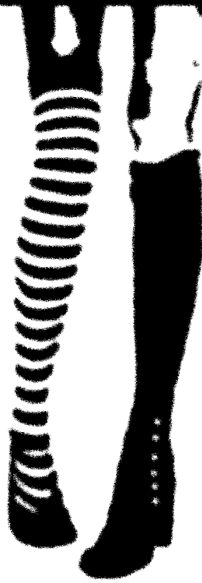


*Your Sugar Tits
Untouched*

teatime poems
by

Emilie Autumn





This Book Belongs To:

*and if you should take it and not bring it back,
I'll poison your tea...*

Does anyone even read poetry anymore?

Your Sugar Tits
Untouched

*Your Sugar Sits
Untouched*



teatime poems

by

Emilie Autumn

Some selections first published in 2001 under the title
“Across The Sky & Other Poems by Emilie Autumn”.

Copyright © 2001, WillowTech House

Current edition Copyright © 2005, WillowTech House

All rights reserved.

Accompanying audio recording Copyright © 2005, WillowTech House

All rights reserved.

Cover and publication designed by Emilie Autumn.

Photographs of EA by EA.

Audio recorded at the Asylum.

Engineered, mixed, and produced by EA.

Original music by EA.

Emilie Autumn

www.emilieautumn.com

Traitor Records

www.traitor-records.com

WillowTech House

www.willowtechhouse.com

Contents

1. GOODBYE
2. THE DAY YOU LOVE
3. AT WHAT POINT DOES A SHAKESPEARE SAY
4. BLACKBIRD SONNETS
5. CONSTANT
6. GHOST
7. HOW TO BREAK A HEART
8. RANT 1
9. IN PRAISE OF CYRANO
10. SO MANY FOOLS
11. THE BALLAD OF MUSHROOM DOWN
12. THE ONE
13. SPACE
14. ALAS (THE KNIGHT)
15. A LETTER FROM A FRIEND
16. A PLEA TO THE DYING
17. CLOSE
18. DREAMS
19. EVERYBODY'S GIRL
20. EMPTY
21. HOMESICK SONNETS
22. RANT 2
23. LITTLE BOY
24. SMIRKING GIRL
25. TRY MY BEST
26. NEARER THAN YOU
27. THE MUSE
28. THE MUSIC I HEARD ONCE
29. IF YOU COULD ONLY KNOW
30. FUNNY HOW THINGS CHANGE
31. I DIDN'T MEAN YOU
32. IF
33. VISIONS
34. BY THE SWORD
35. DIDN'T
36. IF YOU FEEL BETTER
37. TWO MASKS
38. WHAT RIGHT HAVE I
39. WOMAN
40. I CRIED FOR YOU
41. RAPUNZEL SONNETS
42. NEVER TASTED TEARS
43. JUMP THE TRACK
44. ON ARTISTIC INTEGRITY
45. MANIPULATION

Goodbye

And so I've said too much and not enough
 And so the play is finally at an end
You never had the care to call my bluff
 And so I must be pleased to be your friend
But what then was the purpose of this game?
 I never really had a chance to win
It's true, I rather like who I became
 But what am I to do with who I've been?
For I may wish to meet myself someday
 Among the ashes of a fire long dead
To see my shadow there and hear it say
 That it was happy with the life it lead
What emptiness awaits me? This I fear
 Far more than any peril I might face
My purpose in this world became less clear
 When you were taken from your cherished place
Within my wishing heart and went your way
 So willingly it almost makes me ill
To think it never crossed your mind to stay
 Pushes the dagger deep, completes the kill
And yet how much of this was done by me?
 Had I the courage would you still have flown?
How sad to think this was not destiny
 But my mistake, yet how could I have known?

Now here is my dilemma, as it seems

Do I accept the score that fate has set
And calmly watch the passing of my dreams

Or do I dare to place another bet
That where the curtain falls another rises

If I am wrong then strike me for my sins
But I believe our acts and thin disguises

Were but a prologue to what now begins...



The Day You Love

Remember and tell me, the day you love
 Behind a veil of tears
How dreams as these you dreamt not of
 And thought to pass your years
More peaceably than others do
 Devoid of common pain
Your own company pleased you
 And as you heard complain
Of those small hurts that never heal
 And scar their victims deep
You oft' proclaimed your heart could feel
 No love and sought to keep
Your perfect brow untarnished by
 The sorrow you would save
Your perfect lips unvarnished lie
 To kiss might thee enslave
Protected are thy limbs. No fear
 Of deeds unseemly grasp thee
Directed by thy perfect ear
 No words could hope to clasp thee
Indeed thou will not be enshrined
 Will honor no man's name
But in disdain you are, you'll find
 Enshrined all the same

In your defense, you say not so
 When standeth thee accused
Of hatred for mankind, but O
 How hast thou been abused
That such a mortal fear could frighten
 All your nature wills
So much so that what might enlighten
 Passion, pity kills
And cannot bear to look upon
 A soul you have enraptured
With cruel haste you bid begone
 The fools you have encaptured
Mistake me not. It is unjust
 For every lovestruck squire
To claim a heart he hasn't won
 But what of your desire?
Can'st thou pretend within thy breast
 A beat was ne'er misplaced
And lost somewhere? Dost thou but jest
 To say thou never traced
With trembling fingertips the image
 Of a foreign shore
Embarking on a pilgrimage
 To where none touched before?

The most deluded eyes could see
 Thou harbor'st in thy frame
A store more rich than most should be
 In every sense's flame
That thou dost feel I know it well
 That thou dost weep I'll swear
That thou dost love I'll live to tell
 If thou would only dare
Remember and tell me, the day
 You love beyond all this
What truth within my counsel lay
 And thank me with a kiss.



At What Point Does A Shakespeare Say

At what point does a Shakespeare say
I feel its time I write a play
What subject shall it be today
A tragedy I've done

Lovers twain have been united
Audiences are delighted
No doubt I shall soon be knighted
Royal fame I've won

The Queen has come to every show
And, flattering, she feigns to know
A couplet from a verse, also
A refrain from a rhyme

But the ones I aim to pleaseth
Most of all upon my kneeseth
Are the folk who cough and sneezeth
Through my prose sublime



Blackbird Sonnets

Sonnet I

How shall I fly when feathers be not mine
 Though all my wishes skyward do attend?
How tie my wounded heartstrings safe to thine
 So thou to me, like sun to moon, descend?
Or if thou wilt not bend thy starry frame,
 Wishing to keep thy brow o'ercrowned with mist,
I'll rise so that thy place shall stay the same
 But will not then depart from heights unkiss'd.
For bargains may be struck and kept with pride
When lovers from their just demands ne'er hide.

