

Poetry Series

Paige Nielsen
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Paige Nielsen()

A Day To Celebrate The Dead

The smoke rises in the air,
The scent of burnt meat, sugar skulls, and the
Incense of sacred offering.
Tonight is the night we commune with our dead.
Our children dress as skeletons,
Little ex-caballeros,
And we feast at the gravesides of our
Dearly beloved,
Long been parted
Friends.
We do not fear Death,
Because it carries within it,
Faces familiar, and tonight we gaze again.
Dias los Muertos
Buenas Noches.

Paige Nielsen

A Question About Myself

Life bites like a vampire bat,
and changeling is my middle name.
The old blind man plays the blues,
shades of cerulean, sky, navy, and charcoal.
Proof is in the state of mind;
belief that death is paternal figure.
He whispers in my ear: always, always,
but it's a lie, because they always, always LEAVE.
The cross you bear is what I refuse.
I'm a fly on the wall, invisible, but playing with fire.
My birthday is the thirteenth of never.
Do I even exist? ?
I'm starting to think not.
Orpheus calls from the land of underworld-
Is it so wrong to want a tall, dark stranger to take me away?
Is it so wrong to cry,
to the tremolo riffs
of the cure and the smiths?
Don't feel sorry for me;
can't you see i'm laughing?
First kisses are overrated anyway
Screw it; I'm dying my hair pink and starting
a rock band with an obscene name.
I'll do what I like and send you all away.

Paige Nielsen

A Year's Time

It's been a long year
Apathy and boredom streaming from every pore
Broken resolutions cry in January
Hearts shatter in February
March condemns us to monotony
We're drowning in April
Crushed blooms and bent stems in May
We're withering in June
And burning in July
Albatross hangs over my head in August
Stress is the name of the game in September
October is the month of death
Wilting and bare in November
Blood stains the snow in December
Souls perish before the new year
And then the horror begins again
Eternally waiting for a change

Paige Nielsen

Addictive And Titillating

I am a coffeemaker.
Thoughts bubble and percolate,
steam pours from my ears.
Constantly caffeinated, a little fragile,
warm to the touch.
My inner filter is slightly askew.
My many names roll off the tongue,
though not always with kindness.
My taste is rich, well-rounded;
My components seem exotic,
though not much more than water.
I can be expensive,
matching your kitchenware with panache.
I am addictive: turn me on; hear me laugh and purr.
I am titillating.
I am a coffeemaker.

Paige Nielsen

America

We're stuck in a quagmire of broken wishes and crushed dreams.
Despite all metamorphosis, or maybe because of, nothing's as it seems.
The standoffish are afraid of showing dishabille.
The entropy accelerates, and we're all too numb to feel.
We're unanimously asinine and unable to comply.
Disquietude smothers us and at night I scream out 'why? '
It's all ceased to be pensive, and our thoughts are repeated.
It's causing exsanguination in me; audience, please be seated.
It's the grand ole heart attack season, sit back and watch.
Our penchant for what's bad for us is impossible to botch.
The pyromania's buried deep within, no more primitive urges.
We're proud of our kleptocracy and constant power surges!
We've got moxie in shopping, and in football we've got zest!
When it comes to Machiavellian intentions, we're the best of the best!
We've got modern-day de Sades and Brutuses, to boot!
Our narcissistic tendencies make us awful cute.
We're comprised of mindless followers and faux-messianic leaders.
We succumb to most temptations, but we're steadily gettin' meaner
to atone for the fact.
Yes, our smiles are an act.
We couldn't care less about our neighbors, friends, colleagues at work.
Actually, we're all freakish, recusant jerks!

Paige Nielsen

Angel Of Death

Together, love, we will plummet
to the waiting, serene embrace of death,
but I doubt we'll end up at the same place.
Will you burn? Will I fry?
Does it matter as long as we both die?
I'll electrocute you and you can chop me
into little bits, meat pies to sell,
(after all, you've had a lot of practice
on my heart) .

