

A WEEK, WILD HEART

by PAULA MARIE ROTHMUND

On Monday, I thought the sun was too bright,
I awoke alone in her stinging light
My head, it was ringing and my hands, they were charring
Behind the curtains my feelings were warring

On Tuesday, I searched but couldn't find a sign
Betrayed and confused I went alone to dine
Though I had hoped it be a respite
Some terrible root cursed my delight

On Wednesday, I screamed at the friar,
Telling him he was a horrible liar.
"Nothing can save you nor me or my soul
Blood isn't the only thing that she stole"

On Thursday, I burned the church to the ground,
Ash and cinders were all they found
No one will ever meet there again
Under moonshine without the eyes of men

On Friday, I didn't like how the people were looking,
All of the rumours inside them cooking.
witch, unholy, vampyre, fiend
And still every night of her face I dreamed

On Saturday, I hated everything and more,
On Sunday, I hated you to the core.

On Monday, I drained a man
On Monday, my search began