

Mercury Blue

Her name is the sound of angel's wings fluttering
Or a November breeze rustling dried brown leaves.
 Like bat's wings under a full, pale, autumn moon.
But what need have we for names?

Ours is an understanding beyond words and sounds,
Beyond here or there, beyond hot or cold,
 Even beyond time itself.
Beyond life. Beyond death.

When she spreads her arms to encircle me,
Spreads her legs to admit me,
 Spreads her web to ensnare me,
I come to her gratefully. A suitor? Or prey?

Her eyes are blue, an ancient and eldritch blue,
And they shine like mercury.
 But for all the heat in her gaze
They glitter coldly like a serpent's eyes, like a spider's eyes.

When I look into them I am afraid,
But for only a moment.
 Then even fear is beyond me
And all that remains for me is surrender.

Her kiss is the landing of a snowflake on my skin,
A crystal, frozen solid, too cold to melt,
 Even when flame sears the same spot,
As burning fangs pierce deep.

Her thirst is sex, wild and wanton and deliciously sweet --
Bitterly less than human, but sacredly more than bestial.
 Her mouth is a womb to draw the spurts of life from me,
The molten gouts coppery, salty, thick on her tongue.

My soul screams, shrieks a warning
Before weakening to sobbing whimpers, then to moans of bliss.
 In this universe the flesh, damned forever, rules.
And, praise God, it is the spirit that is weak.

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