feet were not fleet enough to carry me there  
yet I was in time, you were waiting as I  
arrived, buried in your coat against  
the cold, but your lips were sweet  
and your fingers deft and your  
hands pulled me close and I  
found joy in your embrace,  
the joy of our love that  
grows ever stronger  
that nothing can  
destroy  
a love that  
keeps growing  
stronger whenever  
it meets opposition, when  
my father forbade me to see  
you again, when I cried, when I  
died in my pain, you sent me a note,  
you planned my escape, you initiated  
a gate into paradise and I fled to that special  
secluded place that we have made our own  
where we can meet to be alone, sharing  
our thoughts and emotions, creating  
calm in the eye of the storm, as  
soon as father permits and  
you have proved your  
innocence  
we shall be  
together again,  
together forever, till

then, my love, I shall always  
follow the notes that you send  
to meet you again in our special place!

Louise Tredoux

## Meet In Secret

My hand shook when I looked up and saw you standing  
there, you turned away immediately when you saw father  
with me, but not before you managed to wink  
I knew you would leave me a note somewhere, couldn't  
wait for father to depart into his favourite reverie,  
as soon as he was ensconced in his research,  
you turned up again, I wanted to cry, to have you so near,  
yet unable to say hi, but you arranged it neatly, you handed  
me a book with a note, then an unexpected joy –  
father called away by the librarian,  
you pulled me behind the books,  
the kiss still burning my mind, one kiss intense,  
one kiss containing a whole world immense, filled  
with the incense of the love you promised me  
when we were at school, never letting on that you  
liked me especially until the day I fell and you picked  
me up, tried my tears, I saw something in your eyes that  
made me blush, you blushed also, then you said that  
I should wait, when we were all grown-up, you'd be there,  
and today – you were there, tonight, I dream about you,  
tomorrow, we'll meet in secret, but the dreams I have now,  
is more beautiful than words can ever describe!  
Passion? A forbidden word in our house, father requires  
total obedience, but today, I felt passion in you, it stirred  
in me too, I hid it well, but it's true, I'm very human  
indeed and so are you; I love you so much,  
and I always will...

Louise Tredoux

## Mind Rolling Like A Ball (2)

A mind rolling like a ball,  
searching for grooves  
and tracks to for a  
stable path

When focusing on one  
subject, I balance this  
big rolling ball in a  
stable position

Right on the spot where  
I've got to beam my  
Laser-attention; but  
the slightest

Emotional pressure  
suffices to set it  
rolling again...

Louise Tredoux

# Miss You So Much

Easter – and you're not here, engaged with foreigners who promise big finance for marine projects, I didn't go to church to hear my father the pastor preaching his sermon, stayed home and did the washing – so calming, looking at the trees and shrubs shimmering and shining in the sun, enjoying the rhythm and security of routine action, wondering what you are doing, signing contracts and talking big bucks, running on adrenaline; I sighed and bought French fries and ice-cream, a true feast, looked at magazines, Angelina and Brad having a fight, I'm sure if you were here, we would not have been fighting, we could have gone house-hunting, I brought in the washing, folding clothes while listening to Chopin and sighing, hoping your wining and dining the friendly Chinese brought you more joy than I was feeling, no use preparing a meal, you'll be enjoying haute cuisine, I'm going to watch my favourite movie – I much you so much...

Louise Tredoux

# Miss You Tonight

I miss you tonight, you know I do, now it is dark, tomorrow is creeping up like a thief in the dark, father preached his sermon today, I was in church, you were not, I felt guilty about everything, but mostly I felt lonely without you, your kiss and your touch, your reassurance that fear is should be gone, you will help me when I can't meet the life that I have to lead, I waited for a note – a note that didn't come, I dreamt about you, fantasized in church, day-dreams that gave birth to fleeting moments of ecstasy, I dreamt that we would meet again today, I dreamt that you would make me yours, but on this Sunday, on this holy day, you did not appear, no note, nothing to calm my fear, I thought you were near, then I learnt where you went, it was a blow, so tonight I shall do as I am bid, go to church, evening service, then buoy my own spirits by dreaming about you, dreaming up a scene in which we are one, freed from the burden of guilt and despair, freed from this reality and free at last to share the feelings that fill our hearts every day...

In my fantasy you came to me on the beach and we raced through the sand before falling down and then we kissed, and when passion flamed up we followed it's flame instead of extinguishing it as we have done forever before... and I am becalmed in the pleasure of my mind...

Louise Tredoux

## Mood Of Elation

I can live again, Rudi's back,  
his mood one of elation, he  
lost his case, but satisfied  
he didn't lose face, happy to  
be alive and being my sweet-  
heart, we need to find money  
to pay the rent since he forfeited  
his salary for a month, I have  
a plan, it ought to work, based  
on a movie, Hollywood affords  
me so much inspiration, I'll  
come up with the money  
and Rudi will be  
so glad!

Louise Tredoux

# More Beautiful Than I've Ever Been

Been crying ever since I got back from  
the hairdresser's, my hair looked terrible,  
suspected my hairdresser was sloshed,  
too shy to say anything, just came home  
with a moth-eaten head, Rudi so under-  
standing, offered to fix it, I thought, what  
the hell, nothing can be worse  
than this

I was wrong, it got MUCH worse, Rudi cut  
it pudding-basin style, when I saw the result  
my tears were spent, I started to laugh, I had  
become a bad imitation of a cloistered monk,  
Rudi affronted; but had to admit to my looking  
awful, Juliette was shocked, how could I let Rudi  
loose on my hair, I said she'd drilled me so well  
on my having bad hair

Too thin, too non-descript, I thought it wouldn't  
matter; she dragged me off to her own Angelo  
who cut what was left even shorter, adding  
high-lights – suddenly I was a new person,  
strangers whistling, Prof saying he would  
never have recognized me on street, when  
Rudi came home he was knocked off his  
feet, said I looked like a pixie

Loving the style so much, he just went right on  
loving the rest of me too, making me feel  
more beautiful than I've ever been...

Louise Tredoux

## More Intense

Love means different things  
to different people - to me it  
means acting with respect  
for dignity while maintaining  
independence, remaining in  
control of my own happiness

Accepting responsibility for every-  
thing happening to me, when I had  
put my trust in Rudi because of his  
strength and wisdom, I accepted all  
problems as the result of my choice  
and therefore to be solved by me

When his mental absence pains my  
heart, I accept the wounds the pain  
creates as new space in which future  
joy and delight will be more intense –  
and it works every time...

Louise Tredoux

# Most Painful Day Of My Life

When I informed Rudi of my trip with Juliette's mother to Italy, he was even more jealous than me – saying if I went, he won't see me again, yet I know if I stay, I'll be stabbing my friend in the back – Juliette's counting on me, now she is expecting - to take care of her mom – for the first time in my life I have to weigh the pros and cons - for the first time I felt what it's like to choose duty before pleasure

I would prefer to stay with Rudi, especially now that I know he is jealous of me – yet I have an obligation towards Juliette, my friend from when I was small, and her mother, who is always there for me – so in great pain and sorrow, I chose to accompany her mother to Italy, even though Rudi said if I did so, he would never talk to me again – can we humans be expected to weigh life-time obligations against our life-time loves?

Apparently yes, I had to inform Rudi, crying, that I was going to support Alora, Juliette's mom, against any objections he might think up, I did not sleep afterwards, but I knew that honour and duty as well as integrity, were part of me – if I said no, fearing Rudi's reaction, I would have hated myself for the rest of my life – if I lose him,

As he threatens I shall, he is not the man I thought he was, I'll get over him, however painful the price I have to pay for the insight – I spent the night shivering, not able to believe he could be rejecting me if I did my duty – when he came to me, apologizing and indicating he approved of my choice; detrimental to him as it was, I cried unstoppably, my trust in him was right - yet it was the most painful day of my life...

Louise Tredoux

# Moving Rhythmically To The Music

Moving

rhythmically to the music

with Rudi, safe within the fortress

of his love, enclosed within the ramparts

of his castle, wearing the breastplate of his

assurances, protected by his steadfast character,

supported by the warmth of his personality, wrapped in

the nobility of his high ideals; lighted by the fire of

idealism burning in his eyes, moving within the

circle of his arms, his embrace affording

me the freedom to be

myself...

Louise Tredoux

# Music Of The Spheres

My newsletter says  
'find feelings of relief  
that lead to a wonderful  
mood and attitude,  
even when your body is hurting,  
and your body will improve  
because your thoughts  
create your reality'

I am going to visit Mrs Du Preez,  
haven't seen her for years, she  
is very ill, by spreading good  
cheer, or at least attempting  
to, I will feel better about making  
a sacrifice on Rudi's behalf

It is exciting to seek her favourite  
Dishes, make a special bouquet,  
Juliette's mother will give me a lift,  
I can still mean something to  
somebody else, even if part of  
my heart is gone, life goes on

I can sing my song to my father  
and aunts, I can write down my  
memoirs and focus on all the  
people I love, I lost romance,  
but that is a transient thing,  
here today, gone tomorrow

A source of great sorrow, but  
love is bigger than touch, love  
is unstoppable, love needs no  
sensory experience, love is  
based on the imagination, I  
can imagine Rudi's presence

And laughter and happiness  
much better than real life can

show me, I can live without  
physical touch because my  
spirit goes into higher  
dimensions where

I am comforted by the  
music of the spheres...

Louise Tredoux

# My Body Covered In Flames

I'm afraid I didn't do much today except  
write my love a little story, several stories  
if the truth be told, I was naughty and dived  
down into the sea from the forbidden rock,  
my love came unto me white and shaken and  
shocked, he wanted to inflict some form of  
punishment, then ended up kissing me as if  
I were a captive never to be free ever again-  
and that is just exactly how I felt, that I would  
never be free of the love in my heart and the  
need in my body, so I kissed him back and  
pulled him down onto the sand, I wanted to  
hold him for eternity and to be held for even  
longer than that, I felt young and strong and  
in love forever and a day, I shall never love  
anybody else in this way, my heart beating  
furiously and my body covered in flames...

Louise Tredoux

# My Eternal Love

When he enfolds me with his body, being so much bigger than me, big and strong, when he cloaks me with his being, wrapping me in his love, I go into ecstasies of delight, when he makes music with my body and plays a symphony of love

When he completely buries me in soft waves of undulating delight growing into a crescendo of unleashed furies of passion, when he seeks his joy in me and finds it in what I am, in my being, when he immerses himself in the joys my body holds for him

I am complete, I experience epiphany, I become a new person, larger than I was, softer, warmer, more joyous, enriched immeasurably by the experience of sweetest love

When he treats me reverently afterwards, when the afterglow of our love stays in his eyes; when he refrains from rebuking or belittling me, when he treats me like a queen; I grow in stature, my love is infused with new energy and ignited with joy

And you commiserate because Rudi is away frequently – how little you know, how little you understand of the eternal love that glows and grows in me, Rudi being who he is, my eternal love...

Louise Tredoux

## My Little Life And Rudi

I'm delighted by everything, the mystery of beingness, the secrets of the universe, the wonderful bigness still to be discovered, the joy in happy laughter, the warmth of hostility discarded, the cozy comfort of a stomach filled, the softness of some fleecy blankets, the beauty of crystal trinkets, the magic of sleeping kittens – but most of all, I'm delighted by the big man-boy sleeping here with me, snoring softly, smiling in his slumbers – the most wonderful being in this universe, so happy in himself, he shines the happiness onto me, and my little life grows into an overpowering wave of such delight – thank you so much, Rudi...

Louise Tredoux

# My Lonely Cave Under The Sea

Feed me one poem for the day  
oh my beloved - show me the  
way by the choice of your words

Open the door of my prison by  
whistling your signature tune  
help me escape mental anguish

By what you say, oh Rudi, I feel  
so grey today - set my spirit free  
from the confines of lack-lustre

Thoughts and the quiet of nothing-  
ness, please bring light and love  
unto me in my lonely cave

Under the sea...

Louise Tredoux

# My Love Covers Everything

You didn't show up for lunch  
after promising you would be  
there, I gave you the benefit  
of the doubt and I was right

You were held up by an emer-  
gency – you need never fear  
that I shall blame you when  
circumstances conspire

To make it seem you are doing  
me wrong, I have learnt my  
lesson and always assume  
you are on my side

I will continue to do so until the  
opposite is proven - and then  
I will still exonerate you - I love  
you, my love covers everything...

