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Byronica

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My blonde-haired heroine
on her black stallion,
she rammed into me,
yes, penetratingly.

Byronica's lips sang
sagacious untruths,
surreptitiously sliding down my spine:
a paean to her selfhood,
a perversion of mine.

Believe me.
I crawled away but she leeches,
"You need me,"
a cyclical torture
of my sanity.
This-this is my reality.
Yes, this is my reality!

My blonde-haired heroine
on her civilized black stallion
now holds her white hands out to me,
yes, so lovingly.

She speaks of injustice,
how the monster in her head
just is.
Her white arms encircle me
to say, "you will forgive me,"
for the sun will hang high
and heavy every day.

Crawling to her,
fighting my own for her,
giving myself to her,
we cannot help but believe her.

Oh, yes, we believe her.

As love tills and rots,
and our mad soul divides,
she births another white child.

This child is named Erica.
Erica runs through blue hills.
Afloat with red water she spills
as she beams her whiteness
like her mother-dearest,
and realities like ours
continue to be killed.

But, in her eyes,
we bleed and fertilize
green, green,

only green.