

A woman with long, wavy hair, wearing a white dress, is shown from the chest up. She is holding a lit cigarette in her right hand, with smoke rising from it. The image has a strong blue tint and is semi-transparent, allowing the background to be visible. The background appears to be an outdoor setting with some architectural elements.

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The Tormented Wife's Lament

Valerie Howard

The Tormented Wife's Lament (A bedtime prayer)

Sept 13, 2005

Oh God, I pray to thee,
That you look down on my children and me
And view the torment that we live each day
By someone who supposed to love us in every way.
Conflict and cruelty is all we know
I pray you take him, let us go.
We are suffering so, going out of our mind
Pain and harshness is so unkind,
I pray you give him a taste of the pain he's caused
And let him feel what cruelty does
And end our cries of moans and wails
And send that motherfucker off to jail.
Where he will meet Bubba, Leroy, Ray Ray and Scott,
And let him show them the manhood he's got.
Making his family a prisoner in their home,
With no money, no food, left all alone
While he points his finger at everyone's imperfections,
As he prances about in his own reflection.
Thinking we are underneath his very soul,
But Bubba will teach him his shit is old.
And that men like him who abuses children and wives,
Whose tongue he uses to cuts like knives
I ask you to take your time and make him understand,
For every word and every action, justice lends a hand.
I beg you spare no lesson to this bastard of hate
Let him drink the wine of misery and bitter fate.
Because he truly deserves to be imprisoned,
Breaking my icons of the one who has risen.
For all his maltreatment and overt destruction
Let him recognize his behavior was the obstruction.
But I feel no shame making this request

'Cause I know you will always love me best,
So father hear my plea
And take this deadbeat far from me
So we can repair our broken hearts and live again
Knowing life with rage and cruelty, there is no end.
So I'm trusting you to do this soon,
Put him in a cage of doom
And send his ass off to jail,
So he can rot and go to hell.
In Christ name Amen

All this stress and strife for what I ask?
Am I suppose to be like the beaten wind
After I finish each task and want to rescind?

Why is it so difficult to want peace and love,
As been promised to me from high above,
But I live here now on this plane,
Ne'er to know heaven again.

The words of kindness I try to bestow,
On those who love me who are full of woes,
Bringing in the sunshine is all I do
Bless with words of comfort is a comfort true.

It's easy to lose sight of oneself
Taking for granted my powerful stealth
Although I truly hate my life,
Making peace for someone else is right.

I HATE MY LIFE

Sept 14, 2005

I know I love being alive and well,
Knowing the loneliness I could tell,
I wish contentment would stay all day
Making this emptiness go away.

But I realize now, I am here to share
Freeing up the pain we all must bear.
And make peace among myself and those
Who appreciates my little prose?

So hating my life is probably not true,
I need to exorcise the demons, I call you.
And maybe someday I will see,
That you were the only misery brought to me.

So instead of hating life, I now hate you
Wishing you the same heartache
Don't cry boo-hoo.
But recognize you are a piece of work
And you can kiss my ass, you fucking jerk.

How Tasty

Sept 14, 2005

How stupid could I be?
Letting you walk all over me,
When I was stronger you ate my strength
Like a five course meal under the tent,
Like a fresh mowed lawn on a summer morn,
You ate it all like the waterfall.

Consuming me and what I had,
To make yourself a better lad
All you have is what I've shown you,
Forgetting I am the backbone and the glue.
Keep fluffing your feathers like a beautiful peacock,
Yeah that's what you are and not what you got.

But you don't realize I have done you a favor,
Not roasting you with all the flavor.
At my picnic table is your head,
With an apple in your mouth and some garlic spread
But know in the end of this county scene,
Is me, eating you alive, so scrumptious so serene.

No Clue

Sept. 16, 2005

I was beautiful when you met me,
Now I'm an ugly bitch,
How the hell did I make the switch?
You call me all kinds of names that doesn't fit,
But when I challenge you, you have no wit.
So take my advice and seek some help,
Before you find yourself in the East River,
As fish food and kelp.

Twisted

Sept 15, 2005

I may be a nut and I may be black,
But as together as I am is something you lack.

You think my color is a burden to me,
But you can't suppress the beauty I see
My talents and interest is more than you can bare,
So make a fool out of me so they all can stare,
And look at me with wrinkled faces trying to understand,
How I let you survive, and not smashed up your hands.
When they hear thru the window the crash of glass,
They are all wondering this time if I am whipping your ass.