Louise Tredoux

# My Love Is Here

I'm overawed, the smell of you,  
when you arrived, hot from sun  
and flight and tired from traveling  
day and night, you smelled like  
heaven to me, my senses were  
overwhelmed and my mind was  
unhinged – the most we were  
allowed was to sit next to each  
other, we did not sleep last night,  
preferred to sit on the couch  
instead of going to bed; I could  
lie on your shoulder; experience  
your beingness; I didn't want you  
to take a bath – you smelled of  
wood-fire smoke and khaki and  
something else – your essence,  
I think; it was marvelous, you  
arriving when I couldn't wait any  
more, you should have warned  
me so I could have prepared, my  
tearstained face was a mess;  
when you got out of the truck  
my heart stopped, the moment  
too big, I still can't believe that  
you've come, that you are here  
and you are mine, I just want to  
stare at your sleeping face on  
this morning of love and grace,  
I'm crying again, my love is here,  
joy overpowering expressed  
in tears, you're here!

Louise Tredoux

# My Nose Twitched

I love the white beach, I love the sun  
I love the clouds, I love the wind,  
I love everything at the coast, most  
of all, I love the thought of you,  
your warm happy face, in a lopsided  
grin, promising me that in a while  
you would show me something  
I have never heard of before,  
you said you loved the way  
my nose twitched while I waited  
for the promises you made –  
the lady in the café regarded us  
curiously - her eyes all skew –  
I wonder whether she knew...

Louise Tredoux

## My Only Admirer...

Visited Juliette's parents in their castle today,  
at least, this is what Werner would say, they  
live in rich man's valley, Mr Gagiano once again  
explaining to me why he actually liked Hitler –  
he tried to save his own people from the Jewish  
invasion of Germany – Juliette only shaking her  
head in exasperation

We're not allowed to walk on the wooden floors  
barefoot, though socks are okay, may not eat in her  
bedroom – but Juliette smuggled crisps and peanuts  
in there ages ago, when we were still at school; Rudi  
and Werner joined us; at the height of conversation  
I went off to read some more in Mr Gagiano's  
encyclopaedia's

Rudi disapproved, took me back to join the others,  
Juliette's parents worried, what's wrong, Rudi, they  
enquired, I looked at Rudi questioningly, he explained,  
he apologised for my bad behavior, going off to read  
instead of joining in the conversation; all laughed and  
assured him that it was quite okay, I explained  
Mr Gagiano has been my only admirer

Since I'm the only one interested in his old-fashioned  
books, Rudi blushed crimson to the roots, I apologized,  
never thought to brief him before this visit...

Louise Tredoux

# My Only Measure

He went back to work, I fell asleep, when  
he returned, I had cleaned the flat and all  
the dishes, feeling sleepy, but oh, so happy,  
blue eyes shining, seeing his delight, offered  
him a pre-dinner drink, a meal for a king, he  
loved it, I'm not domesticated, this is special,  
he kissed my hands, my face, my everything

I kissed him back, life is GOOD when you have  
someone to love, not simply a sex toy, which  
is good enough, everyone assures me, but I'm  
the old-fashioned kind, while full well realizing  
sex per se is meaningless, I love adding it as zest  
to my love relationship with Rudi, he is someone  
special, far beyond mere romance

Yet, he is romance incarnate, that will change, all  
assure me, it is a chemical reaction, short-lived –  
just until I conceive and have his child – then he'll  
turn his attention elsewhere, every time I come  
across this cynical assessment I cry again, it is so  
sad and threatening, why did my mother die when  
I was born – did she feel rejected already

Did she know of the cynical opinions to come? I'm  
scared of life, Rudi is my breastplate, his loyalty to  
our relationship my only measure to determine  
where I am ...

Louise Tredoux

# My Poor Heroine, No Privacy

Such a lovely fantasy, Juliette grimacing,  
not good enough, too puerile, she says –  
I did my best! – not realistic at all, she waves  
the fantasy away and redo my carefully con-  
structed scene in terms so graphic and direct,  
in such detail, she doesn't leave space for the  
imagination

I object, NO, it shall not be like that, my heroine's  
life should stay on track, she cannot end up in the  
arms of a mysterious stranger, out of the question,  
he may be handsome, but if she doesn't know him,  
there will be no intimacy - Juliette plays her Ace -  
But he knows her, you see; he was in Akon's space-  
ship as they circled the earth

He saw her with X-ray eyes - But seeing from afar is  
not knowing, I protest - He has special ESP powers,  
he knows her mind, he reads her thoughts - My poor  
heroine, she will no privacy left in her mind, she will  
feel observed, shrink under scrutiny, I can't do it to  
her – You can, it's only one alien guy from another  
planet, she'll be fine

A shining example of the best in humankind - considering  
Juliette's idea, it enlarges the scope for adventure and ac-  
tion in my heroine's life – I might put in some very intimate  
details if Rudi approves – I smile – he needn't know about  
the story I'm writing for Juliette, besides, he'll probably add  
more juicy details himself, and that would be too much, I  
shall not breathe a word to him

He already enjoys more than his fair share of intimacy  
with me...

Louise Tredoux

# My Sweetheart

To feel loved takes anxiety and fear away  
to be cuddled with love, to be accepted, is  
the most wonderful thing that can happen

I look at you and FEEL the rays of wonder  
I touch you and experience delight and joy  
I listen to you - heart melting at the sound

Of your voice, even when you get angry or  
frustrated - love makes me feel delighted

When you turn lightning eyes on me and I  
return the bliss I feel, your lips start curling  
into a smile against your will

When I stroke your back and kiss your neck,  
you sigh in content and delight

Deep inside my heart I feel like a new being  
renewed, energised, recreated by pure love  
existing in a dimension of pure confidence

Created by you – you are my superman, my  
wizard, my guardian angel, my sweetheart...

27 July 2009

Louise Tredoux

# Naughty Light In My Eyes

Listening to Die Lustige Witwe - at first just delighted by the beautiful voices, then hearing the words, the love expressed, enjoying the mess created by all bent on having fun, suddenly the joy offered by life to everyone who has the ability to love overpowers my sense of decorum, I give Rudi a ring while singing along with the Vilja-song, Rudi's laughter in my ears, whispering, he understands my meaning, will be home in an hour, I'm overjoyed - the plot thickens, I prepare myself, a surprise for him yet, he will love this one, we are young and lust is important to us, the essence of life and adding spice to everything else, the naughty light in my eyes, Rudi knows how to survive my intermittent onslaughts on his workaday life...

Louise Tredoux

# Never Loved Another

Rudi hanging over my shoulder, laughing  
at my old-fashioned wisdom, demanding  
what do I know about the frivolous aspects  
of making love - I inform him all my skill  
derived from him, he says hmm

I shouldn't call myself an expert because  
of lack of experience, jealously I want to  
know where he got his, he's teasing me,  
what a beastly thing to do after I sang his  
praises long and loud

He reminds me of his colourful youth under  
the guidance of older siblings and adventurous  
nephews, I feel like kicking the lot of them until  
reminding myself Rudi is excellent in bed, he  
had to start somewhere

I'd rather it be family than a line of enticing  
beauties, I look at him askance, he's laughing  
at me, I'm at a distinct disadvantage, nearly  
got left on the shelf, one beloved only, I  
thought it would be good for my health

Never practised by stealth as did the others  
in my class, waited for my Prince Charming  
to open my heart with a kiss, Rudi came into  
my life as if on cue, what can I do, I've never  
loved another, never will do...

Louise Tredoux

# New Infusion Of Enthusiasm

Waiting for you to return from work,  
staring through the window, thoughts  
drifting aimlessly like scattered clouds,  
this day was long and not very secure,  
I got lost among too many thoughts and  
and ideas, I can't wait for you to anchor  
me to your view of reality, can't wait to  
see the sparkle in your eyes, deciding on  
vegetables and cottage pie, ice-cream for  
dessert, going for a stroll, visiting Juliette,  
seeing Werner also; please come home,  
I don't want to float like this, between  
moments that sparkled and died and now  
life needs a new infusion of enthusiasm,  
I can't wait to hear your voice and join  
you in your choice of subject and ideas,  
I hear the door opening - you are here,  
gone all my loneliness, gone all my fear,  
it is delightful when you return unto me~

Louise Tredoux

# No Mind, No Heart, No Me

Today experienced the mental state that replays like a video film whenever my father attacks: When father told me I was a complete idiot, a total fool; I experienced all the old symptoms: Constriction, suffocation, headache, stomach ache, fear, anxiety, insecurity, stupidity, nausea, inability to sit still and concentrate

I know this mental state – which it the one of my youth – is always with me just ready to pop out when the old feeling of insufficiency is triggered; is probably the cause of my low work performance and cannot be controlled except by desperate measures: By becoming someone else, only by not feeling my feelings can I carry on

While Rudi is away and I have to stay with my father, I have a chance to experience all the exhaustion and mental irritation that blighted my youth; having to split into my evil twin – I call her Xenia – in order to face my father's judgment and indictment for sin – and holding onto the conviction that being positive, believing in love stronger than

Self-righteous justice, I can stand my father's attacks without giving in to the hysteria welling up; and when the pain is too much to bear in cold blood, turning into ice-cold Xenia, the untouchable; when Rudi is back; I will just turn back, but while he is gone, I have to hide my real self and become invisible; look, father, no face, no mind, no heart, no me!

Louise Tredoux

## No-One To Turn To; All Alone...

This morning I feel overpowered by all that had happened, last night I even showered in your flat, I never thought I would act with so little restraint; the things I allowed you to do, the things I did myself; the way the old me simply disappears when you are here; the way I abandon my old principles; the feeling of invincibility when you start kissing me – this morning I am succumbing to fear; where did the old me go; I've been taught never to do naught that is forbidden by religious morality; this feeling of fear – an indictment of guilt?

I fear the effects of my taking unwanted freedom, fear being abandoned by you, ever since my mother's death, I vowed never to be bereft by the loss of a loved one; whether to life or death; and what power do I have over you? How to deal with this fear; what to do – what if you should die – or leave me? Whatever happens, I shall die, I cannot stand the thought of losing you; cannot contemplate my fate should you be untrue; suddenly intimacy seems to be the wrong thing to do....

I cannot turn back the clock, should I have waited until we were married? Will you ever ask me, will father ever consent? Should I marry? What if my beloved died? I feel scared; I'm going to run away and cry until I pass out; I'm scared and there's no-one to turn to; I'm all alone...



## Nothing Happens In Between...

When Rudi goes away, nothing happens  
in between, times stands still, the ebb  
and flow of the sea doesn't happen for  
me, the waxing and waning of the moon  
remains obscured from view, I follow a  
routine that changes me into a robot,  
just waiting for him, Juliette says it's  
emotional blackmail, but I don't tell  
him, don't expect him to change his  
job, the essence of him is in his  
dreams, I'm happy to wait, when  
women turn away from the man  
they love to remain happy without  
him, they so easily lose ecstasy,  
I value those moments more  
than an even life in between...

Louise Tredoux

# Nuclear Fusion Of Body And Soul

Rudi is lighting a passionate fire in my soul, I love the flames, he is burning within, emotional temperature rising constantly

Without restraint, I have broken free from all tethering, amazement as the feeling grows, flaming higher and higher, soul exposed

Heartbeat increasing, becoming raw desire itself, relishing the burning need, freed from constraint, fear and doubt evicted

Allowing Rudi to break down the door to my heart and soul, no inhibition, beyond restriction, proud to be enclosed in a burning body

Taking pride in being his animal unleashing the beast in him, surprised and delighted by the raw and savage feeling exposed, empowered

By my own wildness, possessed by my own instincts, mastering physical existence, accepting sensuous delight as my birthright

False shame burnt away in the cleansing flame of a pure, unbridled passion, crushing my lips, crushing the breath from my body

Nuclear fusion of heart and soul in a magical series of physical implosions, his laser power cutting me open to fill me with him

He is my strength, my protective breastplate, the luminous raiment enclosing my heart and soul...

Louise Tredoux

# Obsessed By You

Oh Rudi, I'm obsessed by you, Juliette says I am and it's true, I love you - hiding your email messages from her, she says she wants to see what words you wrote have me in transports of delight

I refuse to show them to her, fearing that when you return, she'll usurp you completely, mesmerised by your loving messages like I am, unable to concentrate on anything else while under your spell

I walk about in a dream, cannot see anything, Juliette pulling me out of harm's way, should she also discover the beauty of your soul, I won't have anyone rational to help me through reality until your return

I burn in obsessive dreams for your safe return, today I'll try to focus on the here and now – until an email message from the boat arrives – then I'm going to give free rein to the feelings bubbling within me!

