

INDECENT EXPOSURE

By Ildy Lee

Part One

Self-ordained Goddess of the written word,
What right have I to paint lives
With my pen?

Headliners are droughtless fountains,
Facts brewing for future fiction
I am slithering through pages
Line by line,
Column by column
Spying around corners of paragraphs
Coiled up, I am waiting to strike at tragedy
Exploit fear, and rape privacy,
The ultimate payoff of for sensationalizm!

Factual flesh of the virgin bride
Dressed in fantasy
For the journalistic feast.
Cannibalism?
No one questions but me
The oozing blood
Under her white chiffon
Click! The beast is hungry,
I trigger the shutter release
To give it what it wants.
What right have I to expose her this way?
Shouldn't she be left to die in dignity?
My lenses are fogged with guilt,
Her image clouded, distorted,
But I must beat the deadline.
I can't feel, nor focus anymore!

I wish someone crushed the camera
Implanted in my cornea
And pieced together the fragmented porcelain figurines!

Part Two.

The warehouse is burning
At the hands
Of my interrogative imagination.
A voice whispers from below:
"Beware of matches!
Accidents do happen!"
Innocent bakers, shoemakers
Weren't my target.
Their hungry kids won't eat
Until the insurance money is collected.

I didn't mean to scorch your little lives,
How did you become my kindling?
None are spared the conflagration.
Nero fiddled while savoring the fires he sat,
I am painting articles with my pen
While contemplating the flames I ignited...

My paintbrush is stained
With your blood,
My eyes spackled
With the yellow stanch of your suffering,
You, pathetic preys,
Accidental martyrs!
Me, ugly vulture of human misery.

Someone should burn down this indecent exhibit
And release the virginal nudes
Tacked on the bulliten board,
Held victims on the editorial canvas.
Someone should crush the typewriter
Implanted in my brain
And release the hostages.

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