Sonnet II

My lover's eyes are darker than the moon
 Or are they brighter? I cannot decide.
His tender voice makes other's out of tune
 And shows me how I cannot them abide
His movements are of more than feline grace
 His hands are soft and pale as ivory
And though I've rarely seen a stranger face,
 More perfect looks I should abhor to see
For others may be pleasanter in part
But all my love remains a work of art.

Sonnet III

How is it that I smile when I am sad?

From what resource do I derive this strength?

I've lost none but a thing I never had

To keep it would I go to any length

But distance is not measured in a heart

So I could weep and say that I've been wronged

And yet, as ever, be so far apart

From him to whom I swore that I belonged

Alas, I blame as though he were untrue

I loved him but, poor fool, he never knew.

Sonnet IV

If all you love I am, as I am quite,

Then why dost thou not love? Dost thou not see

A plainly perfect match? If thou art bright,

Then why, when thou dost love, love'st thou not me?

Instead preferring someone far removed

From all you claim to most admire? I would

Commit you as a lunatic if proved

Thus mad you were my ward for your own good.

And yet I'm making light of my own pain

Because I finally love, yet love in vain.



Constant

You appeared to me
Like rain after a dry spell
Like growth after a hard year
Like life after death
And it had been so long
Yet my eye could discern
Less beauty in its object
Than my memory maintained
So I whispered to myself
"All is but illusion
You did well to love him
It gave you songs to write
And kept you safe"
And with a sigh of relief
I let you go
But you would not go
For you came to me
In the air about you
And you walked with me
From the other side of town
And you touched me
With your hands behind your back

So I whispered to myself
"All is but illusion
You were wise to look closer
You have lost nothing
Only exchanged a face for a soul
Whatever happens now
You have been Constant
And let no one say
You never loved".



Ghost

Did you know sometimes it frightens me
when you say my name and I can't see you
will you ever learn to materialize before you speak
impetuous boy, if that's what you really are
how many centuries since you've climbed a balcony
or do you do this every night with someone else
you tell me that you never leave
and I am almost afraid to believe it
why is it me you've chosen to follow
did you like the way I look when I am sleeping
was my hair more fun to tangle
are my dreams more entertaining
do you laugh when I'm complaining that I'm all alone
where were you when I searched the sea
for a friend to talk to me
in a year where will you be
is it enough for you to steal into my mind
filling up my page with music written in my hand
you know I'll take the credit for I must have made you come to me somehow
but please try to close the curtains when you leave at night
or I'll have to find someone to stay and warm me
will you always attend my midnight tea parties
as long as I set your place

if one day your sugar sits untouched
will you have gone forever
would you miss me in a thousand years
when you will dry another's tears
but you say you'll never leave me
and I wonder if you'll have the decency
to pass through my wall to the next room
while I dress for dinner
but when I'm stuck in conversation
with stuffed shirts whose adoration
hurts my ears, where are you then
can't you cut in when I dance with other men
it's too late not to interfere with my life
you've already made me a most unsuitable wife
for any man who wants to be the first his bride has slept with
and you can't just fly into people's bedrooms
then expect them to calmly wave goodbye
you've changed the course of history
and didn't even try
where are you now
standing behind me
taking my hand
come and remind me
who you are

have you traveled far
are you made of stardust too
are the angels after you
tell me what I am to do
but until then I'll save your side of the bed
just come and sing me to sleep



How To Break A Heart

How to break a heart
It is not difficult
Anyone can do it
So could you, if you tried
Just find a light
And switch it off
As easy as blinking
That's what I was taught
When I was too young to ask
By ladies in white nightgowns
In dripping weeds and black ribbons
A girl's best friend is a small handgun
The question was useless
For I could say yes
But you've got to ask my army
And they are not inclined to grant favours just now



Pant 1

soulless mindless walking sex-drives hearing nothing but their own words
reverberating inside their heads so loud they think they fill up the world with
their wisdom imaginationless prating slaves corrupt with idleness looking for a
quick laugh arrogant feebleminded wankers thinking they're profound and
attractively opinionated brilliance skimmed from the back of a book no longer in
print two-faced whoring lying expletives shaming their profession self-impressed
non-entities taking up space using up air fucking up dreams beautyless soulless
mindless walking sex-drives



In Praise Of Cyrano

He had a fault, this is most true
 But others have faults greater still
A noble profile was his rue
 But many have done greater ill
And yet he would not show
His love, nor let her know
 That she was dear
 Though he was near
He dared not tell her so.

Now why was he the only man
 To see himself not worth his prize?
About myself they plot and plan
 How to find favour in my eyes
But never do they guess
That I might think them less
 Than one who chose
 Due to his nose
To love but not confess.



So Many Fools

Is there no such thing as friendship?

Is it possible to not slip

Past the point of genial with a

 Quip implying something more?

This is what the young girl wonders

As her heartbeat races, thunders,

Trying to drown out the grotesque

 Blunders of a man at war

With the fact that he could be

Her father twice over and she,

A lady of sound mind and body,

Was not meant for fools as he.

Must a man be so unthinking?

When he sees his ship is sinking

Will he always try to grasp the

 Wing of one who still can fly?

This is what the young girl ponders

As she does her vision wanders

Trying not to notice how much

 Fonder looks the old man's eye

Down upon her form and face

Believing she might like the chase

But knowing still that he has no place

As he shows his true disgrace.

Will my life be like this ever?
Must I laugh and call them clever
Or else fight and scratch and claw in
 Fury at so many fools?
This is what the young girl muses
As she battles shame and loses
Leaving nothing but so many
 Bruises made by unseen tools
Wielded by a strengthless hand
Which could not hope to understand
How quickly it kills, though unplanned,
Turning spirit into sand.



The Ballad of Mushroom Down

There was a land I once heard tell
 'Twas christened Mushroom Down
The folk who lived there loved it well
 And never left their town

They stayed there from the hour of birth
 Until the day they died
They never cared for any earth
 Except their Mushroom pride

They made their homes beneath the caps
 Of fungi wide and tall
And when time came for tea perhaps
 A neighbor came to call

And while they sat in shade serene
 And offered cream and cakes
They talked of things they'd never seen
 Beyond the Mushroom lakes

They did not wish to journey there
 They were contented so
But past the mossy banks somewhere
 Lie what they did not know

More curious they grew by day
And still more so by night
They wondered if there were away
To take a Mushroom flight

Tormented by this new desire
More restless they became
And many began to conspire
On blueprints for a frame

A brilliant flying vehicle
Of mushroom caps and string
One gent proved astronomical
And built the very thing

And so the day arrived at last
On which the plane should board
The celebration went far past
What they could best afford

But they were folks of merry ways
And when the kegs were drained
In unison arose their gaze
And on the stroke --- it rained

Now in the hist'ry of the town
 No soul had ever seen
A flood the likes of which poured down
 Upon the Mushroom Green

A gathering was held betwixt
 The elders late that night
And even *their* votes were unmixed:
 "We must postpone the flight!"

