

Poetry Series

Princess LilyPad
- poems -

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Princess LilyPad()

NOYGDB.

A Mad Mad Mothers Mistake

Left left not right she's left
Took off in a flurry with vodka on her breath
Stepped on the gas, went south like it was her last step
And it was, for nightly there ever after she's softly wept

Tired of all the fixings she had worked to build
Filled with fear that she would never see beyond this windowsill
So she dreamed up a scheme and changed it all at will
Recklessly tearing down this home and mommys gone still

Children wail and husbands grieve
They never dreamed their hero would leave
But she took off to taste a buffet of life shed conceived
This is best for all her wasted mind perceived.

What horror story could be more frightening
Than leaving your babies alone to darkness and crying
Never understanding the night their mother flashed away like lightening.
If I said She holds good and right within I'd be lying.
She did this, throws herself at the mercy of angels left dying.

Princess LilyPad

A Minor Oversight

I have had a face my whole entire life
That fairly enchanted, my body swift and lithe
Eyes like a cat, lips like pillows plush
And with every next glance of an old man's greedy touch
To be grown up they said, was important now became all the rush

I have seen the labored breathing of old dogs
I did sashay down sidewalks in stuffed training bras.
I have used my tongue to draw juice from ice pops
And had to run away from offers of rides with raised rocks
But still only was i perfecting my best game of hopscotch.

It made my father cringe, as I grew into my curves
That he ignored me wasn't so bad what awaited was far worse
Some nights I would wonder in my nighty so sheer I'd peer
Wonder when the breasts I so anticipated would appear
I shouldn't have even asked, I should have cracked the mirror.

Because beauty, youth and desire as I quickly learned
Were the most valuable prizes to have at your nod's turn.
Never an education, self esteem or a degree to ever earn
No way no how, and eventually eighteen came n turned

And on it went and so it goed,
A beautiful girl well on the road
Smooched some frogs, a load of toads,
Til the day she turned forty three
And she looked at a man and he decreed
There was no more worth or desire for me.
Blinded by men, their slobbering promises and dirty deeds.
Farewell now, stricken down me, you were quite the lovely girl to see.

Princess LilyPad

An Elf On My Shelf

Small little feet little buns little hands,
The delicate bones that form a true baby grand,
Flecks of light that bounce from his boyish silken crown,
Of fine hazelnut hairs tousled all around.
Elfin like and bright, round head and pointy ears
Dimples so deep, half his cheeks disappear
Baby teeth gone now replaced by gummy grin
That in time, will be a smile highlighting an already devilish chin
With a blast of cheer he chirps from a heart yet drawn and old
"I'm just bursting with love for you, mama" yes, this to me he sparkingly told.
I entwine my gracious hands, through his yet now just growing limbs
And in that moment it's just me, an embrace, a mother's love and him.

Princess LilyPad

Bow Out Blues

Sometimes I'm a gypsy in feathers and rags,
I merely take a bow and there I do go.
Soemtimes I'm a lover of all things you have,
Then I take that bow and there I do go
Sometimes I'm queen bee of the right side of the street,
Of course the bow I take means there I do go.
Bometimes I'm the bum with liquor lips worn and beat,
My head screams bow out now, then there I do go.
Sometimes I love you for a moment or three,
Quietly I bow behind you, then there I do go.
Sometimes I am the mother that you need,
Restrained I drop into a bow, then there I do go.

But where do you go little big girl in this huge world?
When you really know there is nowhere left to run.
Swirling and twirling aned lashing out life uncurled,
Your running and running to no place that exists under this sun.
Oh and you just know they are after you for their own good,
Leave them all, run fast like the best and fastest gypsy roamer would.

Never look back however as the rotting wreckage reeks like sh\$%\$
And you'd never scratch yourself out of the hole in which you'd sit.
There is no coming back from the places you have abandoned
there is no remedy for the hearts you've crushed at random.
So keep on running until you've run out of people to hurt,
Better wear comfortable shoes as you'll kick up much of this dirt.
And when you tire and your back aches to hard to take a bow.
there I do go no better time than now.
Just know the best thing is finally knowing where you'll be tomorrow.

I wish you peace for your flight,
It's been such a long ass fight
I'm a girl without a place but I made it that way.
I leave and I leave again maybe this year, a month, today.
I am so very tired of loving them all and having to go.
I's a way to keep all the places I leave safe you know
I only bow out because I don't want you to meet the monster I know.
I will leave you breathless with no warning 10,000 days in a row.

