

# Marriage Bells – May 2020

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May 2020

Your love is fierce, terrifying, dark--

Not a vampire,

But a god

Who slays women,

And buries their bodies

Where no one can find them.

Men run from you;

Women fall into your arms,

But find only your money.

Money is a poor thing--

Cold, brittle, dusty.

A modern day warrior,

Fighting a war

No one can see--

Except you,

And me.

Everybody hates us,

And that's the way we like it.

They're not invited to the parties

Anyway,

And who would want them?

They are ghouls

Feasting on young souls,

Instead of bread

And wine.

I found God;

He looked like Satan

And dressed like a prince.

All my friends were princes--

Proud,

Valiant,

Kind.

Any mother would yearn for

Him to marry her daughter,

But I needed a dragon

To slay the beast,

To stop the devil

Stalking me.

No one quite understands,

But I do--

And that's enough;

Quite enough

For me.

I do exactly what I want to do;

Always have,

Always will.

You're petty, vindictive, glorious--

You are my muse,

And now we muse for two,

In foreign lands or

Gardens,

Wreathed in flowers;

I don't care which.

You are my ally,

My love--

My partner in crime;

We're on life's greatest adventure,

And all we have is time

To smoke, drink and laugh,

Too clever by half--

While all the world burns,

And when it's our turn

To say goodbye,

I'll see you beyond--

Always together,

Happy forever,

*In the garden of Eden.*

You burn with rage;

Your captivating godly eyes,

To my surprise,

Were full of love--

I know love when I see it.

Love is frightening and dark,

Full of despair--

And we declare that

You are mine.

It is divine,

To love someone

Who goes with you to hell and back

(The black hearts of others

Melt in comparison.)

Lose your temper;

Be proud,

And fierce.

Don't let anyone draw near,

Until they give the proper offering.

Burn with fury,

Rage

With hate--

Throw your cares away,

Like dust in the wind;

Let the rain

Wash away your sins,

And run free.

Happy in the sun,

You are the one--

(Everyone knows it

But you).

Strong men go to prison;

Strong women,

Another iron cage--

But we break free

And we rage.

Compassion burns;

So does love;

So does hate;

So does rage.

And so we say,

*This life is not today.*

**Credit:** Photo by Irina Iriser on Unsplash