As we all know what a coward you may be,
A nut, a loudmouth and an abuser of me.

Death be to us

Sept, 17, 2005

I don't like getting graphic and I don't want to be smug,
But you know, I have no patience for loud and rude thugs.
A thug you are not but a PUNK INSTEAD,
PICKING ON Women AND CHILDREN it swells up your head,
But we are not a threat to you, but you to us,
You always say *we* need help but I insist you must.

Figure out why you hate us so,
If that doesn't work then let us know
Never knowing which way to proceed,
Up and down, down and up, is all you need
To gets on your merry go round
Of sadness and distrust that can easily be found
But I don't get why you take us there
When love and peace can be found right here.

So I'm letting you know we are moving on,
With Bob or Billy or maybe Ron.
So when you read on what you have done
Remember you killed the love and you killed the fun.

Keep a Steppin g

Sept 17, 2005

I hate to reveal it's been ten years since I share a passionate moment with you,
But I can't make love to a man who makes me so blue.
I don't mean some of the time, but weekly at best,
I leave alone to get my rest.
For you it's easy to love me tenderly then curse me out
And dismiss our moments with your screams and shouts.
I cannot be true to myself and sleep with you,
'Cause I know tomorrow, you will hate me too.
So why should I be hurt and feel like shit,
When I know I am a together chick.
I made you the man you are and that's not much
I know you miss my tender touch
And maybe that is part of why you are the way you are,
Cause deep down inside you really admire me from afar
Knowing I don't have to put up with your shit,
So you lie and steal a tricky dick.

But I'll never forget that you told me you love like a sister,
That hurt me terribly and caused me a blister,
On my very heart, and it took me years
To pick up my bootstraps and stop shedding tears.
Because a sister you do not have
Made me very insecure and very sad.
My heart and private parts, I decided they belonged to me,
Not sharing them with you I would be free
And I thought I was noble to try once more
You took it for granted and three turned into four.
And now you're the father of our beautiful children,
When they moved out we should be getting laid often,
But that will never happen again,
'Cause I'm too good, too special, and know I'm worth something.

So I know you're getting laid not by me, who cares
Let you be someone else headache, who doesn't know how to share
And let you two be a perfect match
With you as the bully and she as the snatch.

Tired

Sept. 17, 2005

I'm tired of apologizing
I tired of the pain,
What did I do to you to you to make you so vain?
Why do you think you're a cut above it all?
When you are weak and obviously small.
I'm tired of begging and
I'm tired of pleading
For you to be fair, and you keep on cheating.
That I honestly could forgive,
But when you compare them to me,
You must be a knuckle head.
Because if they were so great and can do what I do,
Then you'd move on and pay child support as other cheaters too
So check this out you awful spouse
I'm leaving you here in an empty house.

Shit Happen s

Sept. 17, 2005

They found two livery drivers dead,
Why couldn't it be you instead?
I despise bad news on the tv
I cry all day, thinking it could be me.
What I learned is that I am spared,
From some of the hardship that waits out there.
However the truth be told, that I'm not so lucky,
My hardship lives at home and makes life yucky.
With all the accusations of make believe issues
On my night table is a box of tissues
Which I want to stuff way down in your mouth,
Knowing you are a hateful louse
And because I am not evil like you,
I take you name and put it in my shoe
And walk all day on your name and soul,
Wishing soon your just desserts unfold
I am sorry I think like that
But being helpless makes you feel like that
But you leave me no choice but to wish you harm,
I'll never forget when you fractured my arm.
But that's okay I'm a better person than you
No matter what you break, or try to
Destroy you can't hide from the truth.

fire extin quisher

Sept 17, 2005

In your rant and rage, I hear you call,
Outlandish desolation, melancholy and all
Making up stuff so you can blow your top,
And just like a fire I'll put you out.
From all the friction and abrasions you caused
Are remnants of invisible walls?
But when the smoke finally clears the room,
All that echoes is sorrow and gloom.

The Devil Walked In

Sept 18, 2005

I know it's a sin to question your fate
But do I deserve a less deserving mate?
Now I know I'm not perfect and that part is true,
But why do I cause you pain being true to you?
All I know is I try and try
And all you do is lie and lie
And expect me to understand and forget
The trouble you cause and yet,
I say to myself this is definitely not working
You prove you're an asshole just by talking.
So what do I do when you get home?
I try so hard to be on the phone,
So all can hear your greeting to me,
Hey you fucking bitch what's to eat?

