

Petal in my Eye

by Evyl Motso (pseudonym)

Is there some like me,
Born with a petal in their eye?

Pinkish in their hues, over canvas white
Lie in ditches, fill them smooth.
River of reds sink, drops of blues soak,
Honest promises warm, honest repents dry
Ruses, kneel at no priest's booth

Brush bristles in my eye, cataract pigments float.
You look so dreamy, misty morning of storm past.
Lemon dew drips, corrosion's beauty bubbles
Your reflection glistens within, alkaline to my acid.
Nature's finest gift, ugly and the blind.

Sins baptised away in the Nile, heel forgotten.
You look like a God, whisper gospels in my ears,
Faithless preaching, prayers of mine lost in the wind.
Eternal flame burns, rising from your sole
Yearning for oxygen, feast in my lungs.

I vandalise you, with pretty pinks, purple for me.
Flowers grown over the derelict, brutalist beauty.
Like rainbow bright, before temper tantrum tempests.
Mask for your sickness, candy for your cavity.
Dancing on your grave, love letters to hell

My voice you so love, 'sing for me' you say,
Phantom I'm entranced, possessed, guide me.
Iron splattered strings, strum, struck for you
Heart beats Rhythms, drummed off beat.
It's your favourite song, I scream it often

Roses you loaned, sits on the counter
Forever red, forever bright, forever loved
I see it everyday, quench its dying thirst
Black roots I don't see, a tail tangled rat's nest.
In my porcelain vase drowns, les fleurs du mal.

Is there some like me,
Born with a nettle in their eye?