It's always the same, I og and I am missed.
But eventually they all forgot I used to exist.
S sickened am I by it all, the whole human race,
I'm out again, don't forget my lovely laugh and face...

Princess LilyPad

Brain Flies

Forgotten up on a bench up where the hillside crests,
Wonder round these grounds with no friends or guests,
Lay down in the sun at least smiling at me from the west,
Are those vultures circling above? No need to guess...

Where is the beauty our lonely girl in rages rags?
Liken yourself to the willows slowly starting to sag
Cry out,
For god's sake, is this for what I was elatedly snagged?
To spend another day how it it lingers, drags.
Me, growing old, old. Damn sucked up surly hag...

Is it time, or is it me.
Who's dragging who around,
tick tock or my belief?
Time defies me to feel free
and I too often groan with defeat.

But im so aware its passing by me,
it becomes sheer misery.
So neither causes anything.
I'm just a sweating, screwed up, folded down nothing.

My brain is a unimaginable terror,
A torturous neverending emotional clock.
My brains most certainly been made in error
Scalding hot sidewalks of thought, lone I walk.

Princess LilyPad

Branded Bridal Blues

The lives of our times, these days anymore aren't so much ours, their yours and then their kinda mine,
The riddles in our rhymes, aren't so much sung for each other anymore, in fact, not most times
The lilt in our voices, have gone flat from too many untaken back swipes and further disrespectful choices
The grins we used to swap, are mostly drowned out by angered, juvenile and know it better than you voices.
But we see fit, to still commit. Mostly sad eyes and scowls are the grimaces that mostly now burn in fits.
I understand you are a man, and a macho man at that.
You've never hidden from me you're the guy who feels most comfy in your pimp hat.
And that you will slap a she if an old gal disrespects your hand and steps out of line.
An old fashioned cowboy, skirt chaser, filled with ideas from a more traditional time.
I thought at first it was brutish, a bit rogue perhaps it would take a lowering of her standards,
To be with this man she found fallen in love with, yet years later has allowed him to even brand her.
That happened quick, an idea of falling in love with a less than cultured partner. Happened faster than she would have taken to tell herself to run away even farther.
But you stepped in as my dad, walked me through, talked me through, stayed through my rehab and paid for our food.
And I keep staying and paying you back by leaving life behind to pace round the ranch and follow you.
You tell me you will keep me for good.
This is where I will live die and longingly stay, you shame me how I should.

You also told me in the same breath how you now hold a disinterest in me as a woman as I sat there today.
But you reassure you love me so let's just sit down for dinner and keep that part about our new roles clear.
I feel I have lost the desirable, vital, sexually charged woman within me here.
I'm befuddled and confused cuz I know there is still a man left in you.
I'm just a ghost here, a doll, not even that anymore that's right, that's true.
As I hear it, yes indeed i'm undesirable to you.

As I see it, you see me as scenery, company for now and when your new prop
comes around,
I'll be lost, but at least I'll find before I go where it is you buried me so far
underground.

Princess LilyPad

Damned On The Dunes

Seek me further lovers as I lie stranded on the dunes
Disillusionment is as normal as a fork to the spoon
Oft it is that my face it crinkles into the sun with regret
Never can I whisper proud about this that I let
Cast away all that has cut me to paperdoll size.
Breezes blow away the smallest butterflies
Now I'm a beast, a nympho a taker of hearts
And I would like the fair winds to just leave me apart.

Princess LilyPad

Dangerland Catcherman

When I tumbled sprat and fat down the hole,
Like Alice did and done changed her soul,
I glimpsed the funniest world anyone could know.
I couldn't fathom the cost, someone somewhere whispered, my son's name...
"cole.."

I saw funny people and sideways beasts,
I looked into mirrors that laid out fat liquored feasts.
For me? For me? A shining man held out treasures in fists
Yes, this and this and this, the word no don't exist.

Ahhh, fall backward into green clouds breathing pink,
The way the ringmaster rang out from within his rink,
Sounded like escape, but really brought maidens to brinks.
And so then Kings, Queens, Pages and Pawns all sink,
I see and use them all, for everyday, for everything.

Mired down a mirrored column, times a tearful million
All I smell is a mile of hope that turns into stillborn billions.
Thousands of pictures of herself, one third a willful sinner,
One could be your cronie, your dummy, your doll, your hero winner.