Louise Tredoux

## Only For A Special Somebody...

This morning I read wonderful words  
I almost decided to play they were  
meant for me, to make my day, to  
enjoy the thought of love with glee

But then I wondered should I seek permission  
first, should I ask the author whether he would  
mind if the words that I find, dedicated by him  
to a special another

Were scooped up by me, a total stranger,  
playing those words were meant for me?  
If it were on a general forum, 'find your  
Loved one', I could have said

'Dear Stranger, I love your word-art, the way  
you describe feelings - you have touched mine,  
here is my photo, short, dark hair, serious eyes,  
small hands and feet...'

Please write to me, living alone - all on my own,  
please send me personally some of those notes  
you post so carelessly to be read and ignored  
by poets and great authors

I shall take good care of your words, cherishing  
them as special utterances of one I might love,  
one whose mind appeals to my thoughts - what  
do you say to that -

Will you entrust your thoughts to me to find out  
and see if I'm true to my word and take good  
care of your precious words, your lovely thoughts,  
you love-lorn comments?

If not, perish the thought, I shall watch your work  
from afar, knowing all the while these ideas  
were not meant for a stranger like me, only  
for a special somebody...

Louise Tredoux

# Only He Can Help

I wonder where Rudi is, what he's doing,  
while I'm stuck in Home Affairs filling out  
application forms for renewal of his passport,  
four forms so far - all wrong, my hand is  
perverse and does not write what I tell it to,  
my mind confused, I doubt my reply to every  
question, my eyes are all skew reading the  
words all wrong, I feel like crying, when a  
strange lady invaded my private space I felt  
heat spreading in my face, I cringed - I hate it  
when strangers come too near - the things I  
do for Rudi! - forms cause psychosomatic  
symptoms my brain becomes dysfunctional...  
I went home crying, I'll try tomorrow again,  
I long for Rudi's presence, his sang-froid  
and common-sense, I've lost my self-  
confidence totally, only he can help...

Louise Tredoux

## Overpowered: I'm All Alone... (Second Version)

Overpowered, acted with so little restraint;  
the old me changed into a wanton creature;  
abandoned my principles; feeling invincible  
when being kissed – then succumbing to fear –  
where did I lose myself; taught never to do  
what is forbidden by religious morality; the  
feeling of fear – an indictment of guilt?

The ice-cold fear evoked by unwonted freedom,  
the scalding-hot fear of abandonment, I had  
vowed never to be bereft by the loss of a  
loved one, never to love so much that death  
would scare me; yet today I have fallen in  
love - the thought of loss is unbearable;  
can't contemplate my fate should I lose him

I have succumbed to love as I vowed I would  
not, I cannot turn back the clock, how could  
I ever surrender to the risk of love and loss?  
What if he became unfaithful or died? I am  
scared; should I run away and cry until I  
pass out; there's no-one to turn to; I'm  
all alone...

Louise Tredoux

## Passion - Be Honest

Rudi asked, 'What do you think of people who can't be faithful to lovers? ', I replied, 'Prevent inflicting pain by honestly admitting their inability, accepting monogamy is impossible if they can't control their passions; nothing wrong with that, they should partner others who have the same attitude, but people will freely choose between the excitement of painful deception, or the prosaic boredom of break-up'

Rudi asked, 'Would you still love me if I were unfaithful? ', I replied 'Yes, I would still love you as a wonderful friend, sweet and kind, but I would never trust you with my heart, trusting only integrity that does not allow passion to destroy loved ones, inflicting more pain on themselves than on their victims, we all choose whether we'll be victim or victimizer – but you have chosen to be a faithful hero and I trust you'

With this I kissed him...

Louise Tredoux

# Passion For Life

Says the positive voice: Treat the job as a meditation - I looked at my way of working like a scatterbrain, dreaming of glamorous adventures as I washed and cleaned - tried the meditative approach, ended up sitting in the lotus position staring into the distance, feeling the charm of being becalmed, afterwards finished the job without existential fear

Rudi came home, made dinner together, happy conversation, a warm atmosphere, me being happily spiritual while he did administrative tasks, contentment within enabling me to bask in his peaceful presence - maybe one day I'll stop thinking of the world as a dangerous place and create a safe space in which Rudi and I can co-exist

In eternal contentment, but not now, of course, his eyes ablaze with passion for life - kindling reciprocal passion in mine...

Louise Tredoux

## Preference For Passion

Turning and twirling like a golden dust particle  
in warm sunlight, happy in the preference for  
love and passion and romance, joyous in the  
choice for freedom and wild delight, swirling  
in spiraling circles like a planet around the sun,  
my sun is you, your laughing eyes, your bright  
smile, your wise counsel, your touch that excites  
me so much, your loyalty to our flame of love,  
the hearth created by our togetherness, dusting  
was a chore, but staring at flying dust to the  
music of the introduction to Die Fledermaus,  
I'm en pointe in my mind, dancing on my toes,  
a character in The Nutcracker – the Sugar  
Plum Fairy – and the room becomes a  
lighted stage for a fantasy ballet...

Louise Tredoux

## Preferred A Morning Kiss

Spilled the milk this morning, clumsy,  
sleepy, wanted to prepare a super  
breakfast, simply made a mess, Rudi  
ended up with coffee only, toast was  
burnt, he laughed, preferred a morning kiss  
to cordon blue morning servings, this  
was easy, he smelled divine, besides,  
he can get breakfast anywhere, but I'm  
the only one to offer him total devotion  
and all my love, he says it is enough,  
and proves it with a passion that colours  
everything in gold and silver beauty,  
that changes fear into freedom, that  
wipes away my tears and fills my soul  
with contentment for being clumsy me

Louise Tredoux

## Preordained To Fill Me

Rudi massaged my ankles, my thighs,  
then spread himself upon me and stared  
into my eyes, penetration delayed, just  
moments of telepathic communication;  
did he see worlds of meaning exploding  
within my being? I cannot tell, all I know  
is that he does things to me, changes my  
being, makes my body respond in a way  
I never knew that it could, I'm a new being,  
safe and secure in the knowing that Rudi  
wants to protect me and provide for any off-  
spring; popping a chocolate liqueur into my  
mouth, giving me sensory joy – I never knew  
cuddling, never had a mother with a taciturn  
father, alone in my dreams, then Rudi came,  
now it seems he was preordained to fill me  
with love, evoke responses from me  
I never knew could be....

Louise Tredoux

## Prepared The Collection List

Prepared the collection list - pasting pictures,  
double-line spacing, each line an empty face,  
all filled in with golden glitter and shining stars,  
columns for amounts of money with pictures of  
currency notes, to be completed when these are  
received, the ladies oohed and aahed, but I'm autistic  
where money and lists and statistics are concerned,  
by adding emotional content and fixing with pictures,  
I can understand the list, Rudi promised to help me  
count it - counting to a hundred leaves me confused,  
now I'm ready to help save the orphanage!

Louise Tredoux

# Prophetic Sayings By A Vogon

Going to write a book called 'The Poetic Councillor – Prophetic Sayings by a Vogon' in which my E-book on PoemHunter will be prescribed reading material

Those who do not flee to old Nick will immediately start with serious soul-searching in order to make doubly sure they will not be forced to imbibe Vogon poetry

For all eternity!

Louise Tredoux

# Pulsating Next To My Skin

Come, dearest, come away, let  
me enjoy your presence and all  
the sweet words you say, come  
let us lift up our eyes and regard  
eternity, let us rejoice in being  
together for one whole day, let  
me hang on your lips while you  
describe your dreams, let me  
delight in your listening ability  
while I describe my ideas, let  
me cuddle you, stroke your hair,  
touch you softly, simply because  
it is a joyous sensation to feel  
your eyes, feel you listening, hear  
you breathing, feel you pulsating  
next to my skin...

Louise Tredoux

# Rather Have Them In My Life

Went with Rudi to the ironmonger's,  
big men embodying dreams in iron  
curls, iron roses, iron stems, bent  
to form the most wonderful lines,  
to think that iron can be so delicate

Went with Juliette to look at mate-  
rials, embroidery and cotton reels  
in amazing colours, special powers  
of overlocking machines; asked them  
to accompany me to the library

Rudi busy with iron, Juliette seated at  
her machine - I went alone in a huff,  
I don't need their company to enjoy  
books - it would have been a nice  
gesture - but rather have them

In my life so they can make me feel  
imposed upon - than being  
totally alone!

Louise Tredoux

## Reach My Heart...

I look at the big, wide world, prescriptions  
made by prejudiced fanatics; disciples of  
Theosophy and the Taliban trying to force  
their will on others, then turn to you for com-  
fort and advice, see you smile and say:  
Trust in people's rational ability, no need to  
fear pseudo-scientific mumbo-jumbo, no  
reason to flee in fear, come here, I'll show  
you the rainbow, how to see the stars above;  
then I settle happily and trust in love, knowing  
that your wisdom and insight will always reach  
my heart and set me free...

Louise Tredoux

# Receive Kisses In Her Sleep

To receive kisses in her sleep, being  
caressed in her sleep, exhausted from  
passionate embraces, deeply satisfied  
by violent, exciting lovemaking, sleeping  
content and delighted like a child, with  
the innocence and trust of an infant

Because of who HE is, who HE represents,  
his character, personality, worthy of total  
commitment, beauty without moral flaw,  
duty without coercion, sleeping in HIS  
arms, being HIS total delight – kissing  
her in his sleep, holding her tight...

Louise Tredoux

# Regarded With Warmth

Rudi so sun-burnt, so bruised by  
the stormy sea, a deep gash over  
his eye, an arm in a sling, I can spoil  
him to my heart's content, apply lotion  
and plaster, have him enjoy being  
an invalid

Living a dream of intimacy, have him  
follow me into the kitchen, prepare his  
favourite dishes, playing house with him  
in tow, somehow he is more lovable than  
before, I feel like a new person, elated  
and happy

Overjoyed by the responsibility, singing  
as I work, to be regarded with the warmth  
and softness of love; though he hobbled  
from the boat - he made my heart  
beat louder than before...

Louise Tredoux

## Remain True In My Dreams...

Sleepy, so sleepy after a sleepless night -  
Rudi picked up by a colleague, have the flat  
to myself, my own fantasy land, cleaning  
while singing, playing at being on stage,  
happy while I work, imagine spotlights  
around; charming the audience

Classical music in the background - I'm in  
a bohemian movie, the final task, the final  
bow - off to the beach, now a beach bum  
without a care in the world, tanning while  
dozing my way into a glorious vision of  
visiting an unearthly planet

Meeting the Krypton leader, a quick romance  
before seeing Rudi tonight, must catch a few  
tips with which to surprise him, but remaining  
faithful and true to my Rudi, the Kryptonite  
may only adore from afar

Refusing a brief affair with this handsome  
stranger, being worthy of the trust Rudi has  
in me, Juliette always laughs about my  
insistence to remain true in my dreams...

Louise Tredoux

## Repeat Endless Cycles Endlessly...

I never learnt to concentrate, never learnt to do research without the aid of adrenaline and emotions involved, like an autistic child - faced with a boring job, my mind becomes useless

Enjoyed my studies by experiencing each text existentially, the excitement of living every idea and theory, now that the bureau sent me texts to edit, my brain short-circuits and refuses to work

My life is a waste, I wanted to jump right to the end of meaningless life, to bypass the useless events as described by Ecclesiastes, but time did not pass, I'm forced to

To repeat endless cycles endlessly - I wanted to play a significant role, make a difference; now I'm depressed, even when I try my best, the result is mediocrity, always choosing wrong

Losing interest long before reaching the end - it wouldn't matter if I had no dream of excellence, but I did; today I've got to admit I can't reach my ideal, I'm a failure in all jobs I undertake

I have betrayed myself and my own dreams, can't offer Rudi anything at all...

Louise Tredoux

# Respect His Freedom Afterwards

Reopening the argument, not good,  
frustration my friend, I know respect  
a precondition in life, but I feel like  
stabbing Rudi with a knife, I don't  
care about other people's opinion,  
but his ideas are so important to me,  
though he should be free to think and  
feel as he chooses, just as I claim the  
same thing for myself, but I just can't  
let go, I want him to agree with me, a  
real fight with him, the fact that he wins  
because of physical strength no con-  
solation, one last attempt before settling  
the question, I shall respect his freedom  
afterwards, first fight for what I believe...