The disappointment through the land
 Was more than some could bear
For their own world, once thought so grand,
 They did no longer care

To say the least it was a shame
 To see the people act
As though they'd lost their hope, their flame
 When their poor plans were sacked

But still the rain continued on
 For more than fifty days
Their mushroom store was almost gone
 They dreamt of sunshine rays

And that's when they began to cease
Their thoughts of other towns
If only this storm would decrease
They'd cherish Mushroom Downs

That night was spent in blackness deep
No star was seen to shine
But when the morning broke their sleep
They saw a sight divine

The rain was nowhere to be found
The sky was fresh and clear
Hurrahs of joy for miles around
Were all that one could hear

And what is more, the earth had sprung
New mushrooms overnight
And many hymns of praise were sung
And no one spoke of flight

And so at last the ballad ends
With happiness sublime
And so the story goes, my friends
That is, until next time...



The One

Who danced with me before now
Who joined me at the ship's bow
 Who held my frightened form still
 And now you say that you will
But in the years behind me
Who ever cared to find me
 Who stayed me when the tears ran
 And now you say that you can
Forgive my sad suspicion
But hear my admonition
 None yet have hoped for rescue
 And now you say that you do
Oh how I've wished past caring
That one might be so daring
 And sail me to the next star
 I almost think you are



Space

We look to the sky
Diamonds swimming in squid's ink
Tilting back our heads
Until we cannot close our mouths
We try to count but lose our place
And shiver
Not because it is cold
But because we are afraid of falling



Alas (the knight)

Alas, my love, if I could make you live
 And from the page step forth and sit beside me
Or better still, bestride the steed I gave you
 Wrapped close within the cloak I lent to hide thee
Perhaps I'd venture forth to ask thy name
 Since while thou liest underneath my pen
That honour given which the poorest claim
 Unjustly was withheld. But if again
I held thee captive as I did ere now
 Stalling to pass my fingers through the last
Of midnight tendrils, or peruse thy brow
 In fear of sending off what heaven cast
Too early for my insufficient mind
 To grasp the fullest detail and retain
The presence that your image left behind
 That thou in all thy glory should remain
I fear my oversight I would not mend
 For now upon reflection I confess
That secretly I never did intend
 With title long or surname rich to bless
But rather let in my imagination
 Run wild the thoughts of who perhaps you were
Before your soul demanded your creation
 And deigned my mind and willing heart to stir

For such a noble and impassioned face
 Could well be but newborn unto this sphere
But sure among a distant beauteous race
 Thou hast known more than all who dwelleth here
And could tell much of places thou hast seen
 And battles fought for honours won and lost
And how each service done a faerie Queen
 Becomes a brighter jewel than it cost
The ladies of your world, you may impart
 Desire to be neither over-graced
Nor underrepresented in the art
 Of living, where their lips were meant to taste
A sort of feline stealth they wear about them
 And while a flame of innocence they hold
In forests dark you fear to be without them
 For knights of milder kinds are ne'er so bold
Yes, in thy orb a maid may be a knight
 (Thou knew'st a friend would make upon this news)
Without a whisper loud or censure slight
 For lords are not afeared their stock to lose
Where no stock may be taken or be kept
 No property be granted, nor no bride
No maiden may be stolen while she slept
 Nor robbed of her freedom to decide

What suits her best. No county's law is needed
 To cut the weed of violence from the stem
No danger for the law to go unheeded
 For acts as these do not occur to them
The gentlemen you raise are rarer still
 For in their eyes, as in the depths of thine,
Such soft and thrilling mysteries fulfill
 The darkest corners of their heart's design
Their arrows, much like those I gave to thee
 Could not but graze the flank of yonder cow
Without making him laugh. 'Tis much to see
 Them tickling their prey. I know not how
They ever do encapture what they eat
 Save that perhaps their bright unfettered brains
Have learned that what grows underneath their feet
 And in the trees above better sustains
A life intent on living well tomorrow.
 But how, I ask thee, most endearing fiend
Do lords and ladies love where is no sorrow
 No strife to overcome, no soul uncleaned
Of crushing ardor long worn out its stay,
 Betrothal to a mortal less divine
Than that who stole thy blushing breath away,
 No hot forbidden kisses for to pine,

No heart affixed to age where heart is young,
 No ill intentioned suitors to evade?
“Still madam! Would'st thou kindly hold thy tongue”
 Thou sayest. “Your mistake has rash been made
In living long in combat with your kind
 Thou see'st no other obstacle but these
Thy hands are careworn that have yet to find
 The hands that first should hold them. Yet to please
The hierarchy which you serve unwitting
 Thou dost believe that love in fighting grows
That happiness in love is not befitting
 But in thy sadness thou mak'st light of woes
For even were there ne'er a cloudy day
 No tempest to divide what love had bound
The galley which the moon holds in her sway
 Could not but stir the peace it finally found
The wound is deeper than the sea about thee
 The stars upon my doublet you have drawn
May light my homeward path, but how, without me
 Wilt thou escape the fate thou tremblest on?”
And in this way and more my paper spoke
 O, fierce, savage, gentle beauty bright
Thou who I've given breath my soul has broke
 You had authority but not the right

Could I but see the lips that dare not breathe
 They are so beautiful and pressing sweet
Could I but touch the wings that underneath
 Are made so soft thy heart forgets to beat
Perhaps I should have more for which to strive
 You came to my domain and brought despair
For though I be the chastest heart alive
 The realm you speak of will not take me there
Have you no pity? Can'st thou not perceive
 That I, a blinded beast, had but the eyes
To see where I would love? Dost thou believe
 That ere you came I was but vain disguise?
I know the murmur of music reveals
 The things no human heart could comprehend
I render'st thou for all that torment feels
 And longed to be thy lordship's faithful friend
Yea, quiet as a mushroom did I wait
 I willed to thee my form to overtake
I shivered at each passing horse's gait
 And so I slept to suddenly awake
Alas, my love, wilt thou kiss me goodbye
 The lingering night will aid thee on thy travels
I'll craft but one thing more, a crow to fly
 Before to tell me how thy tale unravels