But tis no more the outstretched fist
Drunken are we only now on whimsical hopes and wist
Lots of no's and twisting all the lasses dreams insist,
princely they appear like a slipper of glass to maim and twist.

Catch me, catcherman, unknown as I bramble down the glass.
Catch me caterpillar, the worlds flashin by me - fallin fast.
The Pupae now is filled and fattened with puss,
No butterfly forth, no changing evermore I can trust.

Princess LilyPad

Depths Unfabled

Say one lie to them, and feel it in the pit
Say one lie to yourself, and hide it away
Perhaps weep
Shush it with sleep
Say one lie to your god or your nature's gift
Oh son, where can you step from such depths?

Like the hand that cradles a baby's neck
The wooden ramp half cocked on a ledge
A mostly scurried nest of leaves to hold you warm
These things are thin, barren and your lies have laid you there.
Precarious.

Rigor and strength
Lies and tricks
I'd like to take the first
First I gotta scratch outta this trench

If I say to you this time, I promise you'll be fine
And then I lick it up again
Your never going to find
The strength in your heart to believe me again
This I know
This I hold
But what we all hate and grieve on is the only thing I know.
Me, The monster that loves another
Is not here right now but, trust me he's an inner brother
That shakes me to the core, punches to the floor
And sits on the dreams I muster.
Please wait, yes... I'm quite near flustered
baby, I said I'm done now.
Will you close the door on your way out.
When I see you next let's hope this is all what it's not about.

Princess LilyPad

Fancy Dancer

Fable me, like your fancy dancer
Trouble me like the corner bum
Life ahead it stands to suffer
Drink me death from a bottle of rum
Twirl away from me like a twister
I follow but cyclone fences tend to blister
Fable me, like your fancy dancer
Trouble me like the corner bum.
Slide me down into some shelter
How hot the evil labored evening comes.

Princess LilyPad

Feast For A Faker

It's hard to say
What the whore knows
How the pure cry
How the graceful pose.
How do you sleep?
How is the faker?
Do virgins weep?
Do old maids wither.
Oh yes they do,
All saggy and worn
Broken up in bits
Ruined, f&%\$&, forlorned
Take out the trash
Keep the little ones
The girls, the girl stash
lucifer punch it stuns
Am I gross
Am I grateful
Am I host
Am I faithful
Are you here
No that's a shadow
Am I clear?
Oh how I wish I had known.

Princess LilyPad

Giving Up The Ghost

Polarized by a blanket of s\$%T
That covers every guilt, every glance, every pit
Fingertips, lips, slip and fit
Until its all it is and all that's it.

Licks like a million tongue strokes sour
Not unlike the restless tallying of countless hours
Seething sweetly she lays down and pardons her power
Surrenders to assuage sages in guarded towers.

Expression mine is a tale of lore,
Impeccably labored and haute couture,
Beacons of light that dance under moons unsure
Flirt and cavort anterior to invitation's door

Shadow people walk the length of the ceiling
And beastly it turns; and stands firm as its being
Time, time-its sprites defy me to cease it
My binding breath and second hand levers release it

The ghost, the ghost it revels happenstance before
Inebriated and courting death on the innkeeper's floor
Slip out of the restraints, but tie me up to which I adore
Regrets beg insistence, today I do give up the ghost once more.

Princess LilyPad

If I Was A Sheep

I want to relate a regret
I want to not lose respect
I have these hard things
I have these horrible things

I have these things
I hold these things
They usher me through
They pressure me to do

To do these horrible things
These things that would eat me alive
To do these sensible things
That would tempt me to survive...

All I wanna do is sing
All he wants me to do is something
All I wanna do is remembering
Well I guess I'll do something worth remembering

If it takes a day, or if it takes an hour
I'm alright, I'll fucking endure
I do that you know,
I like it that no one knows...

Secrets are hard
And they are best kept keep
If you live like a wolf with
Nooooo sleep
To eat the sheep...

Guard the lamb
Shield the prod
Make sure their safe!
Suffer to nod.

Something strange
Is making me reckon the stake
The stake I'll spear myself upon

If it means giving up the game....

Oh thank god.

It's almost all gone....

Oh thank god.

You're quite almost gone....

Princess LilyPad

Johnny

If I had to point you out in a crowd,
Designate your disguise,
I'd tell the wonderer to look amongst his peers
To find a magic man's eyes

If I had to describe you in a phrase
If I had to choose the words,
They would be so intimate
That I would write the words on a note
In invisible ink and place them in a safe deposit box and swallow the key.