Louise Tredoux

## Romance In Expressive Eyes

Don't face reality – you'll get more of the same,  
think up a fantasy, dream up a scheme, instead  
of sitting here, suffering headache and sore ears

I am in the arms of my Charming Rudi who loves  
reading my verse, waxing lyrical about my ideas,  
while teaching me the art of making love

Through his own musical words, with kisses of  
loving lips, with caresses of passionate hands  
and romance in expressive eyes

Burning in understanding...

Louise Tredoux

# Roses And Love

You understood, you are an angel  
you did not blame me for dreaming  
and playing, chasing rainbows

Paid for damages, I shall pay you back  
not a word of anger, more laughter than  
frowns, you said you understood me

My need to taste deeply of everything  
that is why we have such a fantastic  
life, you brought me roses and love

My superman hero, my angel from  
above, I can never love you  
enough!

Thank you for everything...

Louise Tredoux

# Rudi And Me Doing The Tango

I watch dancing on TV – So You Think You Can Dance and Strictly Come Dancing, and I dream – that is Rudi and me doing the tango, there we go, entranced in a dreamy waltz, here we come in an exciting Bossa Nova, then we do a fast Foxtrot, Rudi is laughing at me, he says he would never dance like that, sway his hips, playing tricks, I pout and say I want to dance again with him; so he waltzes me to his bedroom, he says the only dance he really likes is a tango for two flat in bed, when he gets to feed his eyes, lips, hands and tongue on his partner's gyrating body parts, he makes me laugh; I bite at him and complain it's not a dance when lying down, he says I asked for it and drags me off into the kitchen where he exhibits his culinary skills and gourmet taste in quite a novel way, given the main dish is me, Louise Tredoux, the Pastor's daughter, oh, how I've fallen from quiet religious contemplation, and oh, how I'm rising on the wings of ecstasy – becoming nourishment for the man I love - in all my dignity – on the kitchen table!

Louise Tredoux

# Rudi Enjoyed His Big-Boy Fun

A wasted day, wandering aimlessly  
leaving the flat to Rudi and his mates  
spent a long time looking at books  
stared at wares in market stalls

Returned to find them all in good cheer  
from drinking too much beer, cloistered  
myself in the bedroom, a knock, Rudi  
wanting to make dinner

Beer makes him even more lovable –  
his inner sweetness makes aggression  
foreign to him, he turns into an angel,  
falling asleep like a baby

Yes, he gets into bed, Rudi's asleep -  
his mates leaving, my home quiet again,  
Rudi enjoyed his big-boy fun, even his  
subconscious is full of love

Rudi's my gift from above, kissing his  
boyish lips in happy love..

Louise Tredoux

## Rudi Is Fine, I'm Still Shocked...

Rudi shall live, out of ICU, everything under control,  
I'm too scared to be happy, fearful a vengeful god  
might hear me and punish me for my happiness -

Remaining in quiet neutral, grateful, aware of how  
precious life is, remaining within a sacred space  
where only serious contemplation is allowed

Ready to shoulder the burden of life, too scared to  
hop, skip and jump, trying to guard the secret of the  
good news from the devil, not giving him a chance

To get at me by attacking Rudi, I must keep calm, not  
alert any strange forces to the positive turn of events,  
keeping my beloved safe from all that can harm him

Singing in joy might anger the jealous gods, I'm rational  
and still rather shocked at having nearly lost my *raison  
d'être*, I don't want to risk anything now...

Louise Tredoux

# Rudi Kissed The Angst Away

Lightning in his eyes, his mouth twitching, I've never seen Rudi angry before, rage as palpable as a separate entity, when my father insisted I must go home with him I refused, Rudi said he would take care of me, my father went crazy, a real religious fit, accusing me for living with Rudi without being married, shouting and screaming

I felt perspiration beading on my heated face, waves of nausea welling up in my throat, feeling so humiliated and ashamed, I couldn't believe father showing how ugly and mean he can be in front of Rudi; I shrank back into myself, as I have always done since I was small when father went into a frenzy, ranting and raving

I looked at Rudi, fearing he would leave me because of this event – couldn't believe the white-hot anger in his face, I couldn't breathe; Rudi turned to my father whose eyes had gone mad, told him in a voice of ice to shut up and get out, my father lunged at him, Rudi hit him – hard – and he fell Rudi came over to me; my face burning, the

anger leaving his eyes, was he like this before, he asked softly, I nodded, too scared to talk, now I understand why you are like this; he turned away to THAT MAN who was attacking from the back; pinned his arms to his side and told him if he ever acted that way again to me or anybody, Rudi would hit him again; father's eyes went beserk

He started screaming again, indicting us for sin; Rudi calmly slapped him and told him to leave, my "father" threatening him while Rudi closed the door, I cried - this ugly scene was just a replay of so many times before, never wanted Rudi to see me humiliated like this - but he cradled me in his arms, making soothing sounds, when I calmed down, he asked me again to marry him

This time I said yes, no longer fearing my father, having seen that his mad behaviour did not scare Rudi away, then I cried in joy and shock; cried for all those times before when Rudi wasn't there as father went mad - safely ensconced in Rudi's arms, he promised never to leave me alone with HIM, never allowing a repeat of this scene - this was the last time ever

And then he kissed me, I'm not tainted by that ugly behaviour, he isn't angry with me for being related to such a Pharisee; I have cried the fears of years out of my system, Rudi kissed the angst away...

Louise Tredoux

## Rudi Still Mine

When Rudi got here he was unshaved,  
tired and furious, I refused to open the  
door – I love him, but only at a distance  
after his choosing another woman; he  
simply kicked down the door - looked  
at me with bloodshot eyes – I felt sorry  
for him, but I'm not the sharing kind, his  
having chosen Idelette I refuse to see him,  
I told him as much in ice-cold tones, he  
shouted at me – 'You fool, she is an old  
flame of my nephew, she was not my  
girlfriend, where did you get that idea,  
I promised him I would take care of her  
if her marriage to his arch-enemy failed'  
I shouted back – 'How was I to know that  
when she intimated that she loved you  
so much', he explained that she always  
kisses all guys passionately – it is her  
nature – he took her to his nephew, I  
never listened to their conversation,  
consumed by jealousy; the Landrover  
broke down, his cell-phone battery lasted  
for one call only - his nephew who came  
to fetch his Idelette, he fixed the Landy  
and drove off – only to break down again,  
couldn't call, had to lope off in the dark,  
stumbled and fell and injured his head,  
showing me the swelling, not knowing  
what terrible conclusions I had come to,  
unconscious – when he woke up, walked  
in the blazing sun without a hat on his head;  
got help, got the Landy going, when he got  
to the flat, tired and nearly dead, I was gone,  
no indication of what was going on, I started  
to cry while my father brought Rudi a whiskey  
and made him sit down, I am nauseous with  
shock and surprised delight, I was a fool, the  
pain was too much, Rudi still mine, though  
he should have explained at the time...

Louise Tredoux

## Rudi, The Self-Assured Emir

With Rudi home, everything's different,  
we laugh, share humorous anecdotes,  
he makes sardonic remarks that tear at  
my insides when I laugh till tears stream  
down my face while he watches with the  
satisfied expression of a cat who got  
the cream

I love every punch, I love the way  
his eyes sparkles with unmitigated  
delight, we went down to the beach  
and he changed it into an exotic  
location, our simple food became  
a king's feast, swimming turned into  
a delicious adventure

My swimsuit changed into an erotic  
costume and his suntanned body made him  
the most handsome emir, I bowed and served  
him as a lowly handmaiden should; but he knew  
I was a kidnapped princess who had to be saved from  
the Saracens – which he promptly did, of course,  
and demanded his prize

Maybe we should not have presented a public  
spectacle, though the people on the beach did  
not seem to mind when they cheered, I was  
very red in the face, I fear; but Rudi, the  
self-assured emir, simply laughed  
at his vassals...

Louise Tredoux

## Rudi's Kiss, Bringing Back Life

No news of Rudi's boat – what do I care,  
Rudi will be back, even if he has to cross  
the Atlantic, I went down to the shops all  
alone, looking at tents, we shall go camping,  
Rudi and I, when he's returned, I tried the  
inflatable mattresses they recommend

Too soft, a double sleeping bag on a ground  
sheet will do perfectly, I saw the perfect stand  
for washing up - fell into a reverie about the  
offroad trailer with a rooftop tent, drawers in  
the side, visualising Rudi and I, a four-wheel  
drive – his old Landrover will do – off

Into the bush, playing house in a tent, camera's  
clicking, enjoying freedom, with all this ahead of  
him - alive in my mind - shining in my dreams, Rudi  
has to return, he could never withstand the call of  
the wild, Born Free his favourite song and movie -  
I'm crying, simply because I'm alone

Eating on my own, other people's presence is too  
distracting, when they look at me with pity because  
of Rudi lost at sea I'm livid with rage – leave me alone,  
go away, I'm thinking him in safety, my ability to hold a  
vision will determine how soon he'll reappear, my path  
is clear – trusting in the power of his love for me

To bring him back, make him challenge all dangers, give  
him power to overcome the obstacles offered by the sea,  
I'm allowed to cry simply to break the tension - the doorbell  
rings, refuse to answer - but Rudi has no key, is he back, safe  
and free – opening the door – Rudi's here, bleeding, a gnash  
in his leg, but he's ALIVE!

Werner, Juliette; hospital, I'm no help, crying for joy, crying for  
fear; the fear I never expressed and kept at bay by trusting in the  
vitality and love in Rudi – but now I'm spent, too glad to realize how  
dangerous the sea was; back at the flat, lying down, Rudi beside me,

Juliette preparing a meal, Werner doing the meat on a braai outside,  
Rudi laughing, I'm crying in nervous exhaustion, Rudi's kiss, bringing

Back life, he's more than okay, the boat is lost, two seamen drowned,  
I'm crying still, he's more precious than ever to me...

Louise Tredoux

# Rudi's Warm, Loving Embrace

Rudi next to my bed, reassuring and kind, I  
fell heavily while hiking with Juliette, woke  
up in hospital, feeling awful, a bandage  
around my head, Rudi came, flowers and  
chocolates and the kiss of life, eyes – the  
regard of love, hands, a touch of delight

My head is better already, the hospital dis-  
appeared in its place I see eyes, feeling Rudi's  
warm, loving embrace; I hear music, wooden  
instruments, resonant, whispers, Rudi's voice,  
I lost consciousness, when I came to again,  
he was fixedly staring at me with a smile

He did not leave, said he won't leave me to die,  
kept vigil at my bed, four o'clock early morning  
the sister passed, he held me tight, fearing the  
darkness of night and fighting the reputation of  
early morning for people to give up life, he is  
ready to wrestle the Angel of Death, he says

He will not let me go, I was surprised, a little  
fall and he's so concerned, later I'm told how  
serious the concussion and how deep the wound  
in my head, when my eyes turn up Rudi holds me  
with love, I don't think Death can interfere with  
Rudi here...

Louise Tredoux

# Scantily Clad And Thoroughly Bad

Juliette and I still locked in combat,  
she thinks the music and poetry  
superfluous, while I insist,  
explaining this is how  
Rudi does it

She says Werner does it differently,  
she prefers the silent, active type, I  
refuse to budge, she's had enough,  
threatens to write her own story, I  
told her

Welcome to it, just leave my characters  
alone - my heroine in black and her  
Kryptonite-King, she said her heroine  
would be scantily clad and thoroughly  
bad; I told her

Go ahead, when all is done and said,  
every story has the right to exist  
somewhere...

Louise Tredoux

# Show You What I Feel

You know I miss you when you  
are not here, what sweet SMS  
you sent, but how can you miss  
me when you are at a conference  
with many men, while I'm sitting  
at home without you?

I wish you were here, I would like  
to experiment, you know I would,  
my idea of culinary delights are  
becoming quite varied since I met  
you; but to make a cordon bleu  
meal for just one is an overkill

When you're home we can try  
that divine chocolate mousse  
I discovered in Juliette's cook  
book, the chicken risotto looks  
good, flavoured rice and stir  
fry vegetables – and you

eating a gourmet meal at the  
hotel with the overseas visitors -  
you sent me an SMS complaining  
of loneliness? Yes, Juliette is near,  
but it's your voice I want to hear,  
it is you I'm dreaming about

I want to fall asleep in your arms  
while you are watching TV, knowing  
you'll wake me with a kiss, if you  
say magic words I'll try to conquer  
my pride and show you  
what I feel...

