

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 to 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.