

**You may think you control me, but I lie in wait**

So after so long  
Of seeing me through those eyes,  
You decide  
The pervasively strong  
Idea you had of me all along  
Was wrong...

Now that you've stripped me to the bone,  
You find that I am not the cruel old crone  
You had supposed;  
The wild witch crazed,  
The whore depraved,  
My anger hated,  
My impulsive nature subjugated,  
My rapture  
Captured,  
And as I become yet more enslaved,  
You start to find me well-behaved  
And I am rendered  
Something soft. And sweet. And tender...

You see my demureness  
As the sign of my pureness,  
And surrounded in the comfort  
That you stole from my very heart,  
I become a subtle, supple, nubile creature,  
With a gentle loving mother's nature;  
Something for you at your leisure  
To reach in and fulfil whatever pleasure  
Your insatiable desire  
May require.

So it may come as a surprise  
That beneath what you gave me as my guise  
Of *loving mother*, I have no body, no face, no eyes;

But I tell you now that I am tooth and thorn,  
And I am claw and I am horn,  
I am flesh eating flesh eating me,  
I am acrid more than sweet.

Yes, I am bitter and rough,  
I am twisted and tough,  
I am spike and spine, sting and venom,  
Muck and mud and slime and scum;  
The one that powerfully fights,  
The scavenger and the parasite,  
I am the fluid that pounds the stone,  
I am the ravaging cyclone,  
I am the smoking, fuming fire –  
The dancing of my own desire;  
I am the crevice, that absorbing abyss  
You stare down as you stand upon *my* precipice;  
I am the enclosed forest and the desolate expanse,  
And there I will lose you as I dance  
Around you teasing,  
For I am the only one I ever try pleasing...

So you can push me ever further into your box  
Of a hundred traps and a thousand locks,  
But you know,  
I'll always grow  
Beyond the confines  
Of your straight lines.

But before you retreat hastily  
Back to your little world of safety  
Where you see me through falsity,  
I must tell you I have seen  
That I swing between  
Your desire to denigrate,  
Control, chastise and castigate,  
Harshly berate me and make me the fool  
...Or else I'm put upon your pedestal.

But never in your wildest dreams  
Did you have a gleam  
Of the idea to treat me as your equal,  
And see me not as pieces to prise apart but whole.

Because if instead of living with your fallacy,  
You take the opportunity to learn to know me,

You'll find the seeds  
For all you could ever really need.

For if you learn to read me,  
I'll reveal to you your story,  
And I will craft with you a song  
So that you know where you belong,  
And as you move to that tune  
Will you find your way to soothe your wounds.  
And I will ease your troubles and allay your woes,  
Show you ways that you might grow;  
But *never* as a bolster to your ego.

I will teach you to heal  
Through the ways that you feel,  
And provide a bridge  
To your lost knowledge,  
As you make the transition  
To knowing through intuition,  
And as you learn I will reveal  
The spirals and cycles of life's great turning wheel...

So to me you might attribute the blame  
For the crops that fail for want of the rain,  
For what could only be nature's curse  
As the storms and the heat get steadily worse...  
But it's clear that you still have this lesson to learn  
That what you do to me I will do in return –

So you can do what you want to hold me at bay,  
But you can do *nothing* to keep me away –  
You may think you control me but I lie in wait,  
For the way that you treat me will seal your own fate.

And I'll tell you what you don't want to believe –  
That I am you and you are me...

And in the end there is but one chance  
To live this magical, miracle, mystery dance.