Paige Nielsen

Another Failed Relationship

I'm just like your average girl
I need to be loved in so many ways
I find it hard to—I can't—explain
Is that I'm too much for you to handle?
Or more that I'm not enough?
Eternal disappointment of an elevated tangling
Of feelings
I'm barely awake, trying too hard not to asphyxiate
Maybe the problem is that I should
Crawl
Leave
Cry
Crawl back again
Oh it's choking me, it's soaking me
With regretful rein
—ing in of my emotions
I need to divorce myself of my numbness
Is it true?
Is all sympathy just screwing?
If I sleep with you, is that sympathetic?
Got to be joking...
I'm kicking the walls of my little box
Trying to scream my way out
Maybe I should just open the door?
Oh you're so dirty, so secret
A naughty whisper in my ear
My fragile eardrums can't take it anymore
Drastically, or pensively, I've got to abandon ship
Take the pills; detonate the bomb; then I will be safe
No mercy no mercy no mercy
Expected from you
End of the world? Maybe, but no sweat
Can't you see I'm lying
Next to you in a cesspit of fools' despair
Every time I feel this way I'm trying to overanalyze
I need to step back into
paintings about things not involving you
But everything does
I'm just licking my wounds, my favorite flavor,

Weakness and helplessness
Why are you doing what you're doing?
Heart's bleeding, it needs to be
To keep my lungs breathing
Darker side looms under the bridge of incendiary devices
Burn it burn it burn it
A shadow following me down
This space beside me feels like a grave
Mistake because I have no thing to grab hold of
In event of drowning
I'll give you oxygen and promises
If only you could return
Like a solar flare, unpredictable and scorching
But I crave the light even if I hate the heat
Lay me down tonight, take me in your arms
And tell me things I know are lies
But I'll believe you if I can
In the end, we get what we deserve
Each other
Soulmates must mean our souls are blackened
Charred beyond recognition and
You'll never give up control
I can't feel the same about you anymore
Except the tingles in my spine tell me otherwise
My clock turns to 3 AM
And I'm wide awake, trying to breathe without you
Ghosts of my heart, broken, distilled into the dark
I'll always love you...always, and never
So long I say, so long and goodbye,
The forecast says the stars will cry tears on us tonight
In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost
Amen
Faith and misery go hand in hand
The more I try to be faithful in my faith of you
The more miserable I become
And you know misery loves company
So come and join the party
Shame dreams of begging to differ
But I won't I can't I shan't
Hollow lies echo in my mind
I can't protest
Have some respect for the dead

Because the dead are silent
I'm so pulverized internally
Bang bang
Silence by fire
I almost wish I had the soul left to do so
I'm not afraid of hell, I'm living it
My sins float in the champagne you give me
Get me drunk so you can...
Close the damn door what if someone were to see?
Come on, think rationally
Scream your head off at me
I've got selective hearing
All is dimmed before the screaming of my heart-shatter
Wake me up from this bad dream
Unlucky me, I'm already woken
Your little mind-games will soon enough drive me insane
A burning high shines in your eyes
Why can't you just leave me be?
Catalytic motions one day might propel me gone
You lied, you cheated, and then you schemed
This love we had created was only a figment of my imagination
I'm sick and tired of the way you don't listen
Or maybe just don't understand
I never claimed to know all the answers
To your rhetorical questions
You're boring me with your body every night we don't fight
This redundant hollow existence is getting to me
Hysteria encroaches?
You're living on opium and TV dreams and leftover Chinese
I'm living on wishes and prayers
Propaganda propaganda the American dream
Minions of the media spread it faster than gonorrhea
I guess I'm just living in a noose of my own makings
I wish I was a cat; they have nine lives, so I could start over again
You're beautiful, but you're rotten to the core
I can't believe in "happily ever after"
When you come home smelling of whore's perfume
I'd rather be alone with my feelings, dreadful as they are
I think your conscience is dead
You'll swallow the evil if it looks good
My failed attempts to fly leave only broken wings
How far would you go for love?

Would you kill? Would you die?
Bloodied hands ask me the same question
As the light fades from a blank pair of eyes
I vaguely recognize
Check the vital signs
Not a glimmer
Everyone's sleeping, but you'll sleep forever
Not another cheap attempt at bliss
My fists are clenched; my knuckles are white;
I can taste the salt on my tongue, bitten and stung
I am the only heir to this legacy
I'm only human
I could only take so much
Now look what you've gone and done
I'm sorry

Paige Nielsen

Best Friends Forever?

