

## Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

*Kyle Owens*  
(INAMORATA)

### COLOSSUS:

Whose stench stains my castled walls?  
Is that you Sebastian-  
or that of a rotted dog impaled twelve twilights before?

(There is a pause as he waits for a reply that never comes.)

Don't lie silent to my ears.  
I hear your whispers creaturing the night.  
I know your purpose and have come to slay it  
and rend it through with my knife of orders.  
You will not have Inamorata!  
Do you hear me?  
You are forbidden to dream her sheen  
or yearn for the touch of her eyes.  
I am her father,  
but what's more-  
I am your King!  
You will not come about her window  
and dialogue your way into her soul.  
I know of the Knights that stand my kingdom  
for I have served with them on the blood stained war fields  
with flesh and bone littered about the ground,  
listening inside the howls of wolves feasting on the dying soldiers.  
Knights are brave and courageous in battle,  
however they are not noble husbands of verdant gardens  
but black carrion crows of poisoned willows.  
You seek my daughter Sebastian,  
but you find me!  
Be gone from the flow of my light  
and I will seek you no final sentence.  
However, you continue the pursuance of my dear daughter  
and I will peel your heels with dulled blades  
and salt your wounds over the stench of a hundred chamber pots.  
You will seek mercy,  
but I will dungeon it away from your screams.  
Then I will horror your body into a doctrinal truth  
which will never be forgotten by the centuries to come.  
Goodbye Sebastian- you gorged serpent of unsacred passion.  
And remember my words,

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for they are your fate.

(The spotlight goes dark)

(The spotlight rises and Inamorata stands in its shine writing a letter)

### *INAMORATA:*

Sebastian, I pen my woe onto this parchment  
with crisis of hand.

I must build a composition of words that despairs  
the hallowed fire of our hearts-

It is not to be.

We cannot find happiness  
in a nest of twine knotted hollow.

My father forbids our amorous hearts  
and to continue this hotted passion  
puts you at a risk you cannot comprehend.

We must now shape our love into a forgotten relic  
lost inside a pathless desert.

You will find another  
to drink from the orient seas of your fathomless love,  
crowning her with the endless virtue of being your wife  
and the mother of your children.

But as for us  
the womb of love carries empty  
and sorrows the hours away.

These words are my tears brave knight of the morn,  
be gone my Sebastian-  
be gone.

(The spotlight fades)

(The spotlight rises to find Sebastian holding the letter in his hand)