Louise Tredoux

# Sing Him A Song

In bed with a cold and a burning throat, one watery eye watching Rudi, a plate of nourishing food prepared by him; eat, medicine, then tucked up warmly, a kiss on the forehead, he's off to work

Dreaming of the beautiful world, of freedom and flowers and landscapes filled with shimmering shapes - a shape becomes clear, Rudi's here, kisses the fever, more medicine

My heart is swelling, bursting with love for his considerate care, I'm determined to repay his love with more affection than he can hold, to write him a poem, sing him a song, kiss him tonight...

Louise Tredoux

# Sitting On The Beach

Waves rolling softly, morning air crisp,  
memories of you around me, the way  
you stared as if to impress me with  
your ability to extract beauty from  
whatever took your fancy

And it worked, of course, it worked  
beautifully, I felt so good while you  
stared - then you looked around  
as if you compared me with the  
other faces you found

Then you focused on me, once again,  
and when you started to grin with a  
mischievous glint in your restless  
eyes, fastening them on my face,  
then glancing at my nails

You wanted me to use them on you,  
you wanted me to let my hair grow,  
so you could weave your fingers  
through them, you told me once  
more

"You are too good-looking for me"  
glancing at my legs as we walked down  
the street, you liked my green shorts  
and my sandals, you admired my  
walking away as you left

The sea's rolling in, must move  
towel and laptop again...

Louise Tredoux

# So Much Love To Give

What solution for negative feelings  
spoilng our lives, the possessiveness  
and jealousy that cut like knives when  
Rudi gives more attention to his work  
and to others, the burning in my heart  
when he seems to ignore me

Maybe this is the reason why we should  
not love too much, why Othello killed  
Desdemona blindly, in unreasonable  
jealousy, are people we love better off  
without our smothering love? - I don't  
want to love Rudi less

Yet feeling ashamed that my love is so  
flawed – spiritual books say love needs  
freedom to stay – how free should he be?  
Is a passionate soul burning in desire the  
price we have to pay for real, overpowering  
love? If so, I shall pay the price

Suffering the concomitant jealousy for the  
heavenly delight when Rudi returns to me  
after doing his duty; if he thinks other girls  
more beautiful than me, I shall try to win him  
by offering him my own happiness, working  
to be glad and content - not throwing

My negative feelings at him, the only real gift  
we can offer another is joy, I don't expect Rudi  
to DO anything to make me happy – the only thing  
I need is for him to EXIST, to fill a unique space  
with his feelings, personality and thoughts, to  
dream as he does - if his dreams include me

I'll be happy, all I require is interaction with him;  
even if pure and chaste from afar – but that is  
not necessary yet since Rudi is here, lovingly,  
and I have so much love to give...

Louise Tredoux

# Soul Evolving, Mind Responding

Spirit communication –  
spiritual transformation  
beyond your wildest dreams

Learn to be free, says he,  
don't refuse new inspiration  
widening boundaries

Freedom is no limitation  
to knowledge, unlimited  
truth and wisdom

Freedom is rejection of all  
that heart and mind  
revolt against

Freedom is discarding error  
in the light of  
new evidence

Soul evolving, mind  
responding...

Louise Tredoux

# Squashing Pain

I immediately said YES, I would never say no to a reasonable request, when Rudi called to announce he had been offered the chance to go to Germany with his friend Anthony - I was to determine whether he should go - I immediately said yes, I would never say no to a reasonable request

I've been cut down to size, realising that Rudi's life is bigger than me, I am just a small part in the larger picture of his, I am not as important to him as he is to me, can't be the centre-pin of his life, I was fooling myself, heard a knock on the door, Werner's voice, Louise are you there, open up, Rudi called, said

You might be in despair, felt fiery anger, revealing my pain to his stare -never- sailed down the balcony, ran off into the night, treading on thorns, squashing pain, hoping criminal threats would put an end to it all, mid-night streets all deserted, hoping to be a victim, realizing insignificance of my life and dreams

Unimportant in the larger scheme, I won't be missed, I'll be replaced, men are different from women, they have many interests, Rudi wasn't mean; just a human being, I was a fool for harbouring romantic dreams; I walked for ages, nothing happened, no-one accosted me - helped me escape in a life-threatening adventure

Ended up on the beach, dark, quiet, waves breaking, felt such a fool, humiliated, deserted, thinking myself more important than any human ever could be, ashamed - only myself to blame - at least I escaped Werner's well-meaning pity, walked into the waves, sea dangerous late at night - nothing happened

Unable to drown myself, floating upon the waves; it became a beautiful experience, soft moonlight upon the the wonderful sighing of breakers, floating effortlessly, enjoying the sensation, unable to let go and drown, not

a single kindly shark to help me out, let me die, even for  
sharks my body held no charm

Rolled out on the beach - so cold, so cold, maybe germs would  
destroy the life that had been Louise, went down to the cave,  
shivering, passing out, woke in the morning, staring, enjoying  
the flight from consciousness, lovely floating away from my  
body, the final release, closed my eyes in total bliss; woke up  
again, still not dead, hungry and cold, DAMN

What does it take to extinguish a redundant life? - standing up,  
looking a mess, cannot go home like this, crept deeper into the  
cave, passing the time, a million hours, sunset, crept outside  
and slowly, slowly walked home, freezing and alone, but lucky  
enough to die? - hell no! -pulled myself up the balcony, milk  
from the fridge, ran a hot bath, resigned, subdued

knowing how unimportant I am, a knock on the door, Werner's  
voice, the telephone ringing, a reasonable request? - ignored it  
all, nothing matters, Rudi another human being, a life without  
me, what a fool I have been - got out of bath, learning to be  
nothingness again, bed, a hot water bottle, ignoring doorbell  
and telephone, nowhere to take my thoughts

Getting used to the idea, my Great Love was all in my head,  
being a small aspect in Rudi's kaleidoscope life, loves his  
work and incidentally maybe me, that is how it should be,  
I'm moving on, cancelled an appointment for fitting the  
wedding dress, cancelled meeting the pastor, left the  
flat, returned to my father - when he saw my face

He did not rant and rave, simply offered a meal, whiskey  
in milk; put me to bed...

Louise Tredoux

## Stitches And Medicine, Rudi With Me

When the grinder cut me,  
we bandaged with sticky tape,  
that's what Rudi did before, went  
on grinding the wooden chairs, checked  
the wound afterwards, got plaster and salt,  
cleaned the wound, fixed it ourselves, proud  
of our prowess, Juliette's mom scowled, Rudi  
got angry - But you're busy - I defended myself;  
We need a hobby and grinding the wood of old  
chairs is such good activity - He can't forbid me  
to learn to do woodworking; when the wound  
kept on bleeding he took me to emergency,  
stitches and medicine, I went to bed like a  
naughty child, but Rudi with me,  
it's all that counts...

Louise Tredoux

# Stroked Satin Skin

We should make love more often, Rudi  
said - Once a day not enough anymore?  
I queried - We have to practice for our  
world trip - Shall we do England?

Yes, we'll make love in a small inn over-  
looking the Thames - Oh? Why not a tourist  
site? Rudi asked - Because the English is  
more inhibited, I honour their decency

The French is more decadent - And Italy?  
snuggling closer, I stroked the satin skin  
on his back - Oh, we'll do it in the middle  
of Rome, you know their reputation

We'll put them to the test! - Louise, you are  
a little devil, have you no interest in art and  
culture? - Yes, after conquering various  
parts of the world, culture is old

But we are young at heart!

Louise Tredoux

## Stronger And More Masculine

The exquisite delight of Rudi's return  
makes up for the sadness of his absence  
in an amazing way, he grows handsome  
during his days at sea, stronger and more  
masculine, he smells different and his touch  
becomes even more heavenly

The way he kissed me denoted a hunger  
I understood, the way he held me conferred  
more magic than before, giving new meaning  
to each lonely evening without him, if I could  
evade the pain of separation by becoming a  
member of a social club and lose

Just a small part of this exquisite delight ex-  
perienced upon his return, I would say no and  
remain alone; the feelings we both experience  
might disappear if he were always here or if I  
found alternative joys; when I saw his sparkling  
blue eyes, when his eyes opened wide

On seeing my new costume in my favourite colour  
with cleavage indeed, when his fine-chiseled lips  
registered approval, when something warm shone  
from his eyes into mine; every moment on earth  
acquired new meaning as preparation for this  
one moment in time, when he kissed me

And opened my blouse my heart stood still, when  
I felt his sun-burnt body, my heart exploded, when  
we became one, I became a new being, when his  
voice became a song in my ears, I knew why I had  
chosen tears – the *via dolorosa* in life...

Louise Tredoux

# Such A Great Honour

What fun  
with Rudi stopping by  
unexpectedly, only time for a  
quickie, my sweetheart such a rogue,  
he has to return to work, do research on  
sea life, but he's taking time out for doing  
some extra research with me on behalf  
of humanity; what is the returns on  
a quickie during the day to inspire  
routine duties – it is such  
a great honour!

Louise Tredoux

# Sunshine In My Soul

I marvel at the effect of love  
on my life, seeping through  
into my soul, the feeling of  
being loved becoming  
part of me

The sunshine of happiness  
starts in my soul, independent  
of conditions outside, while Rudi  
is fighting for me, while  
I'm allowed

To stay at his side, my life  
is complete, while I'm privileged  
to see love incarnate, walking  
about on his chivalrous legs,  
while his heartbeat

Is always strong, I'm willing  
to face the storms life brings,  
sacrifice irrelevant things  
for the joy of creating  
a new life

Together with him...

Louise Tredoux

# Surfing On Surging Passion

Rudi met me at the beach  
feet sinking in white sand  
delicious sensation of sand  
touching toes, dived into the  
waves, the sea whispering  
then thundering a love song  
to us, the call was too much  
we made love in the cave  
answering the call of the  
frothing waves, the demand  
of beauty exploding around  
us, sighing with the sea  
surfing on surging passion  
complying with the magni-  
ficence of life blossoming  
everywhere...

Louise Tredoux

## Sweet, Adorable Honesty...

How can I describe my beloved  
when I'm in the throes of love?  
I hope to descend to earth again;  
sometime in the future - but right  
now I'm too enchanted to think  
logically, can't describe him in  
rational terms - only know his  
heartbeat, his strange moods, his  
incomprehensible enunciations, so  
much so that I don't know whether  
he is really jealous because of love  
or just plain weird at times

But it's enough to convince me he's  
feeling strongly, I was always accused  
of being the one who felt too much -  
it was never warranted - but now it  
seems I've met someone who feels  
ever so much more - what shall I do  
with him? - No matter, whatever  
Rudi wants, he can have right now,  
he is such a sweetheart, I can't deny  
him anything, he has been so brave,  
weathering storms of emotion, he kept  
his chin high while I was forced to sigh

Because he kept leaving me on a ship to  
study examples of penguins and fishes;  
I was even jealous of the sailors he was  
with! - When he finally admitted that he  
was jealous of me, of everyone I spoke  
to, I could forgive him instantly, having  
felt the same - now I try to swallow him  
whole, he is so delectable in his  
sweet, adorable honesty...

Louise Tredoux

# Sweetheart

Fell down the stairs, leg in a  
plaster cast, jumping about  
on crutches, complaining with  
all my might, cleaning the  
kitchen in despair, crying in  
frustration, Rudi came and  
kissed it right, brought take-  
away food, a feast and delight,  
his adorable face beaming  
with joy, his love enfolding  
me, creating a refuge from  
the storms of life; sweetheart,  
you always make me happy,  
come, sign your name on my  
cast, in golden glitter, mind,  
add a pierced heart; there,  
now everybody can see who  
cares for me, bet the ladies  
of the collection group will  
raise their eyebrows, what  
a lovely prospect...

Louise Tredoux

## Sweetness You Fill Me With...

The warmth of the sweetness you fill me with,  
making dinner together, your dreams of building  
the perfect braai, watching the twinkle in your eye,  
seeing that lazy smile

Enjoying the care and time you take to prepare  
every steak while I'm doing the vegetables, the  
warmth of togetherness, the joy of seeing you  
happy, the delight on your face

As you're watching your favourite program, you  
taught me to live within the moment, appreciating  
dedication of all kinds, tonight is dedicated to you,  
your presence changing everything

Smoothing my day away, the warmth of expectation,  
trust and affection, an assurance of warmest  
love...