Forgive of me my poison pen
Venomous and bitter
You and I now poison friends
So much to consider

Your image conjured in my mind
Burns deep my wretched eye
Relief a balm I cannot find
Fair countenance a shallow lie

It hurts to scream, curse, and weep
Your name, unspeakable agony
Too much alike, it went too deep
By turns, wrath and melancholy

I miss you like a breath of air
I cannot sleep for fear of dreams
Cut to bone, my heart laid bare
Friendship is not all it seems

Paige Nielsen

Birth

grey skies on an October morning
rain raising chills in the autumn air
a shrouded, ill-spoken fog rolls in
and in a hospital,
a child is born
so anticipated-can't wait, can't wait
already so loved
but what has become of her?
not whole not healthy not complete
an infinitely small mutation
equals a gaping hole on baby's face
who could love a child so hideous?
oh, they tried-one failed
the other, still trying
but it's futile-
more than flesh is riddled with scars
her heart like the rain
on a cold, cold morn

Paige Nielsen

Blasphemer

exordium:

H.P. Lovecraft's heretic pride.

She is suffering,

a girl disappearing into the thorns

woven into crowns.

Her roses are bloody like the moon.

In cults of crucifixion,

marble lions roar amid the falling snow.

Indelible sin, taints of innocence,

her curse is your love song.

terminus.

Paige Nielsen

Bound And Gagged By My Own Insecurities

I can't say it.
Those three words you long for.
Don't make me.
If I say it, the bond will hurt worse
when it's broken.
The things you love...are ephemeral...
at best, indefinite
it burns, your love,
it makes me sweat salty tears
My voice cannot rise, for it is choked.
My lips are unable to part.
My tongue is sluggish, refusing to form the sounds.
But when words fail...
When the music fades...
You'll look into my eyes and know...
that I love you.

Paige Nielsen

Chaos

Writing these words,
Ever so quietly,
While a war goes on
In my head.
Conflicting forces oppose each other
About decisions I must make,
Things I must say.
I hear a crash,
A shout, a mutter.
I step outside and Behold!
Reality mirrors my internal battle.
A riot, a riot is sprouting.
If reality isn't so very different
Than what's in my head,
Maybe I'm normal after all.

Paige Nielsen

Condemnation

I am this stranger with lips
blackened and burned, like sugar-melted absinthia,
trapped in a charnel house,
a haunted mausoleum.
Morpheus is laughing.
Can you hear him?
Erebus is looming.
Can you see him?
Blackbirds, omens,
the end of all draws nigh.
Listen to these words:
your souls are dark as night.
your souls are black as hell.
Satan's teeth glimmer—
he's waiting for you,
he's waiting to drag you down.

Paige Nielsen

Deadly Sins

Yes, the prophets are bleeding,
affectionate in their poisoned truths.

Beetle-black ice cream churns
in your gut.

Kill me, and release me, O Muse,
Kill me and take my place.

Six days as the hummingbird flies,
six, in mockery of all that is holy.

The sacrament of inverse church is a secret place
between your thighs, the finest wine
money, avarice, root of evil, can buy.

Paige Nielsen

Dear Mister Crowley...

Aleister Crowley wrote of damnation.
Faithless, demonized, haunted, hunted.
Even Mussolini denied him love.
He may be burning in hell right now,
But I still pity him.
It is not right to condemn others of evil
That is reflected in ourselves.

Paige Nielsen

Deception

A sly glance,
Does it mean what I think it does?
Perception is individual
And deception is a constant in everyday life
Secrets and rumors whisper in a cloud
Hovering like miasmic fog above our heads
Truth lies buried under a basketful of
Dirty laundry
And half the time, deception saves minds
A safeguard against insanity
We pretend bad things aren't really happening
We blind our eyes and close our ears
Uh, reality check?
Peel off the skintight mask, you know,
Lies have no curb appeal
Sleight of hand doesn't make you
a magician

Paige Nielsen

Draco Malfoy

Don't trust me; I'm a fox
Raised in hate by a cold father
And I can't seem to get a grip
Can I kill, take innocent human life?
Only I can choose my path...

Maybe I should run away
And join a traveling circus (every kid's dream)
Leave my choices behind
Forget it; I'm no coward
Okay, I've got a decision to make
Yeah, it's hard, but you gotta do what you gotta do

Paige Nielsen

Dreaming Of You

My heart has run away.
I think you stole it.
There's some raw hole in my chest that
I can't seem to mend,
Energated by the doubt that lurks within this chasm.
Does your remorse cut as deeply as my pain?
My memory has faded, blanched like antique photographs.
Only this indentation in the pillow,
The shirts redolent with your scent in the closet,
The lipstick you gave me smeared on the mirrors,
Are tickets to the place and time when we loved.
A masque of red death, sorrow, regret
Is playing some profound waltz in my skull.
This charade seems never-ending, but all the seats have gone.
This music cannot speak to me; I am deaf without your voice.
I was only looking for somebody to love me—
I thought I found you.
But now it seems
You were never really there at all.