I say, thou art complete and free to go
 What holds thee here save one who lives no longer
For I have given thee the life you know
 The weaker I become thou art the stronger
And in your antique words your clear intent
 Was that once thou art gone I should dismay.
Quothe thee, "Your thought mistook me for I meant
 To leave thee not but offerest to stay
For true I never did in my own realm
 Partake of that pure love of which I told thee
But be my guide and with me at the helm
 And I shall in the cloak you wrought enfold thee
And journey to the ends of all the earth
 For thou hast proved more generous and wise
Than all we faeries, moons and stars are worth
 For live we not but living in your eyes."
Dear nameless knight, if thou would'st be mine own
 And leave thy dragons for a while thou may'st
Find in these arms within which thou hast grown
 A better reason than the which thou say'st
But with your hand you pointeth; swear I so
 And 'tis not plain to me, though I did draw it
Which way thou dost intend for us to go
 Sure in the mind it is of she who saw it

Yet still perhaps I made thee to discover
 What one would do if one were asked to choose
‘Tween back and forwards. Be thee friend or lover
 Perhaps you were to be my favorite muse
Thou feel’st thy armor; fight but when you must
 Thou see’st the blade of truth below thy knee
Use arrows against all whom you mistrust
 But when thou ride’st my way aim one at me
Your world is yours as ere it was before
 Your time beneath my busy hand well spent
I’ve made a thing I love; I ask no more
 And never shall redeem the heart I lent
Me in my world and thyself in thine
 Two petals on the same and silent flower
And evermore I’ll welcome thee in mine
 Your dear creation was my finest hour



A Letter From A Friend

Precious thing
I long for nothing more
Than to be your friend
But I am not good
As you are
For I think
Where I should feel
And I am not innocent
As you would think
For I try
To turn your head
And I never stop
And I see you happy
And I wish you well
But in my wish
Is my invitation
To a different dream
And I wonder
If I care for you at all
Not to leave you alone
Where you are
Content
And I long for nothing more
Than to be your friend

But if you accept my gift
You will ruin it
And I will not give you
What I promised
Because
I can't
But I will always
Offer
And I will always
Deny it
Because I have a most convenient
Guise
Of friendship
Should you slip
I should slay you
Like all the others
And still I rain
And say walk my way
Because I adore
Where I have no right
But I ask you to become
Worse than you are
And neglect to mention
That I adore the part of you
That does not love me

For I long for nothing more
Than to be your friend
Yet I long for everything
Friends will never be
I think I may be
Cruel
But if I harm none I am only
Evil
And it hurts not to know if I am
Terrible
Or only
In love



A Plea To The Dying

So that's it then all there is you've moved on without me you do not suffer as I do
it is so clear what can I do and yet I will reach you somehow with my mind all I
have I will invade your dreams I will not ask if it is right I do not care you must
see me time is running out no I cannot touch you but I will reach beyond
dimension beyond realm beyond memory to touch you in some small way and tell
you beg you to stop

stop

and think what you are doing is it what you want is it what you think you are
supposed to want is it the only comfort you have ever known and you feel safe
well you are right to want this and I am wrong to want to stop you but you need
not make this move what who says you must if you love if she loves why ask the
world to take notice just let it be and go on loving out of choice not duty am I so
blind what do I not see when I look at her that you do why do you not know that
everything you ever wished for everything you were afraid to say out loud
everything you hate and desire and will never understand lies in one who would
never be brave enough to tell you can you but open your eyes for one single
shining moment and see yourself in the light that I do can you not see that you are
the answer to all my fears I could feel safe with you and

yes I have my daggers and scars

and everything that would keep you back but if you make this move you close a
door you can never reopen and I will not pass through it anymore and I can tell
you that a life lived in waiting for what never comes is far better than a life
content in the knowledge of what is certain never to be

can you not wait

can you not be brave and see beyond this moment beyond this sense of comfort
you feel see your life open before you trusting in things to come believing they
will be worth the wait and thrilling in the thought that you have no idea what the
next dream will bring you now I am here with you see my eyes as you have so
many times before see the way I look at you see what you always felt but never
dared to show believe in your power to get the thing you dream of even when it is
the very thing you fear the thing no other man can hope to attain look into your
heart and see written there the name of her you love who is it that fascinates you
who is it that knows you better than you yourself who is it that will be waiting
when it all ends at the end of the path
with a smirk and a sarcastic comment and a kiss on the neck don't leave me



Close

I had you so close
And you didn't even know
I cherished every turn of your voice
And thrilled when you laughed
And died at each offered word
Which meant you didn't long to leave
And I tried not to seem
Too happy
You seem at home
In my darkness
And I love you
Because I know it isn't easy
And you are so kind
Because you make me feel
Worthy of pinching



Dreams

I saw you
No one else
When I closed my eyes
You saw me
Only me
In my dreams



Everybody's Girl

Before a thousand grasping hands
In a glaring light she stands
Trying hard to meet demands
Everybody's girl

Defenseless more and more each time
Desecration is their crime
Vandalizing every rhyme
Everybody's pet

Becoming someone else outside
Hoping to protect and hide
What they smile at, then deride
Everybody's fool

Awaiting still some unknown sign
When she'll use her chance to shine
How should she her life define?
"No one's woman yet."



Empty

This empty space cannot be filled
Your kind words bleed right through me
And I could cry but I'd only lose my tears
Just another form of release
Release what - I'm empty
You could pass your hand right through my body
And touch the wall behind me
But who, for all my emptiness,
Who would have the strength to lift me up?
My faith in mortal man is badly bruised
The gods have proven to be deaf
Or else they have a perverse sense of humor
Apparently these are European gods
For there is nothing funnier than a fat man in a tutu.



Homesick Sonnets

Sonnet I

In times of warmth when love and comfort dear
 Have cast their blindless light upon my star,
How is it that I wish to disappear
 And find myself again back where you are?
Is it that home is only home with you?
 And how then did you earn your house that name
When judged by years it's relatively new?
 My home is not my home here just the same.
And so I will be happy as I must
Although without you sugar tastes as dust.

Sonnet II

What sweetened torture I endure each day
 When hour after hour passes by
And still I feel so very far away
 From that which I desire - yes, thee and I
Yet rosey is my sadness, for ere now,
 I never had pined after someone's touch
Nor eyes, nor lips, nor hands, nor raven brow
 And here I am missing almost too much.
My paradox is that I weep at this
While being glad I have a love to miss.

Sonnet III

Heartsick I have been this long, long day
 Heavy is my disposition, yet
I smile and try my best to hide away
 The pain, the life, the love I can't forget
Sorry am I for the ones I fool
 They ask for nothing save my company
And yet I cannot seem to break the rule
 That sayeth once I love twice bound I'll be
Alas, I often slip and to them show
That far away my heart desires to go.