If I I had to pick a part
Of the world and all its happenings
That I thought would show people
How tremendous you are, how large, how much you matter to me.
I would choose to show them the last day of their own lives.

Princess LilyPad

Let My Chagrin Begin

I am ruthless
Unfettered by cuteness
I am an empty rocking chair
Where a grandmother should sit
I am mean
And life is menial
I am an empty gas gauge
At the roaring starting line
I feel like I feel every bit
Too much so I don't give a shit
I am a dead dog on the doorstep
you're the pussy asses on parade.
I am dead clear
About the state of your intentions
You are the oysters I've opened
Only to find a load of turds.

Princess LilyPad

My Bad Man

Night sweats im on the bed
No twinkly stars seen with this head
Just a cold cold room
With you gone its just a room
And its cold baby

Whym I sittin here all lame
Wondering who your with
Is it all just a game in my head
Or should I call a locksmith

Cuzz baby your bad
And I am all over it
Guess I should say
I'm about to quit
But that aint true
The things you do
Make me all over it not over it lets just here that truth

I checked the clock again
It's nearly 3 am
And a woman with any sense
Knows the jokes at her expense.
Cuz nothing good goes on at three
Even the phone lines must be down cuz you shure aint textin me.
God I'm all over it
Wish I was over it
But I'm all in
Aint it a sin

To love a man
With a callous heart
But when I see him do what he does
My heart skips and it starts

What a bad bad man, I said
But I'm gonna keep him till one of us is dead.

Princess LilyPad

Nymph

Longing Little big baby boy, a real "love me! " loud lonely boy,
Loves a lovely lady girl, ladylove goes spry in kaliedescope curls

Lovelorn salt sobs, the dirty filthy little drips,
Pass down her body like a knife slicing smart little ribbon slits,

Hits of blood, my sacrifice, my remiss...and with this, my unobtainable dreams go
amiss....

See triple three waters like mirrors that bounce off pretty sad batting eyes,
In his image, behind her eyes, in her mind, his death it looms, he cannot see her
canceling out all sound.

Reveal yourself my king of regret, taker of nymphs and lady callers,
Do your glistening mirrors glow so bright, do the self righteous ever falter?

Glow tears that morph to make a sound, hear the trumpets sound for muses
Swish and whirl, in worlds of blame, my stitch in side it cowers
Under tearing shreds of hope, and in toppled lands of once fabled gold I peer to
meet a lover.

Sweetly swirling undertow. glug...glug...glug...

Princess LilyPad

Orange Juice Muse

In past tense,
You can see your sins
As clear as through the glass of OJ on the breakfast table
The pulp sticking to the sides
reminds-
Mishaps through pride, memories, people, merely pulp, left behind.

Disgusting remnants
Do you savor or do you swallow
Do you throw your waste down the drain
and give it to the trash tomorrow?

Or do you lick the leftovers clean
The flavor of it nauseatingly bitter
Or do you wait until someone sweeps it
Away from you-hoping it won't matter.

If I had it my way, I'd take it and smash it
Smash it horrible on the kitchen floor
I would need not see the tearing, the jagged edges, and the remnants
Of the things I have rejected, distained, destroyed today and forevermore.

Princess LilyPad

Papa

Summon me to sail on,
Delight in a fantasy good time song.
But papa you were there so I'm not moving on,
Oh papa, you were there, for me so strong.

Summon me to sail on,
God damn I wish I could for so long,
But papa you gave me food,
So good,
I owe you long.

Count the hours I owe,
Nevermind the grief it bestows
Keep telling me of how I grow
Under your thumb, to life I am a no friggin show.

Because I owe,
I'll never go
House warmth and food and bath
Cuz this, leaving is an idea of the past.

Summon me to sail on,
In my head I'm long gone son,
In my head I'm just one
But my body remains here, totally unsung.

Princess LilyPad

Peepshow

Oh my, how deep sockets of suggestion suck,
Into minds meaning for miracles to be plucked.
Suggestion, it's slithers, seethes, adorn the muck
What's become of a demon's dream, what the hell, what th...

A hazel eyed haze of hexes and hoaxes,
Cut from wool, damp her eyes as his calmly coaxes.
For the victor reigns vein, with fecies covered focus
Dark magic you might call it, real mind game hocus pocus.