Paige Nielsen

Eating Breakfast Among The Insane

They say they hear whispers
They say they hear voices
But all I can hear is
'snap crackle pop'

Paige Nielsen

Enemies Make The Best Lovers

Yes, I might like you better
if we slept together.

It's hard to loathe someone you've seen naked,
pale, vulnerable, like a worm in its cocoon,
flushed with luminary ecstasy.

Paige Nielsen

Epitaph

I loved you.

Yes, I did.

I loved you until you killed me.

Where are you now?

Paige Nielsen

Fourth Period

Math class boredom enumerates;
arc angles, release me.
Oh my, I'm mistaken!
This secret tryst of x , i , and π
is more "complex" than we can tell.
Talking to the dead leads me nowhere;
this zombie cult is my affliction.

Paige Nielsen

Frag.

Saddest breath is the sigh exhaled
No pale dawn can quell the fear
Eternal night is like an aura—
Always there
Wings like moths flutter past my cheek
Silent dark is no peace
Calm only a faint dream
There are visions; there are memories
All are lost and forgotten
Much like the end of this poem

Paige Nielsen

Happy New Year

How I loathe the new year
Always making promises only to break them
Perhaps it's my attitude but—
Persuasion to change is unwelcome to you
You don't really understand

New Year's Eve—just the thought fills me with dread
Everybody always declares a new start, a fresh beginning
Well, I view it as a renewal of the monotony

Year after year, we count down from ten
Exercise in something we've done since kindergarten
An exercise in redundancy, I say
Really, can't people celebrate—to themselves?

Paige Nielsen

I Can See My Life From Here

I can see my life from here
So far, far away
Watching as everything I hold dear
Just blows away
Every day is the same old stuff
And every day I pray
I'll have less misses than hits
Wash my filth away

I'm an angry parody of myself
And it hurts to say
I hate you

Distorted faces all around
My burden is a thorny black crown
Collapsing is what I do best
So follow me down
Or else leave me alone

A reflection disappoints
It hurts to cry
Over and over till the words blur together
So distant, but not numb

All the pain and agony
Remains to decay
Take me away
Take me away

I can see my life from here
Not like what I dreamed
Not like what it seemed
I can see my life from here
I can see my life from here
I can see my life from here

Paige Nielsen

If Drama Were Alcohol...

Something
To care about
Because God knows it's not this (who needs this stuff?)
Cruelty and image go hand in hand (stuff of Hollywood)
Popularity comes from sacrifice—
Slay thy true self (be a mean, mean girl)
Put others down (such a mean, mean girl)
Pushing the boundaries
Of morality and decency
Of honesty and loyalty (to be popular)
Ah perfidious thought!
Boredom and restlessness (the teacher won't shut up)
Trade places with
Sorrow and anger (they say such nasty things)
And back again
A neverending game of bull (call each other's bluff)
Best friends wield knives
With which they stab you (heart, back, anywhere)
Keep a poker face at all times (word of advice)
During the gossip about you (what a slut; what a prude)
During the trashing of your
Reputation (makes or breaks you)
They taunt you (ignoring it doesn't help)
They graffiti your locker (so you see it every day)
They scribble hate on the bathroom walls
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
(I don't think I will survive)

Paige Nielsen

I'LI Paint The Walls With Your Murder

It's funny how many times a day
I think how your murder would be so cathartic.
Does that scare you? Do I scare you?
Are you afraid of anything,
or is your brain so high, so far beyond,
the macabre ceases to frighten?
I like to think your blood, freshly spilled, would care.

Paige Nielsen

In My Head

You look at me
You seem to see
A laughing, smiling girl
But I am not that girl
I think about the dark
About breaking hearts
Insomnia, paranoia
Death.
There is no light left
in my life.
so dark
so cold
can't breathe...
suicidal
fatal choices
poison
You think I'm smart
But in my secret heart
I am not that girl
I am a shadow girl
Sighing on the breeze,
Whispering in the wind,
I am dust,
a thought.
I am not that girl.

