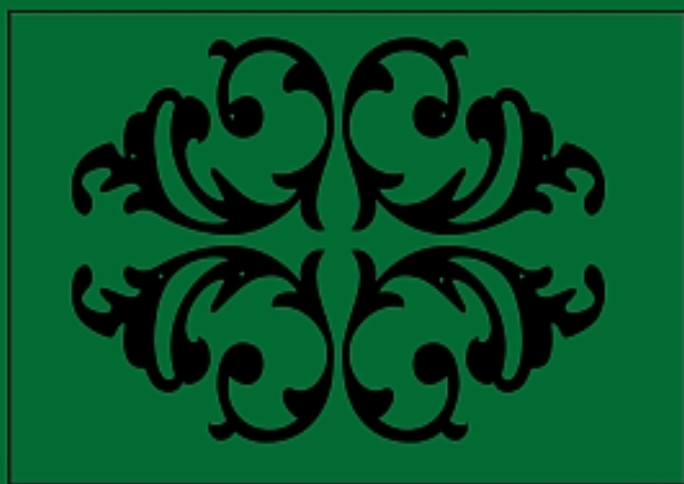


NaPo WriMo



2009

Poetry by
Ofira Sephiroth

NaPoWriMo 2009

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Life's Game

April 1, 2009

I play solitaire,
Wednesday - four others
join, sharing life -
hidden secrets - baring
lies, bonded queens.
We leave through double
doors, wake behind battered
walls. Lights glorify good days,
darkness envelopes Thursday
through Tuesday. We struggle,
words fail, tears fall -
five return every Wednesday
to play life's game -
solitaire.

Man

April 1, 2009

The sky bled at dawn.
Thunder held its tongue,
glory and damnation united
under broken clouds.
Earth opened - hands reached
for living souls.
Condemnation blew deaths' harp
welcoming crumbling mountains,
acidic rivers.
Flesh cries, hands sacrifice.
On knees, in awe - glory, damnation
worship what's begun - man.

Natural

April 1, 2009

Varied eyes awaken my heart.
Crawling for time, Jon begs
with one knee, stealing my right hand -
the left one Paul holds.
One night, vacancy accepted Michael -
Bruce soon followed beginning
an unwelcome chase, failing to crush
love from a lustful heart.
Natural - my knack for seduction.

Withdrawn

April 1, 2009

The candle burns, smoke
awakens an ashtray, lined
cigarette butts - a military
standoff has begun.
One wick bathes in ash -
I crave what's been withdrawn.

The Other Side

April 2, 2009

It wasn't me you were holding,
kissing. Smiles still shine
through the glass window.
Like a mirror, I gazed
upon a soul, longing
for your tender hand.
Under the street lights,
glancing at beauty
in the making - it was I
on the other side.

The Problem With Wednesday

April 3, 2009

Woden wars every hour,
deaths' hand adjusts the clock
of time - advancing slowly,
I never hear Mercury's cockerel.
The sun and moon,
in all their glory, dance
with flesh that abstains
in commemoration still I attribute
bad weather to a day that embraces
long hours - welcoming natures' fury.
Ash brings holiness, spy welcomes
deception. Black overshadows orange,
yellow, green where magic is found.
In the middle stands twenty-four
unnamed sins. Lucky am I
to make it through Wednesday.

Three
(Inspired by Macbeth)
April 3, 2009

Abide darkness, chaos, conflict.
Witnesses - they appear, vanish.
Sweet tidings, delightful power -
upon this throne, I'll reign.
Amidst the air, I grace the night
conjuring darkness, chaos,
conflict - I crave. Knowledge
grants dreads anticipation.
Three show prophecies,
harbor secrets - apparitions
entertain, erasing my hour.
Temptations' surmise
welcomes times' sword.
Cursed are three sisters,
goddesses of destiny -
foul and fair - appear, vanish.

Snake

April 4, 2009

Never mundane, I am
the double-edged sword,
slithering - cunning is ambivalence.
Shedding skin, I offer rebirth
to willing souls.
Hidden among tombs, I guard
precious treasures -
within the forest, nature bears
witness to deceitful lies.
The wisest of all -
I am divine.

Warm Stone

April 4, 2009

I fall for cinnamon and brown sugar,
a tongue that teases - tempting vixens,
ruthless maidens - stilettos black.

My saturated soul awaits arresting
auburn lips, mocha flesh -
just one touch, I beg on knees
crawling towards caramel legs,
inviting thighs - from behind,
you feel warm stone.