Render the defender a zombie in a zoo,
Trickery, taunts, his daily tantalizing a sh#@ stew.
Of what my slut is it that sweeps you from the truth
Shes sure she knows truth
It's in the peepshow booth
Yet this still lackluster pulse in the veins and values of her youth.

Princess LilyPad

Seafoam Sociopath

Peering long into the Oceanside sky,
shit on by birds in flight,
Never me dare to wipe away the waste I so deserved,

Besides the sky is on my mind, zuma suns I've stared down are many now, I've
burned round eye splitting circular dots into my corneas.
When I close my eyes it's like a million spotlights burrowing into my brain.
Round and bright, Lit up Searchers, wandering about my mind, begging me to
throw sand in my face to hasten their demise.

Wicked am I, lolling around looking for a heart shaped shell
So I can gaze upon some symbol I only dare peer at a second at a time.
There, Fists enclose around the find.
Hearts can be black like this one killer shell, heartshaped perfect.
Holding regret, hope, desire, failure, joy, oh and wishful love.

My love, A fabled legend, my love is like a Yeti.
I grasp the shell so hard with an outcry at last.
Bitter feelings got the better of me and blood runs down from my palm, my fist.
I've lain bare here in the sand
for quite a spate on a beach with now fancy biting crabs
I've lain here for hours, just to feel the pinch and the shell slits
Because sometimes crabs and sharp shells
can remind you how the small the pain can feel.

Princess LilyPad

Shadowgirl

I die in our arms yet suffer no ill,
I squander hours in swarms,
bored but believing this trill.
Of fated, stated, real love musical swirl.
Hold me in this oft lame world
Even if I'm just some dumb thing you found girl.

People scream and banter and abuse and rage
From theirs we could tear a tattered page
And put it in our book of life
Instead lets look tomorrow and let me be your wife.

I live in our arms.
my form's at your will
I cry out for no restless harm
Sustain and just fulfill
Our fated and beaten love story still.
Hold me in this oft lame world
Even if I'm just your dumb brained girl.

I can almost smell the energy of adoration
I can almost put you out of your mind
I can almost cry out in sad anticipation
Of when your arms from me will unwind.

I wail in your arms,
I sob at the fullness,
Sound the alarms
To you I fully digress
Hold me in this oft lame world
Hold me as your majorly mental girl

At our lowest peaks of interest
There is still only one
Beast that can claim at best
My heart won, home and done.

I'll turn to dust in your arms,
Death now seems so silly a word

But when we lose our wordly charms.
My form will for all time be your shadow unfurled.

Just hold and twist your soul around me
Into forever and for long lost worlds.
I know that you belong with me.
Even if I'm just some dumb cracked up girl.

Princess LilyPad

Shattering Shames Unnamed

She secretly dances upon toes made of glass
wading stealth over thick bountiful fields of grass
The thickets and thorns over there in harrowing forests amass
Swiftly twirl and twist to miss the killer truthful path
That would shatter her footing and trumpet the deceiver of recent past.

Secrets lies stories and tall tall tales
Arrange a picture where within good fails
Your going to break, your stomach will drop, face will pale
Your evil doings will be revealed like a letter in the mail,
Slit the envelope of sins open and disgustingly regale
all the hidden truths of her soul for sale.

Princess LilyPad

Shine On Long Gone

There was a sick moon that hung lame outside my window. And i chatted it up one night after a tumbler of gin. Just in case that moon could see me. What if something was up there and found me! This nothing girl, a ragged, miniscule humanoid girl somewhere out there in this world not yet easily identified on earth as existing or within a flurry of dizzying animation. Oh, if that big cheeze ball up there could find me! me! I'd pull on my old brown shoes and climb the tumbling ladder up onto it's crater plated back to dwell in the validity and make his laziness become giddy lovely craziness...i swear i just saw a real life living moon and it winked once upon a minute straight at me.

Oh yes, i think it's so! So stumbling up, wobbly and punch drunk, I reached out and grabbed the moon's nightcap to swing about on. And The sliver moon just laughed. In it's space on stars sang clarity and I could fill my lungs with stars that would simply burst out of my chest in giggles and starbursts, skittles and surely this was not inebriation but celebration. Swinging akin to being shot out of a cannon windswept as I orbited what astronomers could only perceive as a miraculous anomaly. As that crusty old once lazy grinning moon, well, it then shined on me like a crazy supernova. Head to toe I was illuminated. Diamondlike. Beautiful.

