

BENEATH THE THIN SKIN

(PERFORMED BY ONE WOMAN, WITH A STRONG FOCUS ON MOVEMENT.)

Blue lace and pink tea roses from my lover, not the dark one.
The dark one has teeth and semen for me yet.
He awaits me behind my right shoulder,
Knife pressed gently to my left.
I have pretended he is not there for our time together.
And now when I turn to face him I find it is you.

You have the blade and the breath and the darkness.
And now it is not only mixed with sex, it is mixed with love.
My jaw of steel, my body of stone stares at you.
I cannot believe this is being asked of me,
That this is the burning stone in my hand.
My bird of light recoils in terror and disgust.
No. She says.
I am willing in every direction of the circle save this one.
Why does the trusted spirit bring me to the detested road.
I am weak here, I know this.
I face you in hatred with full belief in my love for you.
What was hollow now resonates in truth;
What was believed and not understood is
Now understood and not believed.

Your love is the blade that will not let me escape, this time.

Your breath is the desire that calls out in silence
To the unrelenting rock below my neck.
Your darkness is the mirror I refuse.

Where does the thaw begin?

Begun long ago. The edges have melted.
You approach the frozen solid heart of the matter.
Too much heat will destroy the web caught in the ice.

How does the thaw continue?

Dance slowly with the dark one in daylight.

So slowly at first it seems like stillness.