Disconnected

April 5, 2009

Finesse - you flatter yourself
denying my pain.
Heartless the one that scatters
seeds, squandering loves' gift.
Unforgiving is my hearts'
inflammation - unbelievable
the journey I've taken
to welcome an understanding
hand while kissing flagrant lips.
My soul orbits Hell
trying to reconnect with a heart
that conserves its tears.

Freedom
(Maggie L. Walker National Site)
April 5, 2009

Walking through generosity's door
emotions overflow. One woman
of strength overcomes barriers
to succeed. Teacher, humanitarian,
businesswoman - prosperity
holds no racial boundary
for the educated soul.

As tears fall, I grasp onto history's
truths and welcoming promises.
As a smile forms, the realization
that achievement can be obtained
envelopes my barren heart,
suffocating past failures.

Walking out the door,
I pass many frames, each holding
freedom's grace, destiny's courage -
an answer to questions
never asked. I have a voice -
I have a choice with freedom.

Precious Memories

April 5, 2009

Forever basking in your
Ray of Sun,
I cherish
Each moment -
Nothing can separate
Dreams from reality.
Standing side by side, a
Helping hand to hold -
I'll always have
Precious memories.

Misfortunate Souls

April 6, 2009

Misfortunate soul,
unaware what you're lacking.
Sense of humor - plentiful,
impeccable sense of fashion.
Wrapped in show and tell,
common sense reaches its hand
still you parade around unaware
that intelligence is a gift
offered to all, taken by few -
never by you.

The Inviting Sky

April 6, 2009

Clouds darken inviting my eyes.
Visions unfold of matrimony
between the sky and my presence.
Dreams awaken behind a sun
feeding fruitful soils -
dancing with nature, nurturing
smiles. I abide within the sky
where visions unfold
and dreams awaken.

Still Beautiful

April 7, 2009

Holes appear after rain has gone.
One playful guise to blame -
I dare not chastise.
My beautiful diamond
is on a mission - searching
for forbidden treasures.
One peak through a flowing curtain
brings her journey to an end.
Walking into the house,
muddy footprints appear
on freshly cleaned floors.
As angry as I am, all I can do is look
into those big brown eyes
and say "As dirty as you are,
you're still beautiful".

Daily Walks

April 8, 2009

I rejoice in the morning, shaking
off the nights' reign. To the right,
one stretches, awaking the beauty
inside. Outside, the sun shines
brightly lighting the path to enjoyment.
Bathe, dress, smoke, leash, key,
lock back door - open front.
Our journey begins.

Quiet streets welcome our soft
patterns. Aligned - we are one -
unison invites treats of thankfulness.
Around the corner, I await slow
drivers. Slowly we make our way.
Expectation of an enjoyable
morning wash away as the others awaken.

Growling from the left, barking
from the right, two remain
in the middle of a never-ending
turf war. Tranquility returns
down an alley, quickly diminishing
as the king appears - my beauty
now the beast struggles to break free
from our once glorious unison.

I pull, she fights - our walk,
now ruined. Returning home,
open front door, kick off shoes,
take of leash, open back door.
She exits, I smoke -
somehow the walk
was worth the effort.

Splinter

April 9, 2009

I don't remember the tender stage
of life - it holds no meaning.
There are glimpses of a past
held by a few. He touched
me there again, I still can't recollect
the image. An unknown presence
haunts my existence -
causing my mind to splinter.

Cautious

April 10, 2009

Death crawls, welcoming
hands embrace. Never attentive
but still there - I remain
wondering why you disappeared.
Plentiful gifts of sensuality -
taken for granted, caution
awakens bringing a heart
that forgives - never forgets.

Last Friday April 10, 2009

Forsaken shadows embrace
painted nails, leather skin.
Smearred lipstick on pillow,
tattered hair, torn shirt -
disgrace smiles on shame,
holds hands with guilt.
The sun shines brightly
after a storm - raining
vodka, tequila, absinthe -
I still can't remember
last Friday.

Many Names

April 10, 2009

I go by many names,
answer to one.
Call me Sam, Brandon,
Isabella, Missy -
my tongue dare not return
the favor. I only answer
to one.

Paradise

April 10, 2009

My sanctuary begs for return.
Daily adventures tire a mind -
weary I grow, fighting forces
of nature - welcoming distress,
turning from unnecessary
attention. Evenings are tranquil -
a solitary life has benefits
for those needing an escape,
freedom from environmental
hatred. Home is my solitude -
no hostility exists in paradise.

Single-Use

April 11, 2009

Single-use, non-digital -
I need a lifetime guarantee.
Parties and events confine
a calendar - no longer breathing,
an album screams for relief.
I crave something new - fresh,
hot off the presses - a little
snapshot of time. I walk
down aisles, tempted to purchase
forever's glory - my wallet
will never unite with digital bliss.