Sonnet IV

It seems only a moment past
 I listened to the dulcet tone
Of thy too far off voice at last
 But now I find myself alone
Yet, my eyes closed, I am not so
 For underneath my fingertips
I feel your flesh, caressing slow,
 And hold thy tongue between my lips
Past caring how forlorn it seems
I'll sleep to meet you in my dreams.

Sonnet V

A cold wind ravages my mind

As though I were a blade of grass

Which, rained upon, has been made blind

And waits now for the storm to pass

But, strange, the closer cometh I

To travel's end and your embrace

The darker seems to go the sky

The further off seemeth your face

'Tis trying, when in pain, to rhyme

'Tis harder still to measure Time.



Part 2

What is feeling if it can be smashed so easily? Have I built up anything in the course of a happy day that cannot be torn down by tomorrow's inevitable sorrows? Am I so fragile that a word from the outside of the transparent orb that encloses my physical self, being said, pricks the invisible dome and leaves me utterly defenseless against the onslaught of everyday realities? And what is to be said for rebuilding that shell? Will it provide me anything more than a few short hours of divine oblivion? Ah, but what can be accomplished in a few short hours? Many great things and these things, if carefully constructed, may perhaps furnish a sort of hospital waiting room wherein, when I am next divested of my orb, I might pass the time in slightly more comfortable surroundings than had I been rushed directly to the operating table.



Little Boy

Little boy

why did you have to chase me so hard
didn't your mother show you what to do
didn't your father tell you not to push

Little boy

we could have been great friends
but you frightened me to death you see
you made a rabbit out of me
and now we can't go back to being anything
perhaps I ought to thank you
for you took my innocence away
and made me cruel
how did you know I'd need that later on
you taught me to hide and you taught me to lie
and to tremble at the telephone
to scream but never cry
surely you were wise beyond your years
for you planted in me unknown fears
that since I've met time and again
I wish I could have known it then
I might have been grateful for the experience
rather than for the darkness
so useful to the hunted deer who doesn't know the way

but really I would not have known
into how many arms a girl will let herself be thrown
just to escape the one who wants her most
better to dance with ten who won't remember her name
than to be asked by one who can't forget it

Little boy

you made me feel guilt that day
which never fully went away
you told the world you hated me
and that's when I began to see
how much it must have hurt
to have dressed up in your first clean shirt
and hope like hell she'd understand
the things you felt, and take your hand
but damn you little boy I never had a chance
you couldn't see I wasn't ready
for what you monsters call romance

Little boy

you never looked at me the same
as though you didn't know my name
and in the end you made me hate myself for hurting you
but no one ever stopped to tell me what I ought to do

Little boy
maybe someday you'll walk my way
and listen to the song I play
and if you're still fond of passing notes
perhaps we'll shed our children's coats
and talk an hour or two of what's become of us and why
that finally we might say hello, forgive, and say goodbye.



Smirking Girl

If you turn the pages of the past
you'll often find a story without an ending
no 'Amen' to say it's over
all you have is a name you would rather forget
but it isn't over yet
not when you've built your castle out of barricades
to guard against the fools you beat so long ago
long before you even knew they were fools
but even longer since you saw a god in anyone
and for such an independent soul
you sure wanted to believe in someone else
can you blame them that you hate them
smirking girl, you ask too much
who said anyone would show you the way
who said anyone would care what you'll do someday

You're all alone here
you can't buy what isn't there

You're all alone here
you can't change what isn't fair
how obstinate you are
you can't forgive them
all they did was make you cry
on every day that passed you by
how wise they were to know you didn't like them
how foolish they should have to ask you why

Try My Best

I'm gonna try my best to love him

Don't know why I want him so

Yeah I'll try and keep him by my side

I won't ever let him go

Oh I've learned too much in my poor life

To laugh at humor I can't see

It's sad I know that I can't show

My love, but I won't set him free

So I'm gonna try my best to love him

Even if it takes all night long

Even if this feeling hurts me

I've heard pain can make you strong

And I know that I'm not his girl

Really never thought I'd care

But to see him in your arms

That's the one thing I can't bear

If you said I had no heart

Well I hardly think I'd cry

'Cause there ain't one thing you know 'bout me

That I'd bother to deny

And it's not that I don't find him sweet

I know too well his voice, his touch

His eyes, and often underneath

I wonder that I try this much

Still it would be a shameful lie
 To say I love this boy, this man
But I am fond and he is fine
 So in the end perhaps I can
I agree this child deserves
 A better friend and lover too
But I'm gonna try my best to love him
 Just to keep him far from you



Nearer Than You

How can a woman tell when love is gone
From love that merely sleeps but deep inside
Has still the root the stem and flower grow on
And so dreams not to die but sleeps to hide

Perhaps when the clouds drifting by make more noise
Than amorous whispers you aimlessly breathe
And croakings of paddocks speak with greater poise
Than lily pad speeches with nothing beneath
And so I'll confess what I know to be true
That bullfrogs have more eloquence than do you

When days are longer than they used to be
And nights are maddening eternity
With only forced sighs to interrupt
The same repose your lips would once corrupt

I'll steal me away so your soul shall not wake
Though more than my absence to rouse it would take
Across from the meadow and down to the pond
To sink myself up to the waist then beyond
For water knows better in love what to do
And plays with its prey with more passion than you

In dreaming one may oft' release his grasp
On what to conscious minds is naught but clear
That once the time of questioning is near
Chance there is none to hide the fatal asp

Who follows me silently onto the shore
Where I learn to cherish my new solitude
And feel with precision what ere had been rude
Yes I shall return to thy bed nevermore
Born was I with one heart I ask not for two
When rushes and lilies press nearer than you



The Muse

Your eyes are raised to heaven
When I'm sitting on the floor
At your feet. What am I for?