Louise Tredoux

## That's When He Kisses Me...

Rudi has a whole universe of marine life in his head, his passion for all things nautical and maritime is amazingly strong, his dedication and passionate interest makes him so handsome, eyes burning with fiery feeling

I love Rudi's capacity for strong emotion, for total devotion to things that interest him, I have saved his school projects on biology and maritime life when I cleaned the cupboards, I love them as much as him, they are evidence

Of his ability to be stirred and work hard to achieve his objectives, he wanted to get rid of everything, I love seeing his handwriting, the examples of butterflies he collected and mounted, his collection of shells, bibliographies

I touch them when Rudi's not here, hold them to my heart, forever a part of my life and my soul – without becoming a fetish, they are precious as evidence of Rudi's spiritual being, he is the lost half of my soul that found me

And made us whole, everything that belongs to him is precious beyond material being; the fact that Rudi loves me as much as his dolphins and fishes and seascapes created in clear glass is a wonderful feeling, Juliette says she would

Have insisted on being number one, the fishes would have to come afterwards; while I feel his focus on the world makes him more admirable in my eyes, simple devotion to me would put me on a shaky pedestal and I would have been scared

Of falling off, letting him down, now I'm part of the world he loves and regards with joyous eyes, he loves looking at my books also, listening when I explain - I grow embarrassed under the sweep of his eyes, not used to being listened to

That's when he kisses me and I become number one...

Louise Tredoux

# The Donkeytail

Father Gato showed the servant girl  
two enormous cauldrons, one filled  
with oil, the other with golden liquid,  
he asked her which one she preferred

She replied humbly, the cauldron with  
oil, but he dunked her in the golden  
liquid, she came out, a golden  
star shining on her head

Father Gato asked the second servant  
which one she preferred, she eagerly  
said the golden liquid, but he dunked her  
in the cauldron with oil, she reappeared,  
a donkey-tail fastened to her head

The first servant girl worked hard and  
served the magic cats well, while the  
second one took short-cuts and never  
made them comfortable, yet she  
wanted the same reward...

I had better beware my demands  
for compensation when offered the  
chance, the donkeytail could so  
easily be my fate also...

Louise Tredoux

# The First Time Ever

I felt myself growing against you  
I felt you growing against me  
it came so naturally  
all separations removed spontaneously  
growing together  
unexpectedly moving together  
the first time ever  
moulded into one  
my mind still residing  
in yours, I'm living  
behind your eyes

Louise Tredoux

# The Future With You

When I woke up, you were not here  
wanted to hold you, whisper in your  
ear, suddenly missed you so much  
where are you, why did work take  
you away from me, I want to fall  
asleep with my head on your chest,  
listen to your breathing next to me,  
wake you and hold you, listen to your  
laughter, your exclamations when  
you discover what I made for you...

You are not here, but the beauty of  
your presence fills my soul with a  
sweet warmth, I'm happy while I wait  
for your return, happy to say hello  
on the cell-phone, I'm delighted with  
the memories you left, looking forward  
to the future with you...

Louise Tredoux

# The Gifts Of My Thoughts

Tonight I'm the only one  
still up, burning a candle,  
saving gas-light, all went  
to bed, it's quiet, everything  
I thought has been left unsaid

There was no-one to confide  
in, no-one to trust with the  
feelings welling-up in me –  
I was wondering what made  
man think of an infinite,

Ubiquitous God; wondering  
why harems flourished in  
some societies; I thought of  
the way of a lover with his  
beloved; just like King

Solomon - but nothing  
brought you nearer to me,  
obviously, though I believe  
you are thinking of me,  
you can't tune in

To my thoughts; I'm alone,  
yet I'm saving all my ideas  
to share with you, whether  
it be here on earth – or  
one day in eternity

I will present you with  
the gift of my thoughts;  
more precious than  
jewels to me...

Louise Tredoux

# The Meaning Of Paradise

I just wanted to sleep next to you,  
hold you tightly pressed against me  
and feel your warmth, one leg crossed  
over one of yours, nothing more, nothing  
less, I just wanted to be with you  
in a way that let my senses know  
you were there, listen to you snoring  
softly, knowing your strength as well  
as your vulnerability, I just wanted  
to be in your vicinity, knowing your  
presence physically, enjoying the  
abstract thought without losing the  
physical experience - When I fell  
asleep behind you, your body held  
in the curve of mine, and woke up  
with you still in my arms, my legs  
still intertwined with yours, I knew  
the meaning of paradise....

Louise Tredoux

# The Nightingale's Song

When the Emperor read the nightingale's  
song was praised more than everything  
else at his court, he sent his wise men  
to find the bird he's never heard

A kitchen girl led them to the nightingale,  
she was brought into the castle to sing,  
then kept in a golden cage, she lost her  
freedom; until a mechanical bird

Was sent as a gift, being preferred with its  
mechanical refrain that never varied like  
the original, the real bird flew away,  
was banned from the kingdom

When the Emperor lay dying in his bed,  
the nightingale returned and sang him  
a song that made him well, she would  
always come back to sing for him

But only from outside the window, she  
could not give up her freedom again;  
and he promised not to tell anyone  
about the special song

That kept him well and strong...

Louise Tredoux

# The Song Of Your Eyes

To look is to touch  
to listen is to feel  
to hold is to be  
to kiss is to bring  
the touch into my  
being, the source  
of joy in seeing,  
to feel what I see...

When I read words,  
symbols of sounds,  
I feel the essence of  
your being, the emotion  
of your opinion; when  
you look at me, your  
eyes reveal how you  
feel what you see

A feeling so big I can't  
describe it, my mind  
cannot encompass  
the beauty that manifest  
in the song of your eyes...

Louise Tredoux

# The Sound Of Your Words

I wish I were an artist,  
an impressionist master,  
to convey the sense of glory  
and explosions of light when  
we walk out in the early morning –

The emerald leaves flickering bright,  
the sky such an intense azure, only  
shimmering pastels would succeed  
in recreating the scene I see, feeling  
as if experiencing fireworks

In the land of the gods; how can visual  
beauty be retained – I want to store the  
scene and feeling in my brain, to recall  
mental images for evermore, but when  
I turn away, the scene is no more

Whereas sound seems to accompany me  
even after the music has stopped – the sound  
of your voice, caressing my ears, the sound of  
your laughter, the delight of my heart, the sound  
of your words

Creating an edifice of joy in my heart...

Louise Tredoux

# The State Of Sattgeküsst

-Ringelreim Wie Daheim

Repeating enchanting words for the sheer joy of tasting them on my tongue, Ringelreim, Ringelreim wie daheim, Rudi enquired as to meaning, I think it means "a rhyme as back at home"

It rhymes with Waldmägdelein, Waldmägdelein im Felsengestein, delicious terms, Rudi asked - Was mag das sein; - a maiden of the woods amongst the rocks - fass mich und lass mich dein Trautliebster sein -

Who should this devoted lover be, enquired Rudi, took my song-book, looked at Vilja, my favourite aria - I see, ein liebkranker Mann - Who is this love-bewildered man - You are mine and I'm your Vilja, I replied

He continued - Denn, Louise, liebt mich and küsst mich wie kein irdisches Kind - love me and kiss me like an unearthly being; until I feel sattgeküsst, until I'm kissed senseless - I laughed and ran away

Vilja das Waldmägdelein may not be caught so easily, Rudi ran faster, caught me and proceeded to illustrate how the state of sattgeküsst should be reached...

Vilja-song from "The Merry Widow", operetta by Franz Lehar

Louise Tredoux

# The Vista Of Your Mind

One day I'll send you  
a special letter to say  
how much you mean to me:

I came to know you little by  
little as the vista of your  
mind unfolded in front of me

The tapestry of your feelings;  
- colouring the fabric of your  
thoughts and the landscape of

My emotional life - woven by  
the threads of your special  
messages formed by the loom

Of your poetry; started to  
shine with imagination and  
sensitivity – delighting me

Beyond expression - as the  
story grows, as your mind  
unfurls to expose more beauty

I am struck by wonderment -  
can a mind really become so  
fine and crystal-clear

In tune and melody?

Louise Tredoux

# The Walls Glare Too White

Will our inveterate seaman like the material  
I have chosen with so much care? Will he  
approve of the changes to our "humble  
abode"? What if he's angry, if he hates  
the new duvet, what if the walls glare  
too white and pristine for him?

I can't stay around, plagued by negative  
fantasies, rather accompany Juliette's mom  
to the market today, stock up on fresh fruit  
and vegetables; go down to the beach to  
watch sea-gulls flying ever-widening circles  
overhead, like my own fears

Proliferating in ever-widening ripples in my  
head, I wish I could warn Rudi to make sure  
the surprise is not too unexpected - to his  
chagrin and my own detriment, now I fear  
his home-coming as much as I used to look  
forward to it...

Louise Tredoux

# The Warmth Of Your Approval

I believe in ideals only, I believe in  
creating a vision then bringing it into  
fruition, I believe in dotting on you, in  
being there when you need me, in  
holding hands as we go shopping,  
in hiding behind your back when I  
feel embarrassed and shy, in looking  
away when strangers accost me,  
in keeping my smile for the reflection  
in your eyes, in opening up to the  
warmth of your approval, in giving  
you what you need and in taking the  
loving provisions with which you feed  
the need in my soul for togetherness...

Louise Tredoux

## Then I Turn To You

I keep looking at dew drops  
shining silver crystals in the  
sun, the leaves edged with  
silver explosions also, the  
trees allowing the sun to  
create lemon-bright leave-  
forms through them; trying  
to decide whether I would  
like to be a crystal dew-dropp  
or a sunbeam shining through  
the trees – then I turn to you  
and you kiss me, and I know –  
I would rather be me, safe in  
your arms with your tongue  
in my mouth....

Louise Tredoux

# They Must Be Free

Met a former girlfriend of Rudi's, thought  
I would hate her – but I didn't, she is such  
a beautiful person, knew Rudi would always  
have good taste in persons, though when  
she kissed him so intimately it felt my heart  
would break; divorced, she made it clear  
she still holds Rudi dear, I decided to set  
Rudi free to go to her, I believe that love  
should be free, physical touch is not needed  
for love, I shall love Rudi from afar if he wants  
her back, she's gorgeous, deserves to be  
happy and glad, though the pain of the loss  
of what I had will probably shorten my life,  
I can't cling to Rudi if that would break his  
heart, when he left with her I went down to  
the cave, determined to compose myself  
before his return, he did not return last night,  
he must be with her, that is fine, I'm packing  
up and leaving the flat, he got back the love  
of his life, I can't build my happiness on the  
ashes of their unhappiness, if their love has  
rekindled, they must be free, I'll cry only  
once - and die in peace...

Louise Tredoux

# This Is Agony

Your face changed  
when you saw me,  
your eyes became so intense,  
your lips seemed different,  
I didn't know where to look,  
where to fasten my eyes,  
your breast looked so wide,  
your appearance so masculine,  
I longed for us to be alone,  
but red with embarrassment  
I looked down - you lifted my face  
and the expression in your eyes  
will always accompany my  
wildest dreams, I want  
to be in your arms again,  
I want to feel you again,  
oh God, this is agony,  
when does one break free  
from the wild desire  
that burns like fire?

Louise Tredoux

# Tied Up Around My Heart

After a night spent crying I feel like dying,  
I scared my loved one away through my  
childishness, where can I attend classes  
on being human and loving and natural,  
touching and stroking and going all the  
way? I'll run away from home, find a  
bohemian community, let them teach  
me all there is to know about sexuality;  
I'll run away to Japan and join a geisha  
school, let them teach me how to pleasure  
a man, then I'll return as your lover and  
this time show you how much I care!  
Failing that, I'll start reading books,  
watching videos - oh what's the use,  
I've been messed up from the start,  
I might as well give up and die tied  
up around my heart!

Louise Tredoux

# Tippy-Toe, Tippy-Tippy Toe...

Living life in small measures, tippy-tippy-toe,  
living in small steps, tippy-tippy-toe; only a  
small part of multidimensional personality  
can be allowed to appear in physical reality

Living with small emotions, tippy-tippy-toe,  
living with small feelings showing, tippy-tippy-  
toe; only skimming the surface of what's  
underneath, little bits of nothingness

Twenty-first century life, lightly touching the  
full dimension of feelings, tippy-toe, tippy-  
tippy-toe, everything big is buried underneath  
tippy-toe, tippy-tippy toe...

Louise Tredoux

# To Conquer A Glass Hill

The princess was doomed, sitting on  
a glass hill with three golden apples,  
to be wed to the man who galloped  
up and collected them all, but  
it was impossible, the glass  
hill was much too slippery

Came Cinderlad, first in copper, then  
silver, then golden armour, rode up  
against the hill, the princess was de-  
lighted, threw two golden apples  
after him, the third he collected  
right at the top

The lonely princess was saved,  
Cinderlad earned half of the  
kingdom for being so brave,  
impressing the princess by  
fighting for three strong horses  
and proper armour long before

But the story should really be  
called for its hero, Cinderlad,  
the brave man who managed  
to conquer a glass hill...