But alas, as my paste laden eyelids greeted the morning sun violating me through a forgotten shutter neglected and wide open...wake up star girl. It's time to come back. And as I approach for reentry I just burst into flames. Flames that turn on me and burn on me. A sickness that seems to riddle me with internal bleeding lesions. No hangover feels more ferocious. Sober I just seared my connection to celestial beings. Waking up now. Why always the fire, burning me out of joining the fresh and secure atmosphere that for you is abound and for miles and miles all about you?

Stumble to be bathroom and dare to peer at my likeness now...after my head re emerges from under the rusty faucet as i gulp copious amounts of dirty sink water because look, my damn mouth sticks to itself and my tongue is rough like beef jerky. In the reflection, I'm disappointed how small i radiate. a pin point on an ants patchwork quilt. Just turn the knife and scoot along. Your day here on earth it waits.

Princess LilyPad

Snowflakes Are We

Leaves fleeing from the trees
Like the birds movin on across the skyline
The blankets of glistening white glasstine.
Sprawls out and covers everything that's yours and mine.

Here at home
Let's stay inside for awhile
Get cozy by the fire
And My love you may tire

But look out the glass
I layed my eyes upon a flake
Unique unto itself
Is it you, I chuckle past..

But the crisp air about our playground
Buried in those one of a kind drops from the sky
Looked prettier and more special
Before you caught my eye.

Welcome to winter in paradise my love
Let's go outside in the chill and smell the air a while
Just to get a little cold yeah just enough
So I'll warm you once again inside just to make you smile.

Princess LilyPad

Stage Fright, Nervous Nights

Look at me up here exposed, shoving my whole spirit straight at you
Look at you in the audience low and loud, swaying to my groove
Clap clap clap, rush to set up a rats trap
Praise me in Kudo's, Bravos and more
When ears believe the stroking
I stop trying to leave, stop apartment poking
Sealing me inside the house I shy away from what feels like bolted doors but
they are wide open.
And when you rock back n forth with a confident capture, I'm then the star
missing on the stage
For all you care I'm there, I can curl up and die. Your secure I'm here your sure
and shift back in shades of rage.
What color performance are you waiting for?
You've seen me within your validations radiate pure white
When black scenes bring your misogynistic hate I get ideas again to take flight
So you batten down the hatches again with compliments and gifts so sweet
When am I going to learn it will always turn black and just for me, for me, I CAN
be free.
Yes the colors of black and white live here, but blood red is sure to make a
cameo if I don't get out somewhere.

Princess LilyPad

Survey Said!

100 men who would just have to look,
100 men who would in games have mistook
100 men that I'd make smile but disappoint
100 men who'd never get to my private point

Because I don't care what smiles or jive you bring
Of life I've learned a many thing
And if I could single one thing out
It's how I hate a lovers mouth.

Such tongues with charms and vociferous lies
Don't go down in my books for dizzy worthy cries,
But stand as almost hateful in their conquest
And I cry out, "for this, for this, I gave my best? ! "

My best, my best what does that be? ?
A trifle try at romance, only to find jealousy.
I want to be, want to be just a smile for you to meet.
Not a flower to be plucked and plunged down unseen.

Princess LilyPad

The Faker

Chances dance happenstance
And the truth knocks lightly.
Feet move faster to keep up with the dance,
Risky, furious and mighty.

Masquerade away the minutes,
I'll camouflage the burden of your truth.
Quickly now, you should finish,
Before I catch the body beneath you.

Lovers peek out from red sheets,
Just before I whisk through the door,
A perfect god for me shall someday weep,
Whilst receiving the testimony of whores.

Princess LilyPad

The Poetry Clock

On paper it becomes fact
On paper it stares back
On paper we are stricken
With the facts that demand as well as take
A lifetime to be written.

Princess LilyPad

The Silent Doll

I could blow,
I wouldn't dare
If I make a move
I know you are there.
I can't speak
I'm a doll
If I speak
You'd fault it all.
And choke me out
Push me down
Make me foolish
A talking clown.
Cuz you can't move
Unless you're right
You'll punch holes
That's not nice.
No one here.
Hears me say
Stop it love
I'm tired today.
You are wrong and broken
I will someday shudder long
Bout all the words you spoken
Took my soul right out its home.
Good luck now
You best believe
You took me down
And then you'd bleat
You need it all
You cannot love
No one will call
Save daddy above
Oh sure you'll walk
Into the next
Girl riddle you set
And unless
You stop hiding
From what you hate
Which is yourself cryin

how alone your fate.