Paige Nielsen

Lost Souls

to shed the blood of man
infectious elixir
carven scars over pale flesh
fanged totality
backlit in lunar form
akin to night's depth
earthen soil, a safe haven
desires ungodly, heathen
burnt to walk abroad
velvet-lined boudoir, exotic and erotic
crimson dew
command of fell beasts
weep sanguine tears
a hint of iron in the palate
fear of the coming dawn
old as time itself
breath arousing, deadly
pulse beguiles
strangely sexual
corpse's heart

we are cursed
we are lost

Paige Nielsen

Metamorphosis

Burning on the outside,
burning within.
Flame replaces ice and is thrust
animalistically
through my veins.
Heart pounds like a hoodoo drum.
It hurts to breathe-
Pointedly,
enamel elongates.
The tears that scream
from my feverish orbs
are as black as
a hole in the fabric of reality
as black as
a neverending spiral downward
as black as
a roguish brigand's heart.
My voice, raw and raspy,
releases this intrinsically stifling pain.
That's not my voice, is it?
My voice screaming like the
soul I no longer have?
Metamorphosis.
Reincarnation.
Reinvention.
The Change.

Paige Nielsen

Modernist Perspective

The fear is absolute:
faces pale as the milk of death,
the inverse of the milk of human kindness.
A haunting sorrow binds the wounds,
enslaving us in its hollowest embrace.
This poem is a metaphor,
but I don't know why.
I don't know anything.
These days right is wrong and wrong is right.
Is this someone's idea of a joke?
Well, buddy, I'm not laughing.
I'm retching in protest,
a one-girl revolution.
Can anybody save us now?
(I doubt it.)
We're all chained by propriety
and blinded by society,
trading kisses for pennies
and chopping off our toes
(the latest fashion) .
This aftermath of civilization
pulverizes decency and honesty-
penalty box for you, dude,
sit out this round!
Hey now, don't be like that.
Here, take some false eyelashes and a needle for your pain.
You feel dirty but mud isn't dirt-
inside you're squeaky clean.

Paige Nielsen

Muse

wordless
speech unheard and yet;
expressions fly forthwith
eyes spill with emotion
and tears?
hands, gestures,
wild novice
unable to commit to
the joy encapsulated
ominous
she croons in your ear
music so aptly titled
creative brilliance dies young
and younger
like TV with the sound off
she(or is it it?) whispers
a deadly but beautiful lullaby

Paige Nielsen

Mythos

Bittersweet torture
Crying from the depths of
Desperate passion
Begging to never leave
No release to Tartarus or Hades
Bathe in Lethe to forget the world
Wash in Acheron to erase the golden touch
Armageddon of the heart
Screams no mercy in a search for disillusionment
Hairline cracks rim the eyes
Bloodshot after outpouring a soul in butterflies
Nascent, throbbing, primordial life
Hastens to judge, label, then throw away
The corpses
The decapitated heads
The jugulated spines
Interred in a body of loam
Grave-earth spilling onto marble
Bearing faceless names
And carven roses
But every rose has thorns—
They'll make you bloody
Slog through Tokyo and Paris like Godzilla
Until you drown
Lock the taints and stains
And pain inside a coffin
Lose it in the mausoleum
Left to wither and bare bones
Until Pandora releases it
She'll steal your heart
She'll blank your mind
Persephone, Queen of the Damned
Stolen from innocence, eating the fruits of Styx
She languishes
Ah, the early days

Paige Nielsen

Ode To A Chalice

The madman ax that chopped the cherry tree
felt remorse at what it had done,
a penitent seeking redemption.
Weeping tears of violent red,
the glistening red of the fruit the tree bore,
they drip down to fill my little cup of salvation.
A cup of wine, a secret, a cup of tears, a promise.
With this papal benediction,
what will it sanctify?

Paige Nielsen

Ode To Bukowski

ode to bukowski:
it must be great
to be so hated.

Paige Nielsen

Oh Me Oh My

Wrenching
disillusionment
Aggravating
loss
And all these boys boys boys
Oh, boy
What A
QUAGMIRE
And what about all these
girls girls girls?
(you tell 'em vince)
Catty oh so catty
That's my boyfriend
No, I think you'll find he's mine
As he stands with that queer sneer
Saying
How's about a lil three's company action
ladies?
They are ignoring him
They should be banding together
Against him
Like Gloria Steinem says
A girl needs a man
Like a
Fish needs a bicycle
NOT AT ALL
Oh, what are we
girls girls girls
Gonna do
About those
boys boys boys
?

