Dear Defiler

By Ashley Ellis

Dear Defiler,

Memory visited yesterday and reminded me—it’s been a while since that time in Fox Meadow. He brought Richmond in an image of green and brown quickly rising from branch to branch. And when I woke I had the touch of those days on my skin, a throbbing of inner and outer thighs. He said in the bright sun, slapping, Miss Marie Mac, was like lemons, always better sour. Yes, I’ve been thinking of you sweet foe, and that twinge you put in my jaw from summers spent sucking your religious mornings of rotten oranges and melon--- Thrice you thought church could cleanse you---Still, those peppered assaults and solid floors felt too cold to press my face to. I know you altered memory with smiles thrown like stones at bare bone; made it a secret still melded to my back. No matter, you taught me to rot. Of nights hot, spent caught beneath your hands. Like rough housing is best forgot with you. That time slows soft, when I’m still. Missing you is like Copperheads full of lust robust with confusion. And me—you will miss, a simple dark kiss- like the new moon shaded by trees with branches out of your reach.

If we happen to meet again, I am sure it will be in dreams of mares and night, when Memory stops to visit.

- Until Then,

Ashley

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Dear Defiler

By Ashley Ellis

Metal That Steals The Innocent

By Christine Rushton

3-3-13

Hands shaking, mind faltering, 
loaded metal pasted to the clammy skin, 
raindrops assault the rubber covering, 
and a clock’s ticking tracks each motion.

Feet, like stone, fall in line, 
shoes shatter glass puddles without care, 
one step, two steps, three steps more, 
the double doors, like fiery gates, draw near.

The air so bitter, yet no shivers shall shake 
a man whose soul already trembles in terror, 
pain of confusion jumbles sanity, 
while tears blend with water splashes on cheeks.

Lights from Aurora still hang in the distance, 
hearts not quite healed soon to tear open, 
hand and mind and metal all gathered 
ignite the flame of Hell’s craved desire.

Giggles erupt from the back corner, 
pencils scrape lightly, livening stenciled figures, 
the commanding voice sounds at the front, 
instructs the silly bird chatter to quiet down.