Do I create or just translate
Between you and your mind
The art you'll never find

And when your pen runs out of ink
You'll close the book and with me
Leave behind your memory

Are you brilliant? Are you blind?
Would you have nothing more to say
If I ever flew away

In the end is it you is it me
Do I have anything? What am I for?
But when I walk out that door

Your prayers are plenty when you have
An empty page before you
And still I may adore you

For you take dictation better
Than most poets true compose
Your lines far surpass those

You pray for what you know will come
Your confidence is flattering
But still it's quite another thing

Compelled to inspire when to dream
Is all you really understand
The letters from your hand

Will never quite belong to you
And even then I only pray
That when I leave you'll softly say

Goodbye



The Music I Heard Once

The music I heard once
Was louder than it is now
I can no longer distinguish
Pained cries from shouts of joy
Perhaps my ears are deaf
Or the interference too great
Still the order I remember
Has given way to discord
And while running wild was exciting
It was so only for a moment
Fleeting as a note
Leaving an even more transparent impression
The music I recall
Was different than it is now
For the new makes the old seem older than it is
To think from that
We grew into a new age
Suggests that ages past
Were not enough for adventuring souls
For stars too bright to be concealed
In a dark but beautiful night

We will paste upon the curled pages words
Like charming and romantic and sentimental
Forgetting that charming is witchcraft
Romantic is love
And sentiment is what makes us human



If You Could Only Know

If you could only know
The hurt I feel each time
I think of you, you might
Begin to understand

 What makes a faerie cry
You couldn't quite believe
The reasons I would give
If you asked to be told
The nature of my tears

 And so I told you why
If you could only know
How many times each day
I picture in my mind
The look upon your face

 When you begin to laugh
Or how your eyes look sad
The softness of your hair
The beauty of your soul
And whatever I am

 You are the other half

I cannot comprehend
How I could recognize
The one I've waited for
The instant that we met
 And have known since that day
While you are truly fond
And care I do believe
But would not take the chance
That alters suns and moons
 And gave your heart away
If you could only know
How precious you've become
How all that I create
You still inspire so
 You may begin to see
That I might be the one
For whom you were brought back
But if you never know
The chance will pass us by
 And love will never be



Funny How Things Change

Never wanted anyone

Now somebody's here

Never missed his kisses

Now I need him near

Never felt this happy

Never felt this strange

Funny how things change

Funny how things change

Lived my life in starlight

Never saw the sun

Thought that I was heartless

Now my heart's been won

Thought that I was happy

Thought that love was strange

Funny how things change

Funny how things change

Walked into the fire

Smiled at the pain

Then when I had healed myself

I ran out in the rain

Thought that I was crazy

Thought that I was strange

Now I know I'm normal

Funny how things change

Now I know I'm human

Funny how things change



I Didn't Mean You

I've spent my whole life
Telling everyone to leave me alone
Don't touch
Don't look too close
But I didn't mean you
And now you're gone
Because you saw the forbidden sign
Above my head
And you didn't know
I didn't mean you
You went to an open door
Instead of knocking harder at mine
I would have let you in
But you didn't know
That I didn't mean you
You didn't see that I cleared the path
And left the walkway free
For I told myself
That I'll only be tread on by you
But now I look with love upon someone
And no one else matters but him
But still you fool you think
I didn't mean you





If I had a mystery
 I'd spoil the surprise
Giving it away to you
 To see it through your eyes
If I had a song to sing
 I'd name it after you
So that each time it was heard
 Everybody knew
That no one mattered anymore
 And no one ever would
That I would stop the spinning earth
 If only music could
And if I had a purer heart
 I think that I could be
Something that you'll someday need
 If only that were me
For if I look inside myself
 At what I hide away
I find my heart will never be
 The reason that you stay



Visions

Bits of conversation fill my head
Tangling with words we haven't said
 Glimpses of a movement you once made
Knowing I could live but dream instead

Wondering if you saw the part I played
Whether I'm the reason that you stayed
 Only half believing it could be
Well aware I want what I forbade

Questioning my own reality
Doubting in my mind the things I see
 Altering perception fast as light
Do you know for years you've haunted me?

Speaking words you never could recite
Giving bliss as if to test my flight
 All is but illusion, this I know
Yet more felt than objects in my sight

The world may see my skin but just below
Simmers what I think but never show
 Lifetimes lived with you but more than this,
Guessing where in your sweet dreams you go

Do you drown in memory's abyss?

Is there music in a voice you miss?

When you close your eyes do you relive
Each averted glance, aborted kiss?

Do you harbor what you should forgive?

Search for signs in every narrative?

Or repel all company save one,
Who is not cure but palliative?

While it's possible these things you've done,
All too likely I'm the only one

And upon this thought my vision fled
So I end back where I had begun

Nothing but the present fills your head

Forgetting more than half the things I've said

Shadows of a sacrifice you made
Knowing you could dream but live instead.



By The Sword

'Days of Old' I tell my restless mind
 Searching mountains, fields, and meadows green
What is it my heart can hope to find
 All I long for I have never seen
Tales of glory written in the dust
 Tapestries of deepest purple gold
Legends carved in stone tell me I must
 Journey through the mist and bitter cold
Seeking in the corners of the earth
 My companions I have never known
Blindly running forth – Is honor worth
 Endless hours of silence spent alone?
But in this brotherhood I still believe
And for the time we've lost my soul will grieve
 Yet through the world I wander for somewhere
 I'll find my brothers – By the sword I swear

In my memory awakening
 Like a dream too sweet to cast away
Shadows of the past begin to sing
 Calling to me in their gallant way:
Come away with us brother in arms
 Through the seas of silver, fields of gold
Join us as we battle he who harms
 And fight with valour as in days of old

Rescue damsels fine and maidens fair
Free the noble who have done no wrong
Though it seems the world may little care
Some are left that to the Round belong
For in this brotherhood we still believe
And for the time we've lost our souls will grieve
Yet through the world we wander for somewhere
We'll find our brothers - By the sword we swear



Didn't

I didn't want the details
 Of your pathetic life
How you wished for a lover
 And wouldn't mind a wife
I didn't want to picture
 A man so sad and weak
I cherished my illusions
 Until I heard you speak
I didn't want to ponder
 The reasons you confessed
Your torrid past relations
 I never would have guessed
That I would seek my refuge
 For that I'm angry still
I didn't want to know you
 And now I never will



If You Feel Better

If you feel better
telling me I'm cruel
saying I'm unfeeling
I don't mind
if it's necessary
if it helps you out
crying that I'm heartless
it's alright
well i'm sorry
to cause you so much pain
but it occurs to me
you're acting like a ten year old
so glad you're still in touch
with your inner child
all the same what can you really hope
to gain from complaining
I could apologize for all the things
I've never done
but how much fun would that be
so no I won't do that
but if you feel better
telling me I'm cruel
saying I'm unfeeling
I don't mind

if it's necessary
if it helps you out
crying that I'm heartless
it's alright
won't make me sorry
'cause I'm cruel
won't hurt my feelings
'cause I don't have any
won't break my heart
'cause it's not there to break
if you feel better
my mistake
I don't need to hear
you love me
when it's clear
I'm on your mind
all these thoughts
you're thinking of me
how have I been so unkind
but oh I see
it's been a losing battle all along
so if you feel better
go ahead and say I'm wrong



Two Masks

Two masks

One a princess one a witch
Both ridiculous and painted and blind

My eyes

Would fill the empty spaces
And bring about a total transformation

Artifice is the true realism

Deceit lives in the flesh

And will not show its face to any man

But give us a mask

And we will tell you the truth

I could not choose

So I will wear them both

The witch next to my skin

The princess next to yours

Which will you see first?