Paige Nielsen

Once Upon A Midnight Dreary

The flicker of the candle's glow illuminates
objects surrounding me.
My mind struggles to illuminate
the madness and ennui that have
penetrated my skull.
Do the shadows on the wall dance to
what is playing on my stereo,
or something else?
The raw, husky, and sarcastic voice of
the lead singer of The Dresden Dolls
swallows and embitters me.
I can't breathe in
the chill air of everblooming night.
This dark chocolate I'm eating
makes me feel like doing something dangerous,
probably highly illegal.
These limes sting, encouraging my masochism.
Crackers stave off malnourishment.
My olfactory is pungent with
the acridly sweet and musky aroma of red incense.
The darkness blankets me like silence never could.
I feel as though I am being imparted some sordid secret
under this all-encroaching black.
Pensively, I sift through memories of pain.
It seems unhealthy to dwell on such things;
however, I am drawn to them
like the gossamer wings of the pale luna moth
to an open flame.
Secondhand sorrow is as satisfying as day-old pizza.
It is cold, congealed, and slightly distasteful.
But I consume anyway, because of the hunger.
I just pray it doesn't disagree with me.
So many other things do:
my parents, my peers, my guilt.
Let me pray.
Who to?
The god of day-old pizza, perhaps.
I believe my insides to be melting
like the candles before me.

Not literally, of course.
I just have the strange sensation of being hollow.
Like a sieve,
draining all of me that is vivacious out.
It will most likely resemble
the sludge made of
weeks of snow and an abundance of mud.
I laugh to the thin air.
I pass over the candle with my hand—
and I feel a slow burn...

Paige Nielsen

Orpheus

Somewhere in the dark caverns of hell,
A song is playing.
The ghosts are weeping.
Someone who was once a young girl,
Fresh, innocent, maiden
Like a daisy,
Now a bitter, wiser woman,
Aches for bygone days.
A stone man cracks,
His somber demeanor topples
To the power of each note.
He's playing a tune for his lost one,
His one,
His only,
Love, ephemeral, missing, gone.
She can't hear him—
His heart lies shattered at the feet
Of a god.
From black and blue to purple,
Like a healing bruise,
The light transforms.
The tunnel like a coffin,
Stretching to a black infinity,
A periscope of anguish of those
Left behind.
She is silent, gray, untouchable,
As the dead so often are.
He mourns her face;
It's too much.
He turns for just one light kiss,
One feathery caress,
To hear her say his name—
But alas, the dead are silent.
Like a cloud on the lips on a winter's morning,
She hangs there for a moment,
Is gone.
For good this time,
Gone to pick the flowers in a field of graves,
Burying the bones she finds.

Desolate, the river makes him forget.
The ferryman smiles, a grimace of a skull.
The water is peppered with the silver coins of crossing.
The hound(s) will eat well tonight.
Carrion of the living is so hard to come by.

Paige Nielsen

Patriotism?

Slaves.

We're all slaves—

Slaves to consumerism, to materialism, to religion

Because even those who believe in nothing

Still believe in that nothingness.

As our world comes tumbling down around us,

We are blinded by a blizzard of unforgiving

Media—guns are everywhere; our children are too fat;

Anorexia is a problem;

Please don't take God out of our schools!

Nobody told them He is everywhere.

Mired in a war we shouldn't be in, wasteful,

Distasteful,

Frustrateful,

Echoes of Vietnam still sitting on our shoulders.

I don't think I'll survive until

Our generation takes over.

Even then, what a state we're in.

The young are uneducated, miseducated,

Raised in a fury of suspicion, self-loathing, and

Vulgar pride.

America is crying.

Can you hear her?

Paige Nielsen

Secrets

hair is as crow's wing,
skin like fleeting glimpses of cloud.
she cannot shed her tears
when, unbidden, the thirst rises from the
pit of her stomach,
and she
unsheathes her pointed incisors,
sinks her fangs deep in his throat.

when the lady moon has 'ris
he bays out his devotion.
he cries for a pelt, and a better self.
he howls and revels in
the capture of his prey.

she rises, untamed, singing an
ethereally fatal song.
can't control the lust for sky,
shrieks uninhibited in bird-form.

