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Deadly Natures

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Deadly Natures

Hannah Hansen

My childhood ended on a spring field
maiden of duality, daughter of deity's
till you came in the clearing and bought me a drink.

Drawing me in with delicate wordplay, and a dark dance
with your fingerprints on my throat.
this is the scene of the crime: of a girl held captive.

My mouth covered by a hand that smelled of copper
I fell through the earth into infernal arms
crashing into his second location.

In this asylum for the dead away from home
the lesson I learned from night one was
“we must all endure deadly natures.”

it took ten years in hell to realize
I am a delicate flame with the touch of absence.
My rage is alive and it serves women well.

people don't like in-between things
and the cost of my story.
They don't like dainty girls to have scars

but I am the queen of the underworld
with spring on my fingertips, and hell beneath them.