

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

Liza Zoellick

Cruel Intentions

You allude to me as your concubine,
As I bear witness to the fragments of parchment in my hand-
I read and reread,
Conscious of your reference-
Still half believing I'm misreading this judgment.
How can this be true?
We shared such passion!
My memory of the sweetness of your skin is still,
So clear-
The softness of your lips upon mine own makes me breathless yet.
Now, I feel I am in exile from your heart;
Alienated from your being-
Our time spend together
Like Venus touching my very Soul!
You were the harbinger of love and life,
Of all good things!
You were the muse that spoke to me in the night.
And now I am regarded by your words
As nothing but a whore-
And I must rebuke the gravity of your words.
O, how it pains me!
What a detriment this is to my heart.
You have been such an integral part of my life-
And O, how you wound me!
Would that that I could find something to alleviate this pain!
Anything that could be applied
To make my heart lighter-
But this intrigue in my hands is so convoluted!
I can only declare you a sophist and burn these words
In hopes no one sees them and accepts them to be true,
O, such a dilemma!
How my heart beat for you.
And now you spurn me-

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Is it for another?

I watch as these words become dying embers,

And hope your new lover never knows

The cruelty of your words.