He abides an immortal life,
punishment for some wicked sin.
onyx flames lick at his heels,
great wings of corrosion,
shades of indigo, crimson, obsidian.
he lurks in the shadows.

everyone has their secrets...
what's yours?

Paige Nielsen

Solstice

Sitting cross-legged in the bathtub,
I commune.
My inner nature? Or some arcane
Goddess of the moon?
Am I being reborn?
A Venus, naked, made of the sea.
They say the moon rules the ocean.
Moonstruck, moon-kissed,
This lunar madness overwhelms.
A Venus, but not quite of Willendorf.
I am not a slim, treelike girl.
I am rounded, voluptuous,
Like in the paintings of the romantic age.
I have reached my romantic age.
But my perfumed, pale, soft skin
Is too rubenesque for the modern times.
The candles' blurred glow transforms.
Incandescence in manifested heat.
Heat like that in my gaze.
Ripples in the water, distorting my thighs.
Candlelight suits me.
As does moonlight.
Goddess, I am not.
Lover, yes I am.
The elements have spoken:
We are one.

Paige Nielsen

Swf Searching For Soulmate

Fragmentary soul,
Expressed in poetic form.
An express love letter,
A call to arms—
Loving arms, to hold me.
This is my soul.
It's been said that we
Are but one-winged angels,
Broken,
Flightless,
Unless we grasp each other.
Anam cara,
Where are you?
I'm calling.
I'm calling.

Paige Nielsen

Talk About Love

There's no way to be ready
for what life will give you.
They say love is blind,
but it has 20/20,
and it'll make you bleed.
Sex and blood; smoke and mirrors;
one gigantic mirage,
causing bewitched dreams and shrink appointments.
It'll hurt everyone with no discrimination:
geeks and goths and prom queens.
Making the first shoot up the school,
the second die on their bathroom floor,
and leaving the third pregnant, disgraced, alone.
It's relentless
scratching at your window, tapping at your door.
You can't resist; it'll wear you down.
A fistful of ammunition won't stave it off.
Epic or shorter than a sunset,
glimmering in its ethereality.
Sweet as candy or sharp as needles,
maybe both.
A lullaby to sleep or an anthem to awaken,
perilous lies and big fat weddings-
stupid 'bridezillas'.
No wonder half of all marriages end in divorce.
My parents, your parents, everybody.
Manic invasions into your heart,
butterflies in your stomach,
clouds in your mind.
How do we dare risk it?

Paige Nielsen

Textbook Cemetery

Who are these people?

Etched in stone, frozen in time immemorial.

Names and dates I do not know,

Loving Wife, Dutiful Mother,

And the saddest of all,

Those who died at five, three

Stillborn.

The world's history is buried underground;

The sacred scrolls which carry it are found

In cemeteries.

Tombstones tell me what I need to know.

No matter when it happens,

I will not be alone.

Paige Nielsen

The Day My Beloved Hath Died

Circular orbs feverish with glint,
blesséd blue and a pinprick of black,
Small details across from me
over the coffin in which she lies.
Her mother never liked me much.
Now, she's just as stiff and cold.
One petal, from one rose,
one petal.
Red as purity, white as lust,
black as the everblooming night.

Paige Nielsen

The Devil's Playground

Summer stains red;
The devil's playground beckons—
Come hither.
The wend and weft of evening's spell
Makes the rosemary cry
Dewy tears,
And the bleeding hearts,
Forget-me-nots,
Paint sonnets of despair on the ground.
The moon's mouth is an O of orgasmic horror,
As she watches the sky bleed.
Ivy covers the thorns of beguiled black roses,
And crumbling angels without souls to buoy them.
Windfall apples decay.
The rowan tree burns.
A witch's slaughterhouse is full of weeds,
Overgrown with nightmares.
A sign hangs on the iron gate:
ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE.

Paige Nielsen

The Green Faerie

Sinuously sloshing in a crystal chalice,
This green venom resembles unholy lust.
Pours into a golden cup, (aurum est potestas)
She's beckoning me, now.
Holding white granules of sugar.
My mother told me not to take candy from strangers.
I take a sip, intoxicated.
The lights flicker;
I can feel a chill in the air like fate.
Pupils dilate.
Emerald liquid, bitter and sweet,
Made of the dreams of lovers,
The breaths of babes,
The darkest desires of creatures untold.
This warmth in my veins is
A pleasant, vibrant hallucination.
But there's a reason they named it
AbSINthe.
I know in the morning nothing will remain

Of me.

