

## ***The Lilac Maidens Lament***

*By Madison McCarty*

By the time you look for me

I will be gone,

a formless mist...

a seeping song.

Blue shutters faded

sheer curtains drawn,

empty sockets

no light to flicker on

and in that

demanding

darkness,

the ethereal

emptiness

between dawns;

my shield and sword

dent the hard wood floors,

and I sweat through the strength of my silk

under warped layers of heavy chainmail

he slow breaks

my will

with the wind of his mere brawn

I kneel weakened,  
possessed  
yielding  
to the  
scourges  
of  
his lullaby,  
his caress.  
Withering,  
I surrender  
my rage,  
erupt  
in silent  
tears,  
that liquefy  
my face,  
pool in my collar  
cascade my breast — decimate  
every strand,  
that stands a top my head.  
My soul will slink  
like a quivering flame,  
down its vessel  
in a puddle of shame,

dripping hypnotized  
as the question  
hangs,  
what is this feeling?  
Like a cold wind came  
slithering through  
my lilac veins,  
cherry picked  
like the maiden chained  
to ravaged rocks  
sharpened by rain,  
she stares at the sky  
in desperate pray,  
“Did I detach my tether  
from this doleful plane?”  
she screams, writhing  
with the last of her strength  
as lightning  
strikes  
like the crack of a cane  
“I’m lost in the light  
heaven’s bride to claim...”  
Am I underground  
or up in space?

In Jupiter's storm

of incessant

angst?

A mere carcass lain

in growing cracks

of a cavernous

watery grave,

a wooden ship

in an ocean

of steel waves,

Lord am I not your child

when the bow

breaks?

A plutonic storm

is on the way,

rumbling pearls

in his wake,

the trembling moon's

iridescent quake

portends a pain...

a plethora—

too great

of raving, rabid

voracious waves,

brimming in brine  
no mercy  
feigned,  
foaming and frothing  
lips that deign,  
spewing down  
on my flesh displayed,  
my unraveling tears,  
running away  
in disbelief  
searing skin,  
tempestuous winds  
“how  
am I still in my  
body?”  
the handsome silver chains  
beg  
to strangulate...  
as he'll rip  
my carcass from its cave  
and hoist me as his conquered slave.  
I am bare  
but unafraid,  
have nothing left to wear

but shame,

he'll hoist me higher

as my limbs fray,

he'll shake my flesh

purple and grey,

he loves to watch me

undulate,

but lifelessly...

I'll crumble like clay,

no more than putty for his hands to play