

WHO AM I?

*She embraced the gallows as she stood before them all in the
fine
old city,
Hollowed-bone trees concealing any signs of pity,
Their tormenting leaves pleased by her as unwilling
entertainment,
The judgement-filled thoughts of the folks now being blatant,
The beliefs they consumed of the woman at the gallows
combated the beliefs of the woman embracing it.
They painted her a tainted lamb far from redemption,
A child of Venus possessing the soul of deception.*

*In conflict such as that,
Only one introspection remained.
After ascending from the troubles that twisted her innocence,
What part of her being had still been retained?*

*As a babe,
She upheld all they dreamed she would be -
Though from the moment she was birthed into this world,
The first thing released was a cry of plea.
A measly foreshadowing of the plagues to come.
Aside from the inner voices conflicting and battling,
She was perfect.
Nothing provocative lured folks in,
No.
In reality it was her simplicity.
She embodied youthful beauty from those virgin eyes
to the fierce loyalty burning behind them,
Prior to her encounter with Asmodeus,
Simple happiness washed over her,
Faith seeped into her skin covering every inch of her veins,
trepidation was merely lands away,
But of course she couldn't escape the second rain down of
her
bane.*

*As a woman,
Fate pushed her away and warped her into a false serpent,
'Something wicked this way comes',
For the Prince of Darkness had birthed Sorrow
and now Sorrow was chained to her.*

*The Prince was not always like this,
But he was not as he seemed.
With every honey-mouthed phrase dripping off his tongue
She fell harder for the sweetened sincerity,
Little could she foresee,
He was whittling her virgin eyes into a sunken soul,
Dousing the fire that once blazed with passion
and ripping the youth from her being.
Little could she foresee,
He would quickly burden her with such ease.
As quickly as he came, he passed,
Leaving Sorrow with nothing but to feed on her.
No longer was she a breath of the spring,
No.
She was broken down into a withered maiden,
Beauty was barren and eyes were stripped of what had been
seen as demure.
The embodiment of grace no longer fell upon her.*

*Tales and folklore spread of the woman,
Before the people were clear about who she was:
Affable and generous.
Yet with a change of the season and the latch of
abandonment,
She had turned into a quiet woman,
Reserved and pitiful at first glance.
She was unrecognisable,
The woman who once gleamed was gone.*

*Her grip tightened within her embrace of the gallows as she
stood
before them all in the fine old city,
The black flag has been raised.*

*The woman perceived to have fallen from grace is not who I
am
anymore,
I now rest at the Elysian Fields,
Where my truth has been met with candour.
The faces of people now stare at my figure lying above the
wood.
As they stare many believe I perished as a wench,*

*Even my own flesh and blood.
Many will believe,
But my soul will not.
Now gazing at myself in the ripples of the pool,
I see my veins drinking back the colour of faith,
My body restored and the chain indentations now gone,
My eyes now in tune with the hymn of freedom.
Liberation truly is a wonder,
Every inch of my current being is who I knew myself to be,
Who I know myself to be.*

*I am redemption.
I am a woman worthy of salvation.*