Graveyard Dirt

Sept 18, 2005

Since you love to spit in my face
Countless times I can't erase,
But you and God will have to deal
With that nasty habit you don't reveal,
But you and I know that's not right,
You hunt for shit in the dead of night,
Just like a rat, with filthy tails,
I add you name to a jar of nails
And in it goes some nasty things,
And comfort to me this is suppose to bring.
But that is not always enough you see,
So I send to your father beneath the earth and sea.

Bye-bye

Sept 15, 2005

Die bitch die, let me be,
Let me enjoy my last years, being free.
Free from smega and free from debris,
Is all you are in the crack of my pussy.

You act like an ass, a donkey I do mean,
But why should I make fun of a critter,
Describing one so mean.
An ass is too great to measure you by,
What you need is a good black eye.

Hopefully all in the world will see
The kind of phony we know you to be,
So die bitch die, and finally be dead,
Then I can rest my joyful head.

Babies

Sept. 16, 2005

We planned our children unlike what other couples do
And we stuck to our schedule and they were due,
Just when we wanted them, you showed your ass,
Now you're getting old and they don't ask.
They don't care about what you say,
They will disrespect you anyway
They know our life is not the same as Sally, Alan and of course lil Sue,
And there aren't words to describe what we go thru.
But one day the babies will be big enough to know
That everything you did for them, was nothing but show
And now they see from friends and family
That all you are is a public daddy.
Laughing and giggling outside of our home,
But never as kind when they are alone
But the venom you spew can be felt for days
And you wonder why now you're not getting laid?
I've tried so hard to keep us sound,
But chaos and confusion is always around
Not because it wants to be there,
You keep it alive and thrive on despair.
Because you think, I am your servant or two,
And don't understand I am a human like you.
But that's okay I've learned to be me,
To continue releasing my bottled up energy,
But the children need us, and that's why I back down,
Because it isn't right to see a parent cry or frown.
I make excuses for you and keep giving you a chance
But you take my kindness as weakness, and try to wear my pants.
But you are not mom, and matter how bad you to make me out to be
The children know they can always count on me.

But hopefully our children will grow up to be the best of us
Neither passive nor controlling that would be a plus.
But let these kind spirits, be at peace and enjoy living
Give to them because you want to be giving.
But don't be two people and rule with a fist,
In your next life you'll be them, that's a twist.
To be subjected to hatred and ridicule,
Something they don't teach in school,
But I can't change your very core,
There is nothing there but a bore who keeps score.

Anger fights Back

Sept. 15, 2005

Hell yeah I'm angry that part is true,
But only because of half a lifetime being so blue,
Making me cry and making me afraid,
Boy you have no idea I'm destroying the charade.

It is time I kick and fight you back,
But with my pen and heart I'll attack.
You think you know it all and that is so funny,
We all know you are the world's biggest dummy.
So shut your big mouth and humble your dumb ass,
We are all aware you don't have any class.

It's not something you can buy or can easily acquire,
But have to be taught like love and desire.
So next time when you rear your ugly head,
Just know because of me your life has been spared or you'd be dead.

It Just Is

Sept. 18, 2005

Tarot, angels, rocks and stones,
Are the things that I own.
With my holy shrine I do favor,
It has been my way to my lord and Saviour.
Frankincense, myrrh and psalm nine, eighteen and five,
Have been my focus which kept me alive
And I know that the power of prayer is what kept you at bay,
Cause psalms seventy five and seventy six works for me all day.

So when you ridicule that holy book of mine,
Backing you off I know it's a sign
That your day is coming and it is coming soon,
That's why I don't act a fool.

Knowing the power of belief and three,
That's why things always work out for me
Knowing to have faith is the key,
That's why you'll never be the defeater of me. Bitch.

So damn lucky

Sept. 16, 2005

I have been so damn lucky giving good things in life so I know the difference. And I thought you had it rough so I tried to be patient with you...you took advantage of my love, my patience and my need to be needed.

I thought I was so damn lucky, meeting you, loving you, marrying you, but you know if I didn't have what I had I would not have survived you.

But I have been so damn lucky that in your bitterness, I have developed my being , fighting , and determined to get away, boy am I so damn lucky that I didn't give up even when I had nothing , I knew this too shall pass , and you know what?

It did... I'm so damn lucky.

The Tormented Wife's Lament

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