

MY MEANS

FLORENCE POLLOCK

If you truly planned to flush the world of evil, you did a shoddy job. Noah's ark was filled with beautiful creatures, yet the seed of cruelty snuck aboard. Adam for the pain in my ass, and John for the ache in my heart.

How can such men cause me grief? One unable to discern Nowel from Noah, while the other brandishes the fire of hell upon women.

The lodging is raucous, drunks in the tavern below rave of wild John's destruction. If not for the agony in my body I too would drink to his foolishness.

Though I do not believe treatment is a feminine virtue, I dare not reveal my wound. How would I explain the cause of my injury? I Nathan, branded by another man's lust and vengeance.

For the love of Abigail, I spare her the shame. Let thine rivers overflow, like Noah's flood so long ago. In the depths of my despair, I hold that promise there.

Yet this pain plagues me. Something festers inside, is this sin devouring me within? I'm tormented by thoughts of lustrous Abigail. Forever beyond my reach.

Heavenly Father, you plan to make a mockery of me! I, who tricked men before me, making them cuckolds in their own bedroom. Now I lie alone, biting my thumb for the woe you give me! Well I bite my thumb at you. God. Adam. John. Abigail.

How can pain from the rear flare to the heart and brain? I arch my back, bending to your will.

You open my door, and linger at the frame. The weight on the floorboards betray your silence. Do you not see my body contorted with agony?

Abigail's voice calls, yet I cannot bear her witness.

She must see me writhing in pain, and still she cowers back to the lit hall. She, spared punishment, while I suffer.

My furrowed brow beads with sweat in my writhe. Pooling pearls of pain you stole from the siren sea. Witch! Do you collect these for all your sailors? Will you take them when I no longer ache for you? I ache, just not for you.



Oh Christ! Another tide of pain flushes through my body.

Do you plan to cleanse my sin? What was my greatest transgression? Cleanse me! What was my greatest transgression? For my lust, I ruined many virtues. Yes! Flood me. Wash away sin. And I shall build my ark as Nowel before me.

What heaven would hold a sinner like me? You speak to me through cosmic conversations, patterns, only I can see. Your guide to purity through abstinence. I embrace this quest for godliness and I am filled with your love.

Your voice echoes through Nowel's flood.

My gift given by the stars, words hungry to be heard. How else shall fellow sinners be redeemed?

The window pane is not my limit. From the covers I leap. lord! While I have no dressed warmth, my body is hot for religion.

No more will I burn for you, temptress, your selkie disguise shall not ensnare man.

Billowing of my self-made rope and faster I descend. I swell as I escape her captivity. My mind swimming with words washed on me. Fate whispers in the night, I know this cosmic sigh.

Quicker I come to you. My body aflame with fervour. My arms, my voice, my mind are now yours, swinging outwards in orgasmic liberation. You are in me!

Amen.

