

The Goddess/Low Budget Movie

A low budget movie.
My life,
was just enough to turn to watch.
Vincent Price and that
smirk (he had read the script one week ago).
I had no idea that were
knives and swords and razors.
They chased her up the
English stairs, with steps
deep and wide and wooden.
Tall white walls,
and so much light from outside.
She in white and beauty.
(In agreement with the light on the stairs).
Two others, Minerva's daughters
girded in cloaks seemed to guard her.
They, as was their mother, born
from the head of the Other Gender.
Motherless and Fatherless.
Theirs, a New Gender.
Meanwhile, ordinary men in blue
(born from the loins of the Other Gender),
chase with shining weapons
from a time of which they did not know.
Where chivalry protected and ignored
Sisters all at the same time.
The Other Gender,
soon fell from the charge
of flying saucer razors
and circles of knives.
(Their fall actually victims
of bad acting and posture).
The battle continued on.
A child with a cloak of flight
seemed as eager to end the woman's
beauty as those in suits.
Her anger clothed with indifference.
Her body in white.
Her weapons invisible.

Another close-up of Vincent's eyes
to remind myself of the script
written in a week,
yet performed for years.
And still we gasp
as she falls in death.
In red, with relief
from the child, the suits,
and razor sharp circle.

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november 2005-january 2005
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