

## Because of "The Red Book"

I saw her.  
Cadaverous face, straggly hair  
as she sniffed my hairline.  
I've never seen her before.

This is our first meeting.  
Though I know  
we've sat together  
since the beginning  
of time.

I blocked her presence  
attempted to sleep.  
I could not go with her.  
Not this night.

She invites,  
or drags me  
into her bowels  
makes me writhe  
as she lifts her veil.

At times I go willingly  
allow her fleshless hands  
to guide the present time  
where the willows  
bow to shelter me.

Other times I balk.  
Digging heels,  
head thrown back,  
"No. No. No. I do not  
want to go to your depths."  
Must I look? Must I admit  
Am I the slasher  
that wants to hide  
this soul?

I sit at her throne.

Her stare skewering  
this confessor of  
depth and, time.

We are  
one.

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