

jezebel

no i can't say

anything about that

wither my fingers

as the hazel branch

burn my eyes

be i smitten be i hurled

by his brothers and his sisters

from my window to my death

i can't say the marriage fell apart

round about the time

i stopped doing his ironing

round about the time i stopped

round about the time for breaking bread

when fear black blossomed

and his mother's spittle and his sister's spite

soured on my face

fustigate me desert winds!

be i accursed bludgeoned poxed

i can't say that i fell

fell for the wrong person

made the wrong choice

falling is predestined

i have only myself to blame that he lacked

vision to see my loyalty

i can't say

falling hurts

struck be i incinerated

and my tongue

timely plucked by demons

falling for the wrong person

is allowed

only sometimes

when falling

works to his advantage

when his advantage is to hold all the cards

he the king

although

miserable i

castigate and chasten me!

it probably requires some ironing too

and sex

the deep abyss of silence
that surrounds the sex of the abused

i can't say
the circumstances

my ears be hacked thwart my thoughts!

but sex is a good bargaining chip
tell that to your daughters at least

i can't say anything about sex
because it's unsavoury he says
and if he says so then []

balsam for his ears!

there's a tussle over that
tussle a euphemism for battery that goes unreported
i can't say that either

BAAL I beseech you!

i can't say that i worked hard to build our home
that i toiled to bear our children
that all my labours were for them

i can't say that i sacrificed myself
because the woman who works too hard
concerns herself with the material

is jezebel far from home
 scorned maligned

the material must only be a man
who stitches a woman's lips
holds the privilege of provision

working too hard
is only allowed
when working too hard
works out

there are questions surrounding this

that i must not ask not now

 not then

patience

 then chastity

 temperance

 charity

 diligence

 kindness

 humility

i have been a virtuous wife

smite me!

vented be their wrath

wind-whipped on my skin

i can't say

i sold myself short

because i sold nothing

all i had were the chirpful mornings of my youth

a fickle fate

and trust which i freely gave

as if all adventures in trust

were for the taking

to be pillaged

hack my limbs! a plague descend on me!

i am dust under his feet

and the feet of my sons

cast me to the ground my flesh

be ripped by dogs!

i can say none of this

because there is no evidence

(they will think me mad)

it is only what i know in my heart

it is my life

every minute and every hour of the life i built

on sand