Paige Nielsen

The Living Dead

Death is not something to be feared,
But channeled
Like an energy of entropy.
My heart is like a samurai
In that respect.
I embrace this solemn idea of death.
So many lives, reincarnated,
How many mine?
There's always one more ahead of you...
"don't fear the reaper, " says my stereo.
That's right, and I don't.
What is death but another aspect
Of the darkness within us all?
All things must die in their time,
To be born again,
Rise from the ashes of dissolution,
To find a new day.
The sun and moon weave that tapestry,
Le danse morte,
With every day and night.
Bask in its velvety touch,
Beyond good and evil,
Beyond love and heartache,
Beyond pain, humiliation,
Beyond yourself.
Welcome it with open arms,
And you will be strong,
Like the goddess you know you are.
Requiescat in Pacem.

Paige Nielsen

The Vampire

sinful
decadent
shameful
that's what they call it
the kind of life we lead
sleeping in the arid barrenness of day
dreaming behind blackout curtains
dreaming of—blood?
awake, deviants of the night
for Mistress Moon has rose
the stars are airily twinkling
over smog, graffiti, arson, crime
this city never sleeps
awake, O dark and suave denizens
chained to eternity
come and feast
on the necks of beautiful men and shapely women
in dark alleys we wait
to lure, stalk, pounce, rejoice
flecks of red nectar
splatter from our eversopointed canines
drip in streams, rivulets down our chins
oh! for our sins, the taste is delicate
so delightful, so irresistibly sweet
we drink of this, no one will miss
urchin beauties scavenging the dirty streets
emaciated artists searching for their inspiration
in disreputable motels
the city is undead, like us, it cares not for the living
as told by the droplets of encrusted blood on every motel's walls
she herself is one of us, casting a veil of shadow for us,
so that we may give unto ourselves, the hunt, the feast
a selfish race, we
The Vampire

Paige Nielsen

This Relationship Has Turned Into A Game Of Keep-Away

It is you who needs to evanesce, not I.
Your mirrored perspective is infectious,
nauseating.
You'd strangle me under the mistletoe,
if only I would swim close enough to bite.
But I'll keep my distance—
what you've got is catching.
Keep me out of your black-widow trends,
else death and ruin will come to you
on swift wings in the thirteenth hour.
Voodoo dolls will be laughing at your misfortune—
a nocturne, a requiem, your shrillest death-scream.

Paige Nielsen

Valentine Of Mine

You seem to have given up on caring
Your heart's pricklier than a Rose of Sharon
You shun all my adoration
You broke the mirror you hid your face in
Keep all your thoughts veiled from my sight
All my instincts screaming "flight! "
But I cannot release my faith
It silhouettes my soul as if a wraith
I cannot be still and content with this
You're father, son, holy ghost, and witness
I love you, I love you, I love you still
It is my soul that you do kill
Please mend my bones and crumpled heart
'Lest I am lost to Cupid's dart

Paige Nielsen

Who Are You?

I'm without a name,
faceless, faithless,
a myth unremembered through
the dawning sands of time—
but my thoughts are worth more
than your shiny, copper coins.
Now we'll all have our seizures,
empty kisses as the devil cheers
(it's just a coping mechanism) .
This violence allays the numbing sensations;
everybody has a season of pain.

Paige Nielsen

You'Re Dead

I went to your funeral
dressed in my favorite pair of jeans.
The mourners whispered sharply, even though
I dyed them to make them extra black.
I didn't cry.
I felt numb as the chill rain fell.
The fog imbued a sense of fleeting.
Solitude-standing by a grave,
your name was on it.
I couldn't believe the lie.
But there came from your oak coffin-
I heard a whispered voice,
a voice from a life so long ago.
Roses' thorns make me bleed
like my heart, till it's cast aside.
I stood there a long time.
I stood thinking-I told you he was
bad news.
But you adored him, thought he was
an angel in disguise.
Then, you trusted him, instead of me,
your best friend,
when he said he wasn't drunk.
I saw the car
(your precious baby)
shattered.
You're dead.
I turned and walked away.
As I walked, I cried.

Paige Nielsen