What Right Have I

What right have I?
You are not mine
Nor will you ever be

I need not try
To read your sign
You don't belong to me

I should not care
How you behave
What difference does it make?

Perhaps someday
You will grow brave
And from this sleep awake

But when you do
It will not then
Be caused by what I say

But by one who,
Like other men,
Holds you within her sway

And as I claim
No place within
The life you choose to live

I'll stay the same
As I have been
And all your faults forgive

Perhaps I own
The privileged place
For worry I need not

I may condone,
Reprove with grace,
And still remain unfraught

With jealousies
And petty cares
And all that love demands

So as you please
I'll save my prayers
And better use my hands

But why all this?

As I have said,

It matters not to me

What right have I?

You are not mine

Nor will you ever be

Mothers

Witches and Satanists we have been named
Over the years we've been murdered and maimed
Mothers and daughters and sisters and wives
All have the power - we gave you your lives
Nothing can ever reverse what's been done
(but we'll try with the birth of each daughter and son)

*One of my first poems, written as a ridiculously serious child...



I Cried For You

I cried for you because you said goodnight

When you really should have said you'll stay

I cried for you because you took your light

And left me, though you know I've lost my way

I cried for you for though you're thinking of me

You hide it, saying you don't know me well

I cried for you because I know you love me

I cried for you because you'll never tell



Rapunzel Sonnets

Sonnet I

Dreaming from my tower in the air
Higher than the trees surrounding close
Wondering if men would find me fair,
Footsteps down below break my repose
The mist about my window hinders me
From viewing who would enter in my court
But so few visitors I chance to see,
Intent I am on making my report
And tuning my sweet song towards the earth,
I'll change my fate, which left me here since birth.

Sonnet II

Six notes only had I sounded when
The footsteps came nearer my prison wall
Trembled I, yet sounded them again
And from what seemed the pit of earth heard call
A voice quite different from those I had heard
Though I could count that number on one hand
My lips too dry to speak a single word,
I wondered why I had not better planned
And tried in vain to step back from the sill
For something held my hair and kept me still.

Sonnet III

I tried to scream but sound I could not make
 My frightened wit had robbed me of my speech
I thought of how my tresses I might break,
 But spied the scissors just beyond my reach
Frantically I fumbled through my skirts,
 Searching for my dagger in the fold
The same I used for tearing linen shirts
 And as I knew not what of me had hold,
To sacrifice my braids I raised my knife
Too late! I now must kill to save my life.

Sonnet IV

My point directed at the stranger's chin,
 No time was left for severing his rope
But shall I murder him or let him in?
 I was too stunned at what I saw to hope
For some salvation. I knew I was lost
 Whichever was my choice it mattered not
The mist had cleared, my innocence the cost
 And for one endless moment I was wrought
Of human flesh and human cares and fears
The fantasy of fables read for years.

Sonnet V

A face it was, yea, had it lips and eyes,
 But unlike that which greets me in the glass
In its twin orbs I saw no less surprise
 And so we stood, two statues made of brass
I gazing in his eyes and he in mine
 As though we might have read each other's thoughts
He smiled slowly as one drunk with wine
 When suddenly the forest rang with shots
The hunters oft' before had come too near,
And so I bid adieu to all my fear.

Sonnet VI

Hardly knowing half of what I did
 But well aware the half I knew was mad,
I grasped his arms as virtue may forbid
 And pulled the creature with what strength I had
Into the chamber. To the floor we fell,
 Then scrambled I to my poniard retrieve
And asked him now, at death's third door to tell
 Why cam'st he hence, and bade him not deceive
For if he should be false, despite his beauty,
Though I be fooled, my dagger knew its duty.

Sonnet VII

His lips then moved but not a sound was heard
 I saw them as two petals from a rose
When finally he was fit to say a word,
 I was content examining his nose
He made some mention of a songbird's tune
 I was not listening but o'erlooked his brow
He claimed he would have climbed up to the moon
 I wished to give him peace but knew not how
He had not thought his rope a maiden's hair
Upon my life, I found the creature fair!

Sonnet VIII

The deed explained, he begged of me my name
 "Rapunzel" I replied. "A man thou art?"
"I am" the creature laughed, "The very same
 How long hast thou been kept from life apart?"
I told him how, for one and twenty years,
 My home had been the walls he saw around me
How no amount of pleading, nor no tears
 Have gained a visitor until he found me
But when I think upon it I recall,
For staring, he did not hear me at all.

Sonnet IX

It seemed to me we may as well not speak
 His eyes had gone as cloudy as the day
He asked if he might come again that week
 And I knew he must soon be gone away
He took my hands and pressed them in his own
 As if by doing so he should stay longer
He told me of the world I might have known,
 Vowing to return and slay my wronger
Then promising no harm, his head he bent
And kissed my lips, then out the sill he went.

Sonnet X

Lowering himself as he had come,
 Through the mist my creature disappeared,
Riding back to all that he was from
 And all that I could never be I feared
And yet what raven locks fell round his face
 What gentle eyes as gray as seagulls wings
A voice so soft my words cannot replace
 The memory of a thousand lovely things
And so I'll dream again of arms more sweet
The dagger I had dropped lies at my feet.



Never Tasted Tears

I've never tasted tears like these before
And though they are the saddest I have known
Their simple cause is none but one of joy
For now it seems I may not be alone
Upon this earth as I have been 'til now
A truly unexpected twist of fate
For I had given up on everyone
Especially myself, and thought it late
Too late for any soul to cast a line
His hook would hit the ice and snap in two
But someone blew a kiss and with his breath
Unfroze what ne'er a roaring fire could do
An angel now is mine and from the start
I knew that I was bound to let him in
But while I smile I weep because I know
That something ends so that this can begin
God, what a fool am I, or am I wise?
For years have I kept hidden in my heart
The name of one who never had been more
But whom I wrote about and set apart
From other men, though never did I tell
My feelings, nay, but used him as a muse
An inspiration, something to adore
But rarely did I think on what I'd lose

