

# Smattering

*by Nyxx*

Living under the roof of a physically and emotionally abusive father.

## Daughter, Beware the Wrecking Ball

*Chapter 1 of 8*

Living under the roof of a physically and emotionally abusive father.

### **Daughter, Beware the Wrecking Ball**

*My Father*

My blood ran cold  
As you closed the gap,  
Between your fist  
And my punching bag.  
Hesitating on fight or flight  
Was useless to me then,  
For wall to wall was closed to me  
Trapped within the Lion's Den.  
A curious sensation,  
To flood with instant fear,  
Shuddering, as though doused with dread  
And overwhelming terror.  
Liquid ice thrown on my back  
Reverberated down my spine,  
As if drowning in black waters

And losing hold my lifeline.  
He came at me, a wrecking ball-  
That refuses to relent,  
Until he breaks my spirit-  
And I, unto his will, submit.  
Laughable, the reasons why,  
And pitiful my defense.  
In my mind, those days repeat,  
Clear as pictures ever since.  
Now your health's declining,  
I see your hands betray your tremble.  
Now, how does it feel, father,  
to become the helpless little girl?  
It is said that to move on-  
I must Forget, Forgive.  
No, I must retain and learn-  
But hold them loose, and Live.  
3-19-05

# Emily

*Chapter 2 of 8*

I only found Emily?s poetry a little over a year ago, but she?s had a huge impact on me, and the way I see the world.

## Emily

*In memory of Emily Dickinson*

Poised above your writing desk,  
A quill within your hand,  
Expressing those little things  
That in your eyes, are grand.  
Exposing the fierceness of emotion,  
And the vast abyss of pain,  
Tenderly inspecting wounds  
Seared by open flame.  
Your fingertips upon the paper,  
Quiet scratching of your quill,  
Attuned to horror and beauty  
Bending language to your will.  
Sunlight streaming from the window,  
Illuminates the dust,  
The only movement in the room-  
Aside your monumental thought.

2-23-05

# The Gardener

*Chapter 3 of 8*

An illustration of rain.

## The Gardener

*--A Description of Rain--*

He steps in quiet- at the dawn  
To mist the land with dew.  
Bright rainbow prisms on each leaf,  
His droplet touch imbued.  
He weaves so moist a tapestry  
With his translucent hands.  
The gardener wields patiently  
One million water cans.  
He smatters, lightly, flower beds  
With ornamental sparks.  
Before he lingers with the breeze-  
And for the west, departs.

# Awe

*Chapter 4 of 8*

The birth of my cousin's baby.

## Awe

*For Trevin, my cousin, on the day of his birth*

If mere mortals ever  
Have doubted whether  
Celestial beings exist-  
The undisputed truth  
Lies within his tiny fist.  
He is peaceful-  
Regal,  
Encompassed within arms  
That would fight in battles  
Protecting him from harm.  
He parts his eyes-  
Cautious,  
To inspect his newfound home

As a fledgling Prince  
Peers, timid, from his throne.  
A universe of chaos,  
At this moment, came to pause,  
For nothing so momentous  
As the dawning of this infant-  
Has ever come to pass.  
5-18-05

## The Origin of Life

*Chapter 5 of 8*

This is based on personal opinion concerning earth and evolution.

### The Origin of Life

#### *Earth*

Behold, the farthest Forest-  
A sun dappled, grassy floor,  
As heat streams through giant trees,  
Flowers tilt their fleshy heads  
Near the remote, mossy shore.  
The water has a current,  
Fed from vast, hidden streams  
That quench the restless sea-  
Dawns warmth touched the surface  
Releasing tendrils of steam.  
Beneath the ocean surface  
Filtered rays of light waft, slow,  
Dancing towards the teeming Life  
Thriving in submerged forests,  
Where the sun yet faintly glows.  
A vision, Eden's garden,  
On supple, fertile Earth-  
Architect of creation,  
Wielder of destruction-  
She conducts all death and birth.  
Pinnacle of beauty, terror,  
Where sun dances on her seas,  
Earth is origin, god of man,  
Her worth and truth abound-  
Although most- refuse to see.

# The Desolation

*Chapter 6 of 8*

My dad overdosed on pain medication. There was a thunder storm that same day.

## The Desolation

*For my Father*

Flash and crack of thunderstorm  
Rages fiery, white-hot, pain.  
The tears I cannot find in me  
Are shed for me by rain.  
Blinding heat explodes for me  
In deafening shrieks of sky.  
Reverberating peals of angry hurt,  
Wailing fury I cannot cry.  
A downpour of such intensity  
It breeched through wood and steel.  
I stand amid its torrent  
It felt, where I cannot feel.  
As the tempest abates to remnants  
Trembling like your limbs,  
Inner thoughts cascade- as waterfalls-  
More tumultuous than they seem.

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A/N: Please tell me if you see one that you like. And if you see one that you didn't enjoy, please be specific in your reason why. I'm only an amateur, so it helps me *tremendously* to know where I must focus improvement. Thank you, Nyxx =)

# Ashen

*Chapter 7 of 8*

Concerning Severus Snape in love...

## Ashen

Sweet the juice of tender fruit  
So fresh upon your lips.  
Alive with joy and innocence  
That darkness can't resist.  
Spying from a corner  
Amid the shadows of your kind,  
A beauty grew within the desert  
With nimble limbs and mind.  
Her image wavers before you,  
She is no more than a dream.

Reaching out to touch her  
She ripples like a stream.  
Deserve this feast, you starving man  
She does not, to you, belong.  
Your darkness mustn't taint her,  
Though her purity is strong.  
Stolen- was that longed for kiss  
From her moist and swollen lips.  
Defiling a sacred creature  
By the thrusting of your hips.  
Desperate- now to keep this gift,  
Though it be sacrilege.  
You would deceive to keep her,  
For without, you cease to live.

## Luminous

*Chapter 8 of 8*

Hermione Granger's love for Severus, from her POV.

### **Luminous**

I offer what you thirst for  
To sate your fierce desire,  
To soothe the tension of your flesh,  
And calm your raging ire.  
My tenderness is foreign,  
And feels awkward on your skin,  
For I to bear pain with you,  
If you trust to let me in.  
You hunger for these fleeting foods-  
Seething, black-eyed demon...  
Thieving cups of pungent wine-  
Tasting of my heaven.  
Make no sacrifice, in my name,  
To make you more deserving.  
I wish you as you are-  
Dark, flawed, and cunning.  
Your soul subsists in shadow  
As decayed by hate and time.  
Salvation lies within my arms,  
Your soul entwined with mine.  
Don't fret that I must keep you-  
Lest you waste away and die,

Once you tasted what I offer

We merged as One, you and I.