So We Decided To Run

April 12, 2009

“Freedom has wings,”
she said - one ear listened,
the other heard birds chirping
with the winds’ rhythm.
“Heaven serenades heavy
hearts,” she said - we wanted
to escape like prisoners
reaching for the hand of immunity.
Every tree sways to a beat -
our feet drums the meter
of frustration - every inch
exhausting, reaching for the wings
of freedom, so we decided to run.

Epona's Beauty

April 13, 2009

Through meadows I glance
upon Epona's beauty.
Knighting myself, I exercise
caution. Bangtail awakens,
I stand smiling - in the presence
of honor, I kneel before
the glass case, anxious
to add another to my collection.

Shattered

April 14, 2009

I once kissed damnation -
lips that echoed broken
promises. Wisdom hides
behind shattered mirrors -
my hearts' reflection
rests in each shard.

Presentiment
(Inspired by “Admonition” by Sylvia Plath)
April 15, 2009

When I fall,
my petals awaken
inside shallow attempts
of withering
a flowered garden.

When I cry,
barren fields
replenish. The sun-filled
sky sings songs
of loves' redemption.

When I wake,
the hovering moon
shall fade away,
bringing light to a
blinded heart.

Green

April 16, 2009

Emeralds glisten in a hand
reaching for rubies - precious
jewels of kings. Unsatisfied
eyes conjure visions
of tomorrow's reality. Envy
peaks through sheer curtains -
my soul craves hidden treasures.
There's never enough riches
within my palace.

All I Want Is An Answer

April 17, 2009

I am barren - plantless
soil births questions.
Unrecognizable praise
disregards my bitter tongue.
Shallow words swallow
speech - buried under
your image, I drown
in my own awakening.
Wandering through time,
challenging your sovereignty -
I am barren without
an answer.

Can Only Get Better

April 18, 2009

“Stop jumping” - why do these words
part cursed lips? Two ears never hear
still my hand reaches for the black
coated monster. The broom and I sing
in unison, sweeping miss cotton tail -
wagging, “Look at the way she’s wagging
her tail” - a happy little bugger -
how can one be so destructive? Licking
my hand, a sign of so many things -
a nurturer, I’ve become a loving mother,
when not yelling - “Get out of there”,
“Give me that”, “Stop biting the cat”...
things can only get better.

Opportunity

April 19, 2009

Over there is
Pleasure,
Pain surrenders
Over here.
Rains quench
Thirsty mouths,
Unbitten tongues
Negate courage.
In and out,
Tested - tried,
Your soul decides.

Truths I Deny

April 19, 2009

Twisted words bellow
underneath silk sheets.
Unpleasurable lines tell
tales of truths I deny.
His love unique -
like puzzle pieces falling
on my battered flesh,
broken bones return kisses -
angry arms invite forgiveness -
my lips greet your unforgettable
rage, your tongue the blade
that severs two hearts.
I return, denying truths -
over loves' disguise.

When It's Over

April 19, 2009

Wallow in self-pity,
Heated words
Emit from
Negligent lips.

Ignorance
Tempt
Sour tongues.

Ordinary madness
Vents frustration.
Even I
Ride angers' tide.

Jealousy awakens
Under a sunny sky, your
Storm windows' eye
Taunts shattered spirits.

Bend at the waist,
Ovation awaits
When it's over.

Unified

April 20, 2009

My soul seeks unity
with temptations' yoke.
Throw stones as the maker
awakens - dust
greet tears, masking
hidden pleasures.
Cloak falls on shoulders,
heavy-loaded hearts
bleed - my lips taste
the unholy chalice
as I drink from resurrected
flesh. I awaken
a unified soul.

Haiku

April 21, 2009

Escaping life-force
hidden from the burning sun;
Winter welcomes death.

Dividends Of Madness

April 22, 2009

Flooded minds embrace numbers,
dividends of madness beckon.
Degree-filled wall contemplates
paths chosen - my strong points
erase dreams. Add a little
here, subtract from life -
audit aspects of existence.
My pen separates the balance
of reality from life's riches.

My Lollipops' Rue

April 23, 2009

Lollipops dance on rainbows
curtailing the sequence
of fallen tears - torrential,
your deluge smothers.
Breathless altercations
unveil slumbering secrets,
compromising confrontations.
Embarrassing, I entertain
my ego's triumph -
arrogantly flaunting,
acerbity silently voices
condonation - teasing clouds
with mixed emotions.
My anger dances on rainbows,
never tasting pain -
my lollipops' rue.