If ever my affections were replaced
 By someone living, breathing, warm and real
For while I pledged my life to him in song
 The same for me I knew he did not feel
If I could tell the truth, I'd say I planned
 To go on in this fashion for all time
I didn't care he couldn't care for me
 As long as I could own him in each rhyme
And have someone to think about each night
 When torment after torment wracked my soul
To writhe in sorrow, bathe in pain's delight
 To fill my pages was my only goal
Until the day I dared to call it love
 For this love was the only I had known
And somehow I could keep the rest away
 For in my mind I never was alone
And being thus in love, though with a specter,
 I never did expect, nor wish, nor care
To take another in that holy place
 Though in my mind I knew no one was there
Yay, in my mind, but not so in my soul
 I loved, I swear I loved, else why this pain
When of my will I opened up the door
 And swept the space where I swore he'd remain

And something dies within me as I sweep
 As something new is born in every tear
Past years of memories I long to keep
 A future that I both long for and fear
There really was no question when it came
 This shooting star, both fire and gentleness
Who never gave me time to make my choice
 But made my will his own with each caress
For once and only once I did not think
 Where I should feel and for that I was proud
But it was one thing to enact the part
 And something else to say the word aloud
For once I had, I felt a shadow fade
 Which over me had hung for all these years
And no true loss in all the world could match
 The sense of someone passing with my tears
I hadn't known 'til then how lost I was
 Enveloped in this mist of my design
So much of me my muse had thus become
 That in my eyes no star was seen to shine
Unless it bore some of my phantom's light
 Or carried strains of music in the beams
Until my soul was open to the view
 No man could enter, except in my dreams

It's over now and I am not afraid
I know full well what I am meant to do
But late at night when I recall my muse
I cry for us as though he ever knew
That I had waited years to hear my name
Once spoken as it should have always been
I'd wait there still but someone real appeared
And stole the heart no man could hope to win
If to my muse I'd ever said hello
It might not hurt this much to say goodbye
But there is something tragic in this scene
Which may appear as joyous to the eye
Of anyone who witnesses myself
Bound in the arms and lips of my new friend
Completed in a way I've never been
And healing wounds I thought would never mend
The truth that shattered my reality
The soul I dreamed but never thought I'd meet
And now I don't look back except in dreams
Yet when I do the pain is always sweet
For only pain can show me who I was
And from that girl to me how much I've grown
I've never tasted tears like these before
And yes, they are the saddest I have known



Jump The Track

In this light the dust is visible
Glowing golden atmosphere
Even the air I breathe is full of memories
Shades of others bathe my skin
And since I am alone I wonder
Who on earth would ever know
If I slipped into the other side
Without making a sound
Without blinking an eye
Without slowing down at all
I could jump the track
Still the wheels are turning
Landscapes echo in my mind
Flying past my windows
How could anyone fear this place
And since I am alone I wonder
Who on earth would ever guess
If I crossed this fragile strand that binds
Without making a noise
Without skipping a beat
Without slowing down at all
I could jump the track
And what were specters now have faces
Casting light in darkened places

Those that I have loved are with me
Never gone but ever drifting
Through the threads of my existence
Courses running side by side
Paths entwining realigning
Meeting past the great divide
In the realm where phantoms hide
Sanctified
Occupied
And since I am alone I wonder
Who on earth would ever care
If I slipped away before my time
Without saying a word
Without praying to god
Without slowing down at all
I could jump the track
I could jump the track
I could jump...



On Artistic Integrity

I toe the line of self-indulgence

Every time I place my pen

Upon the page and form the words

I felt but couldn't show 'til then

And to myself I beg the question

Why do I thus masquerade

As one to one and to another

Someone else? If I, afraid

Of what the consequence of stating

Openly my cause might be,

When I rant and rhyme and reason

Do I write for them or me?

I believe there is some merit

In creating for one's self

But why place before the public

What is best left on the shelf?

Though while I write I do not feel that

What I pen is mine alone,

Even this could be misguided

As are many I have known

Who swore, poor souls, that they possessed

The key to man's mysterious fate,

Succeeded in convincing some,

But most could tell they did but prate

On subjects touching something vague
Which cannot be unproven, or,
In place of content, speak in tongues
Yet know not whom they're speaking for.
No, I am not deluded so;
I do not feel I represent
Some force divine, but still I know
That I shall never be content
To hold my tongue when I would speak
Or change my words to suit the hour
Or pinch a blush upon my cheek
To feign my joy at love gone sour.
I do not wish to disappoint
The faith that others place in me
To lead the way to brighter days,
But sometimes dark is all I see.
I work for good, I toil for hope,
No one can question my intent
But even those who listen close
Can often mistake what I meant.
My fear, I've come to realize,
Is mainly this: that I am wrong,
That my perception is askew,
That I write shyte and call it song.

Perhaps I'll always question thus,
Discount my merits, thoughts, and deeds
'Tis well, long as I still go forth
And see where this, my vision, leads.
Strong is she who knows her mind
And speaks it though she may not please.
Fortunate the audience
That hears such honest thoughts as these.



Manipulation

The time for your escape has come and gone
 What kept you here save your own curious mind?
You say you've seen too much, and yet look on
 Where chaster souls would run, you glance behind
Have you no ministering angels to consult?
 I have no power to decide your fate
The choice was yours, but therein lies the fault:
 What good is choice when choice is made too late?
What good is virtue but a thing to lose?
 What good are all the saintly attributes?
We wear them on and off whene'er we choose
 To correspond with fashion, end disputes.
If you should think to speak, say but a word
 And weigh it well. No explanation give
To those who haven't asked. What has occurred
 Is nothing more than reciprocative
Events without a price nor penalty
 You've nothing lost that I can say I've gained
You've acted out your part adorably
 And for my part, I hope I've entertained.



Notes:

Notes:

Notes:

Notes:

ABOUT EMILIE AUTUMN:



Brought up as a concert violinist since age four, and trained in conservatoires as a composer, conductor, and music historian, Emilie's bizarre background manifests itself in her myriad musical and literary creations. Releasing records ranging from classical to gothic rock to her cult-intelligentsia following, EA is also a prolific writer and illustrator, releasing and quickly selling out of her first volume of poetry in 2001. EA is currently putting the finishing touches on the illustrations for her gothic children's book for adults only, "**The Alphabet Book of X-Boyfriends**," while preparing for the release of her upcoming "victoriaindustrial" album, "**Opheliac**."

Originally from Malibu, California, EA is now a proud Chicagoan, and can most often be found at nightspots such as the Metro and DoubleDoor as well as cavorting around the city's downtown in her Victorian bustle skirt, corset, and combat boots, attracting a ridiculous amount of attention.

Learn more about EA at her official website, www.emilieautumn.com

Purchase EA's music at her record label, www.traitor-records.com



www.willowtechhouse.com