

*The blood won't dry in my veins as much as the thoughts in my mind won't stop,
It all ensues, little by little, sometimes with grandiose leaps and bounds,
But it's all constant and regular, perception is flighty,
Dry as my hands are my soul won't weaken,
There is no warning this time, no flashing beacon,
Just life, relative and tolerated, you haven't waited, no one did,
Fingers bare, rings once dug, not to occur, life has all begun to blur,*

*Untidy sprinklings of words with full meaning, the shocking glance,
At once demeaning, the put-down puts you nowhere without consent,
That shoulder offered to lean on is seldom upon leant,
Consolidated misdemeanors collected and swept under the carpet,
Of a lying smile as treacle-sweet lies drip from a ruby-red mouth,
And rot your consuming teeth, look around at the atmosphere you built,
The Snow White clung to the cold pavement and showed us pretty,
But caused us torment, beyond prior belief*

*Carry a burden for as long as you want only, cracked skin may let the light in,
But it burns and this they won't teach you, look under a rock in the rainstorm,
And it will be dry, dry.*

Find yourself a personal shelter from the storm and decorate it carefully.

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