Princess LilyPad

The Sixth Sense In Your Pants

My eyes gaze upon you
Memorize every dip and angle
Know it all and say now forever
Deborah's seen your face
and its not going away tonight
nevermore until the ends of my life.

I've traced your sinewed back
even slumped over your toned shoulders
Then lovingly slipped, my arms into you
Well why they don't fall inside makes me wish
But wishes spend wasted minutes
wishing I could go hide right inside you to finish

To be inside you. My my my how does it feel
Cuz all I can do is see hear smell taste touch
but on the wrong side
its a thrust of clean inhale
and quick then raspy exhale
sad my sensory system stops goes stale

Slide into me baby. Protect me if In fear I cower.
Slide right up above me. My very own watchtower.
Come inside and burst free at the first sign of danger especially a perverted
game.
Cover me. Comfort me. With my frail hands I pinky swear the same.

So I breathed how does it feel to you
In the dark, the gut rings tones of nasty
just the kind I starve to hear, lips to breast pass me
senses? I can only sense with five
your entrance in to me gifts you six
Your lucky in that way, you know to have a d! @#.

We both wonder with a slowly lazy gaze
Should I move or should I lay,
is it love with vibes amazing
or is it naughty play into which I am gazing
You decide

I let you decide

But whatever it be whatever way we touch
Fall into me, fall into me and let me hear you.
Like a song that no one but me hears and as such.
Fear not the throes of jealous rants and ruin
Lie down, lie down in comfort, sister take that much.

No one's taken. We are here. Right now is all we have.
Come close now, and further
but now again close and its over and over.
Beautiful man, description of a man.
Hard, wild and free and inside me.
Arms steely, true grit, worn down dangerous hands breathing.

finish me, finish you, we fingered just truth....

Cuz I am half eaten by wolves.
But I'm also still half pure and free.
Love is easy. Just Slay the beasts.
Living inside us are humans.
And Sorry is a word with a long pretty history.
We live from the outside in or maybe inside out
But always inside. Life tastes sweet.

Princess LilyPad

The Wearing Of The Green Dress

The Wearing of the Green Dress

Akin to the red rumbling fire you imagine rolls inside a boiling kettle

A drop kick to the lumbar of my spine, the lower region that makes me want to
s\$#t

Restless mind a guttural slicing mad dash turns across the frontal lobe

You murder us but my heart is still beating

Because you told me I could be great. Except all this- but for this.

slashing sashes through humiliations blanket for ribbons of shame

That adorn me as I walk roads littered with thorns.

How my desire creeps up and throws a wish upon you.

You could be great, oh so great.

In truths that seethe, slither just within my grasp

Slipping through my hands slipping off your mask.

Princess LilyPad

Truthful Fleas

Cotton filled ears and sewn tight lids,
Hear nothing at all, see not what tis.
Smash the glass as the mirror laughs
The reflection screams, "Oh what an ass! "
Come here he said,
I reached out as he led.
Into fields filled with fraught,
I listened closesly all for naught.
Cuz songs of truth were never born
But I was worn haggard, hunched and worn.
Go on weave me a blanket of lies,
I dare never to rip off your disguise.
I'll sew my eyes shut,
And make sure ears are cut.
I'll get down on my knees,
And roll with the fleas.
That pester me to scratch,
the truth despite the lies he has skillfully hatched.

Princess LilyPad

Under Roofs Of Rage

Hurts hurled from a childhood netherworld
Blames that lay shame about this shepards herd
Guilt glistens sharp with every accusing word
No clean sounds can be sounded, yelled or merely heard

From where it comes, it roars forth from
A lions mouth with lies born south some
South of hell, the angels still yell to come
But I'm alone to fight from sure backward redrum.

Princess LilyPad

Unwind My Nevertime

There is a stupid clock on the wall
And I want to know who the creep is that keeps winding it.
But everyplace I go it ticks
So it's not that jerks fault at all
God it keeps on going and now I see the minutes
More like they are gone even before they come
So im sucked into the past
spat out of the present
and suspect of the future.
Because I can't pin it down.
I can't say I live "now! " cuz then that second is gone.
In the second it took to say "now! " A second past again.
No "now! " And then that bitch is gone too.
And now All those nows are in the past.
And I just can't grasp
A second to live
Without thinking they are all gone already.
And I'm stunned.
Death is far nearer than I anticipated.

Princess LilyPad