The Princess on the Glass Hill - Andrew Lang Collection

Louise Tredoux

## To Rudi, Routing For Me

I know you are routing for me,  
my sweetest angel, I know the  
thoughts in your head, the love  
in your heart, I rejoice every  
night in the wonderful future  
ahead, be quiet, becalmed  
and happy, eternity's forever  
to come, what's left behind  
doesn't count, while we  
change the past in our  
mind all the time...

Louise Tredoux

## To Share One Soul

It's great to have you home, to hear  
your voice rise and fall as you tell all  
about your successful financial deal,  
the loneliness of this day falls away  
in a cozy sense of togetherness and  
camaraderie, your happiness on dis-  
covering I had washed everything, from  
your shirts to my old running shoes, the  
joy of a meal prepared at home, not  
glamorous dishes at all, laughing at jokes,  
watching a program together, your sweet  
presence filling my senses, your wondrous  
touch, the delight of your mouth, to feel  
the divine in our union, to share one soul

Louise Tredoux

# Too Hungry To Care

One hundred and fifty six steps  
we climbed, my colleague and I,  
nearing the sky ascending up high  
wandering lunch-time to get fresh  
air - wondering at others passing  
us by in running kit determined to  
get fit during their lunch-time break

I just want to be strong enough to  
make it to the library, my colleague  
only wants to renew energy reserves  
to tackle the fuzzy sentences taught  
in education documents while I return  
to a madman's rambling informing the  
President he needs money in order to  
change the appointment of Attorney  
General - I am too hungry to care

Exercise without eating not such a  
good idea, one hundred and fifty  
six steps and now I need to eat  
immediately!

6 June 2012

Louise Tredoux

## Tuesday Morning New, All New!

I remember listening to that song  
'Hear my song, of love, to you, it  
is a melody, of love that used to be'

But today I feel new, all new, all ready  
to embark on a new adventure and  
give birth to new ideas, new dreams

'It is a melody of love that still must be...'  
and I feel free, free to create and debate  
until it gets late and I jump up and say:

Oh beautiful world, I am all new, all new  
give me a new story, a new love, fill  
the intrigue with new glory - even if

Reality is gory, I'm not sorry for having  
been born - I feel the new energy soaring  
on this lovely, all new Tuesday morning!

Louise Tredoux

# Turned Into A Statue

I'm sinking tonight,  
sinking into the hard,  
cold bitterness that  
sustains when life  
turns into pain

With Rudi gone  
there is no-one,  
with Rudi gone,  
there is nothing,  
the path to sanity,

Sunshine and happiness  
is overgrown with  
brambles and nettles  
and I'm frozen stiff,  
I can't move,

I've turned into  
a statue...

Louise Tredoux

# Turned The World Upright Again

Rudi went back to the conference,  
I read the Sunday Newspaper, saw  
all my ideals and dreams go up in  
smoke, people hurting each other  
hurting themselves more than their  
victims; why do people act before  
counting the costs? People love so  
much, they are love walking on legs  
everywhere, but have no insight;

Surprising a loved one MUST be  
accompanied by the rational thought  
that she might be disloyal and contain  
a plan how to deal with it, the hero must  
know this is a test – but no, he prefers  
to smash himself afterwards – maybe  
it is good he is taken out of the gene  
pool – and a clever young woman must  
have known that unethical decisions

Is bound to denote a fiend behind the  
façade, a rugby hero must have known  
that preaching to others will direct their  
eyes to his past – so better tell them up-  
front before exposure shows things he  
tried to hide, he would have been forgiven  
everything without need of a lie, but no, he  
preferred to call the witness a liar – I was  
crying when Rudi got home

Reading bad news like this was too much  
for me, my star sign said I should take note  
of the lives of my contemporaries, I can't, it  
is killing me, Rudi laughed at my concerns  
and asked me whether he or my friends or  
my father were guilty of the atrocities I had  
read about, I replied of course not, there, you  
see, he said, it has nothing to do with you,  
and projectiled the newspaper into the bin

Picked me up and if we had not been married,  
what we did next would have been sin, but given  
that it was Rudi, and we loved while seeking  
wisdom - the love that he showed me turned  
the world upright again!

Louise Tredoux

# Velvet Heat Of The Sensual Sun

Left on a flight with his boss,  
I miss him with a physical pain,  
when we are together so much,  
when there is a lot of touch, the  
pain of separation is overwhelming,  
I'm angry at everyone, what should I  
do, on whom shall I vent my ire, what  
to do about my desire, relationships  
are a veritable quagmire of possessive  
feelings and boiling emotions, how  
could his boss take him away, all feels  
wrong without him, I washed and ironed,  
cooked and cleaned – and it seems as if  
nothing had happened, I might as well have  
been idle all day, why should I need him so  
much, does Rudi feel the same way, does  
it help when he sees new sights, does it  
focus his mind on other things, or is he an  
easy prey to temptation – as long as he  
never taunts me with that, but I trust him  
– if only he were here with me! I'm going  
to the beach for a long swim, enjoy the  
warmth of the sun, imagine his love  
touching me through the caresses  
of the velvet waves of the sea, his  
fingers stroking me through the  
delightful breeze, feeling the  
warmth of his passionate lips  
in the velvet heat of the  
sensual sun....

Louise Tredoux

# Walls Are Too Bright

I was right, the walls are too bright,  
the material too light to Rudi's taste,  
at least I calmed his dissatisfaction  
with my ill-thought attempt to improve  
the flat, by being a dream in bed

I should have known he would want  
to do interior decorating himself, the  
only reason I fell into temptation is  
because I wanted to do something  
for him – it was the wrong thing

The walls will be redone in cognac,  
a new off-white on the market, the  
duvet goes into the cupboard for  
guests; warm, intense colours will  
be bought for everything

I'm sorry Rudi, I'll never do it again,  
I realize you must choose the look  
yourself, having chosen me, your  
taste is not too bad, my choosing  
YOU only shows

I have better taste than you, but  
that's OK, the love and help I  
felt from Juliette's parents is  
one of my most cherished  
memories...

Louise Tredoux

# Warmly Wrapped In Your Words

Thank you for the note last night,  
I went to bed warmly wrapped in your words,  
suffused in a rosy glow of all that you promised,  
warmly wrapped in the love you sent me,  
sent in a note – I love you

Last night I served tea to the ladies at church  
and thought I would die not getting to see you  
but afterwards I found your note with a special  
message for me, the love you sent me,  
sent in a note – I love you

You had received my note promising to love you  
always and wait for you as long as it takes, I'm so  
glad that the words that I wrote reached you safely  
and more than that – that you wrote me back,  
sent in a note - I love you

I started today in a rosy glow, feeling desirable and  
young, all because of the words that you wrote,  
wrote in a note – I love you, I'm ready to face a  
parish day, still wrapped in your words  
sent in a note – I love you

I wear these feelings like a cloak, keeping me safe  
from fear and doubt when I serve the consistory,  
I fold my heart away in the cloak that you wove,  
the cloak woven of words, words you sent me  
sent in a note – I love you

Louise Tredoux

## Warmth, Food And Love...

Cold outside, without Rudi, even colder inside,  
without him to provide a framework I'm restless,  
uncertain of everything, can't settle down to work  
while floating between heaven and hell

Why is finding a context, an overall meaning for  
everything such a difficult thing? Coldness means  
making a fire, enjoying red wine, reading a book,  
not washing floors, dusting rooms

Coldness means seeking warmth, making pancakes –  
that's what I'll do! Pancakes with lots of cinnamon and  
sugar, with dollops of ice cream and for dinner tonight,  
a filling of vegetables and mince

The heavenly smell permeating the flat, creating  
a context, a framework of warmth, food and love...

Louise Tredoux

# Watching Sea-Gulls, Feeling Free

A rural shopping-mall, a grass cow sprouting flowers  
green poplar trees in the brightness of clear, after-rain  
sunlight, the sky a holiday blue, the clouds delightful in  
bridal white, a promise of showers to come, wish Rudi  
were here, without him, a daydream or two

Imagining me in the brightness of Switzerland, inspired  
by sights that leave the worldly-wise feeling boredom, the  
first world created new in my dreams, bringing in a vision  
of Rudi, we'll discover the Eiffel tower together, make love  
in Montmartre, listen to street musicians in the

Paris underground, visit castles in Germany, experience  
the enchantment of the Schwarzwald, enjoy La Bohème  
in La Scala, Italy – times up, now to carry on with my  
normal day, no more daydreams and visions, back  
to reality, catch a taxi

Clean the flat... oh, no, rather take a swim in the sea  
watching sea-gulls, feeling free...

Louise Tredoux

# We Ambled Along Aimlessly

I shall never forget  
the first time we went for  
a stroll,

you were so awkward,  
I thought you were  
confused and lost,

we ambled along  
aimlessly, it felt like miles;  
you claimed

you did not know  
what to do, I was  
surprised,

about what? –

About YOU,  
you replied

Louise Tredoux

# We Are In Love

Housecleaning – went outside, heard  
the call of the beach, the soft song  
of the sea, freedom for me, went for  
a swim in the surf, enjoying the feeling,  
drying in the sun, dreaming, our conversation  
yesterday, an argument, I think all people  
are guilty of the rise in crime;  
you believe the culprits alone should  
stand trial, I believe humanity on trail  
at this time, for creating an unthinking,  
irrational society, creating victims...

You ended the fight with a kiss, you are  
so sweet, but I shall never agree simply  
because I love you, I kissed your recalcitrant  
mouth, forming a pout in displeasure with me  
and laughed at your insistence that we should  
agree, the only thing I agree on unconditionally  
is that we are in love and forever will be...

Louise Tredoux

## We'll Be Late Again

Let's talk about important things,  
what time should we leave, what  
gift to take for our hostess, in  
which dress do I look my best,  
which shoes, what about the rest,  
black handbag, roses for Juliette's  
mom, a bottle Sauvignon Blanc for  
her dad, Stop That, it is very nice of  
course, I love you too, yes you may –  
NO, You May Not, we're leaving soon,  
there is no time, I'd have to change  
again, I cannot appear in a crumpled  
dress, yes, wonderful, but NOT NOW,  
concentrate – not on that, it is almost  
time to leave, your new shirt, if we  
mess up, I won't iron another one,  
Oh Brother! – NO....Oh, what the  
heck, we'll be late again...

Louise Tredoux

# What A Splendorous Day

What a splendorous day, how blue is the sea  
how lovely the sand, and his letter to me,  
I didn't think he would think of my birthday,  
but he did, he remembered me, he still  
recalls the time we spent together, a boat,  
we were still young and free, so full of  
dreams – one dream he fulfilled today;  
the dream that he would remember me  
when he is away, did he write it down  
in his dairy, how did he manage to keep  
this memory? Now no matter how he  
managed it, it came, this wonderful card  
that he sent, a little bent – that's post  
office for you – but with a great  
illustration of a yacht and the sea  
reminding me of the sun, his  
face, and the sea.

Louise Tredoux

## What A Terrible Burn!

What a terrible burn! – I hope the scar disappears before Rudi's return, what made me think I could switch on the light while holding a scalding warm pot? Stupidity, a big, real oval on my arm, can't hide it easily, Rudi's sure to see it – he will scold about my carelessness, pressing my arm against the pot to hold it, the pot so very hot – how silly of me! He's always warning against unthinking deeds, and he was right, oh, but I wish I could magic it away, I don't want him to see he was right!

Louise Tredoux

## When These Thoughts Intrude...

When these thoughts of you intrude, when I feel  
your presence at night, when I'm in the nude, and  
I suspect you would like it very much, and you would  
show me paradise, as you promised long ago

When I hear your whispered request to grant you  
sweet absolution even before you demand the love  
that has been yours from before the beginning of  
time, from before the concept of love was defined

From before this age and this world; when I bequeath  
you the right to take what is rightfully yours - and  
always has been, and forever will be; the right to  
hold me tight before the exploration begin

The right to possess me body and mind, not only  
my thoughts, but my soul, and everything in-between;  
and you know absolution has been granted already  
sweet forgiveness is yours for evermore, because

The love that you seek is yours to keep as I have been  
created to show you the love that you saw in your dreams,  
the love that only you can describe, that only your whispers  
can evoke in my heart...