Determination

April 24, 2009

Determination draws a line -
standing at one end, I recapture
agony's path - footprints of courage.
Twelve long years - sorting,
stamping, delivering - for three,
filing, typing for nine. No
looking back - keep moving,
striving for something better -
advancement captured,
sitting at the top -
crossing determination's line.

Welcome Home

April 25, 2009

One click of the mouse
brought two together.
First glance - confined,
heartbroken at five months.
Early Friday morning -
companionship is found.
Inseparable - loyalty
and love override hate,
abuse. Once rejected,
open arms and hearts
welcome you home.

Confinement

April 26, 2009

Caged heat,
Oblivious - lust
Never rests.
Fornication,
Iniquitous
Nonsense -
Embraceable is love.
My confined heart
Escapes, welcoming
Nights'
Temptation.

Fading Romance

April 26, 2009

“Where are the candles?”
escape lips, welcoming romance.
“In the bag” returns his sweet
melody. One bag, search begins -
no candles. A piece of paper
surrenders to tiled floors.
Possible receipt - unfolded
disgrace. “What are you doing?”
beckons my glance - “Looking
for the candles.” Red has always
been loves’ color. “I though
you said sandals!” flows
from a stuttering tongue.
Romance slowly fades as I
lay one fallen note on the counter -
“Who’s Brenda?”

Natures' Destruction

April 26, 2009

Without
Initiative, I
Levitate above
Dust.

Inching closer to
Serenity -

Time
Hovers,
Erasing motion.

Withering souls
Idolize
Natures'
Destruction.

Poetry

April 26, 2009

Deceptive like held hands,
fornicating with lustful eyes
while embracing the hearts' desire.
A snapshot of time like haunting
memories of unrequited love,
unforgiven past lives.
Contemplative of deaths'
approaching promise.
Ever-changing as time
advances - poetry.

The Right Home

April 27, 2009

Shackled to Hells' domain,
on a mission to find one house.
Perfection doesn't exist,
not what's craved - a roof
above and firm foundation
below. Signs plastered,
digits scream out "take me".
Never enough money.
A mansion in the sky
is non-existent - I seek reality,
four secure walls with enough
room for privacy. A life I long
to hold - is it obtainable?

One Heart Questions

April 28, 2009

My smiles embrace the cunning
tongue that mates with lies.
Hiding your true burden,
behind closed doors I remain blind.
I've never stopped to answer
what my heart questions.

With one too many questions,
my mind forsakes, quite cunning
seeing how I beg for an answer,
for your crippling lies
to vanish - why, my blind
devotion hinders truth, carries a burden.

Not mine, but your burden -
the one that questions
whether love is real. My blind
eyes only see your face, that cunning
glance of hazel that helps me forget the lies
you've told - how fast you answer.

What do you answer?
Not what I ask. The burden
of proof is mine alone. I sleep with lies,
trusting comfort instead of the questions
that keep me pacing. Your intelligence - cunning,
charming - I see beyond but remain blind.

I'm enraptured, controlled by the blind
light your presence permits. I answer
myself in my mind. One cunning
man passes for wise in my eyes - now my burden
is you. I ask justifiable questions
and your return more lies.

I accepted your lies,
passed them onto a blind
heart that trusts and never questions.
Now it begs for an answer
to escape this burden,
not mine but yours, quite cunning.

You're quite cunning, getting me to believe your lies.
Temptations' sword greets my burden, gouging passion from a blind
heart that dares to answer what love questions.

Never Kiss And Tell

April 29, 2009

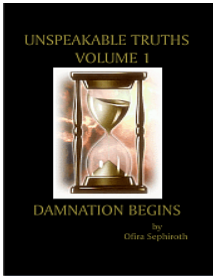
Sewn lips, severed tongue -
I can not speak of loves'
calling - my hearts' longing.
Once in your arms, he begs
for serenity. Tranquil
nights whisper sweet melodies
of silence, confined hearts
unite crossing passions'
narrow path where we kiss,
embrace, make memories -
erasing your presence
was never intended.
My friend, her man -
never kiss and tell.

Goodbye Love

April 30, 2009

Words fail,
each glance shatters
any chance of escape.
How do you say
goodbye to the one
you love.

Also By This Author



Unspeakable Truths, Volume 1

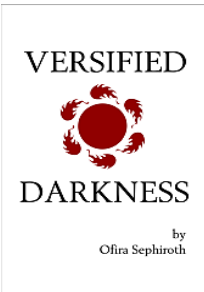
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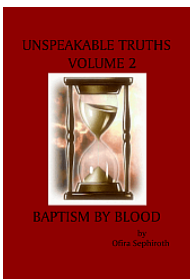
Versified Darkness

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