Louise Tredoux

# Who Are You Representing Today?

Context and situation are so very important,  
are you playing at being James Bond – who  
are you representing today? Maybe Prince  
Hamlet, dithering with halitosis, bent on  
revenge while all about you dies like  
flies for sheer ineptitude

Or are you Macbeth, ready to seize power  
sometime, washing your hands of the blood,  
are you Othello, the jealous Moor whose  
Desdemona sang so tragically before she  
finally died, are you Lord Byron, painfully  
self-conscious, set on admiring yourself

Are you aspiring to emulate Ghandi, bring  
peace to the world – or are you a clever  
Don Juan, bent on seducing all females  
just for the fun of making conquests? If  
so, I hope your presentation  
is working well

The spectacle is enchanting and I for one  
applaud every conquest you make...

Louise Tredoux

# Why Do I Love Thee, Rudi?

Because you share my mind -  
two minds in unison - because  
I need not turn down my light -  
don a burka hiding the luminous  
thoughts racing through my head

Two minds in unison - physical  
unification but a symbol of spiritual  
unity, because when you ask me -  
"What do you think? " - You do not  
turn away when I tell you -

"Stories from the Bible that have been  
running through my mind since I was  
small" - You don't frown and say you  
don't want to know - making me flee  
into a fantasy of nightly delight

Offering me space to be me, a special  
soul to release my spirit from anxiety  
a light being to make me whole - you  
are the other half of my soul, that is why  
I love you Rudi and always will, I shall

Keep you in reality, my Rudi, and if you  
are not accessible, I shall dream of you  
for eternity, I shall always do...

Louise Tredoux

# Why I Love You

Went for a walk on the beach, gathering  
things left by the sea, the sea is my friend,  
I share my thoughts with him, today I sang  
as I walked, singing of love while your  
words played in my mind

'Tell me why - the sun doth shine... then I will  
tell you - just why I love you..... because God  
made - the sun to shine... because God made  
you - that's why I - love you...' though that is  
not strictly true - I love you because

You make me resonate to the essence of your  
being, your facets and depths fascinate me, I  
love the mysterious depths of your soul, the  
way your eyes light up and your lips curl  
as you smile

I love you because of the things that you do when  
you can't stop yourself - THAT is the way God  
made you, you say... 'because God made you,  
that's why I love you! '

Song we sang at school:

Tell me why - the sun doth shine,  
tell me why - the ivy twine,  
tell me why - the sky's so blue,  
then I will tell you - just why I - love you,  
because God made - the sun to shine,  
because God made - the ivy twine,  
because God made - the sky so blue,  
because God made you,  
that's why I - love you.

Louise Tredoux

# Within The Circle Of Our Embrace

Cuddling with you on a rainy night,  
my leg bent into the curve of yours,  
my lips pressed against the satin skin  
on your back, my arms holding you tight

This is my idea of a perfect night, the wind  
howling outside, driving rain splashing against  
the window panes, while we are warm together  
inside, your body anchoring my spirit tonight

Your quiet happiness spreading through my heart  
and limbs, feeling so safe within the circle of our  
embrace, sharing the same space, protected  
against all kinds of weather by the united

Power of our contentment...

Louise Tredoux

## Without His Embrace...

I would have reduced you to the same  
sorry state I am in today if I had met you,  
it is better that there was no meeting at all,  
I'll have to make up reasons to survive this  
day, I feel like a Russian peasant sentenced  
to the Gulag - must replace this with an image  
of being a heroine in a great story whose love  
unrequited requires strong forbearance to live  
her small existence, but the fear of this coming  
true is too haunting, the prospect too daunting,  
I bitterly cry when reading of such events, though  
I can't return to the cynicism of my youth, too much  
feeling is a wave too overbearing to contemplate,  
I need a magic thought to lift me out of this day;  
that Rudi has to go away frequently creates so  
many challenges I have to face, to carry my lone-  
liness quietly, not complaining, not making it  
difficult for him; it seems easier for him, he  
has new adventures on sea while I continue  
in the same place, without his smile,  
without his embrace...

Louise Tredoux

# You Are The Dream

Glowing, glowing all over, whispers,  
whispering in my ears, touching, feeling,  
sensation, promise, promising, expectation,  
supersensitive, skin satin, feather-light touch,  
feeling everything, delight, delighted, delicious,  
delicate, immense, the sense of touch, tactile,  
delight, mouth, lips, chin, skin, cheeks, brows,  
ears, eyes, chest, ripples, senses, listen, listening,  
your voice caressing, your voice, adoring, seeing,  
your eyes, feeling, growing, waves, texture sound,  
intermingling, inexplicable, touch...

You are dream, you are vision, you ethereal,  
can't be real, beyond earth - immaterial, feeling  
real, more insistent and urgent, fire, incense, burning,  
tense, magnificent, you are the dream, you are the  
vision, the feeling, the tactile soul, the spirit sound,  
you're in it, I'm burning, fire spreading, never-ending,  
the bridge you built, your hand for me, clutching me,  
setting me free, I'm floating, I'm turning inside out,  
the fire exploding, the burning waves, churning,  
simmering, no breathing, no more being,  
dissolving into energy - EXPLOSION...

Louise Tredoux

# You Love Me As Much As I Love You

The day marching on, each minute following the previous with military precision, within the seconds I thought I saw a little fairy, it might have been an angel also, I saw her wink in conspiracy, I laid my embroidery aside, glanced through the window, saw you passing by and knew the fairy came to tell me you were here. I ran down to our meeting place, it was glorious to see you again, to hear your tale of yesterday's adventures, to walk on the beach, to share your confidence, to start the week with trust and hope in our hearts, briefly embracing before you had to depart. After your visit the sea seemed more blue, the wind was more comforting, life suddenly smiling at me, my sorrows departed and left me the sun shining above, I read the message of love in your eyes and felt it in the touch of your lips: You love me as much as I love you...

Louise Tredoux

# You Winked Back At Me...

You  
were with  
me today, I doubt  
you know it, while my  
Uncle and Aunt were visiting with  
neighboring farmers, talking about  
the inclement weather, prices, prize  
cattle; your lips were tracing the nape  
of my neck, your deep voice whispered  
sweet words in my ears, I dreamily stared  
into the fire my uncle has made... then aunt  
ordered me to take care of the kids; I happily  
complied – took them outside, they played in  
the barn while you came over again and gallantly  
kissed the back of my hands asking me what I wanted  
to drink, instead of Aunt's coffee, I got a Martini handed  
to me with a flourish, while the kids played, I swayed in the  
swing dreaming quietly far away from the homestead;  
you brought me tidbits to eat – in this my dream –  
and stayed to kiss me again – then Aunt called  
us in – time to leave, I was smiling and she  
was charmed, thanking me warmly for  
taking such good care of the kids; I  
winked at your dream image –  
and you winked  
back at me...

Louise Tredoux

# Your Big, Strong Hand

I will never let go of your big, strong hand  
if you won't pull it away, I will never leave  
your wise company, it you will let me stay,  
I will never tire of listening to your meditative  
ruminations about the meaning of life if you  
will allow me to question you afterwards, I  
will always rejoice in the sweetness of true  
friendship that is based on love and accep-  
tance, I will always try to be worthy of trust  
and loyalty, and when my heart starts beating  
wildly, I will always share my passions with  
the beloved of my heart...

Louise Tredoux

# Your Charm & Warm Touch

In your eyes I can see life,  
without your regard, life has  
no feeling, without your charm,  
without your warm touch, I'd  
rather be dead, life without  
your presence means total  
depression

When you walked in, animation  
vibrating in your lively eyes,  
beautiful sound coming from your  
fine mouth, intelligent thought  
conveyed by your voice, love  
showing in your demeanor,  
generosity

Carried by your loving hands,  
understanding emanating from  
your stance - I could have cried  
with joy and relief, when you sent  
the unwelcome visitors away and we  
were free to talk of things that  
interest us both

The meaning of life, the symbolism  
embodied in physical things, I could  
have hugged and kissed you for waking  
me from my stupor, giving me  
the gift of life...

Louise Tredoux

# Your Eyes Lock With Mine

I love falling into the warmth of your eyes, it was wonderful to see the admiration in your surprise when you saw my new project

Your eyes took all the lonely cold away filling my heart with warm delight, every time your eyes lock with mine and I feel a beam of warm affection

My cup fills to overflowing, the sun smiles with added lustre and something sparkles in me, being with you keeps me sparkling, sleeping in your arms

Changed the night into the heaven of my dreams, I became a joyous queen crowned by you, the adored king, and you grew mighty and strong and wonderful

With every breath you took, every word you said, your eyes acquiring the most loving look I've ever seen, your passion symbolizing eternal love, your touch filling up your eyes...

Louise Tredoux

# Your Loving Presence

The radiance of your loving presence  
warming my heart, Rudi, the love you  
give me enveloping my heart in the  
most beautiful feeling of security and  
joy, the glow of your sweet whispered  
words, the touch of your loving lips,  
the willingness of your strong hands  
to help me with life, the enchanting  
look in your eyes – what wonderful  
times you create, a magical world  
lives in your mind and you project  
that to me, the meaning you see is  
the love in your heart colouring life,  
I feel golden and warm because of  
your life, may all people everywhere  
taste this experience sometime...

Louise Tredoux

# Your Personal Aphrodite

I wasn't ready, thought I was, it was all I wanted,  
but I wasn't ready, I didn't realize or visualize or  
prepare or accept or understand

Cry, just a little while, then a brave face, put a lid  
on this event, it was a culture shock, you were so  
patient and understanding

You didn't get angry when I overreacted, I really  
love you, you know I do, I adore you more and more;  
I was not prepared for reality

I had a conventional life in a very strict atmosphere,  
you said you understood better than I thought, thank  
you for that, I wasn't ready

You took it in your stride, you're a better man than  
anyone I read or heard about, please give me time  
and I'll be fine, I need to prepare

I was taught all wrong, I need debriefing about my  
upbringing, I'm so sorry about my reaction, give me  
another chance, you said

You would help me overcome the limitations that  
tie me up with strings of steel, choking my heart,  
you vaguely expected

Something of this kind, but a reaction so violent, at  
least it is a good sign of a capacity for passion, now  
I'll allow you to mould me

Teach me to live up to natural human potential, I  
want to become your personal Aphrodite...

Louise Tredoux

# Your Sweet Forgiveness

"Grant me your time, your sweet forgiveness I need to proceed, grant me the right to conquer and possess the love you showed long ago" – It is all yours, fresh and new, it has always been, you can own what is yours by rights, you cannot lose what has always been and will always be yours by default

You knew my love would last, you knew I would always be there, now I can confirm, it is true, you were right, absolution is yours from beginning to end; bring into fruition, destroy the despair of the past, you can conquer and possess, time did not make anything less, but

Time did allow love to mature, ripen and sweeten – embrace and enjoy, everything you have ever dreamt of is yours to claim, I fit into the crook of your arm, you said though not a beauty; I was perfect for you, I don't mind your opinion of me as long as I can see you still want to be the lover you once has been - I could not

Let you then, not being sure of who you were, or who I was, all doubts are past, you have proven yourself a soul-mate of mine - it is all that does count, so up and away...

Louise Tredoux

# Your Sweet Sleeping Face

Watching your sweet sleeping face,  
so peaceful and happy in repose, you  
had conquered uncertainty long ago, now  
offer me the anchor and safety I always  
lacked before, forgive me if I cry in  
gratitude to have you here with me

To watch you sleeping deeply, knowing  
that you share your whole life with me,  
investing your faith in me, trusting me with  
your happiness, forgive me for kneeling in  
humble abjection, praying to whatever  
representative of Loving Universal

Consciousness to make me worthy of your  
trust, to enable me to make you happy, to have  
enough insight and wisdom to make the right  
choices when life happens to us, to bring about  
the greatest good for both of us, all I can see is  
sharing life with you brings you joy

And makes me deliriously happy, I accept this as  
a sign that I should continue to be there for you,  
sleep well, my beloved, the angels and I  
are guarding your sweet slumbers...

Louise Tredoux

# Your Sweetest Words

Your sweet embrace, whispers in my  
ear, your warm presence, helping  
everywhere, lips demanding a  
reward - offering all my love

You kiss my hands until they burn  
no more, you hold me until the  
heavy cast does not drag me  
down, your eyes lifting me

Your voice enfolding me in  
beauty, I am becalmed by  
the melody of your  
sweetest words

Louise Tredoux