



Shades Before Your Life

Brandi S. Henderson

a *Down in the Dirt* chapbook
Scars Publications 2005

Table of Contents

Dedication Page.....	3
Shades Before Your Life.....	4
Fugue	5
Exposure.....	6
Running Bound With Fate	7
Summer Vacation, 2001	8
Morpheus' Overcasting	9
Pinioned.....	10
Deteriorating	11
Struggling Remains	12
Separate	13
RunningThrough (Your Soft Brown Stare)	14
Drowsing	15
Remembering To Water The Garden	16
Psychotic Subculture	17
Desperation Reflected	18
Blue Girl	19
Perfect Plastic Body.....	20
Acknowledgements	21

This Book Is Dedicated To

my great-aunt Violet Debelius Hesson and my great-uncle
Charles Hesson, with love, honor and unending gratitude.

Shades Before Your Life

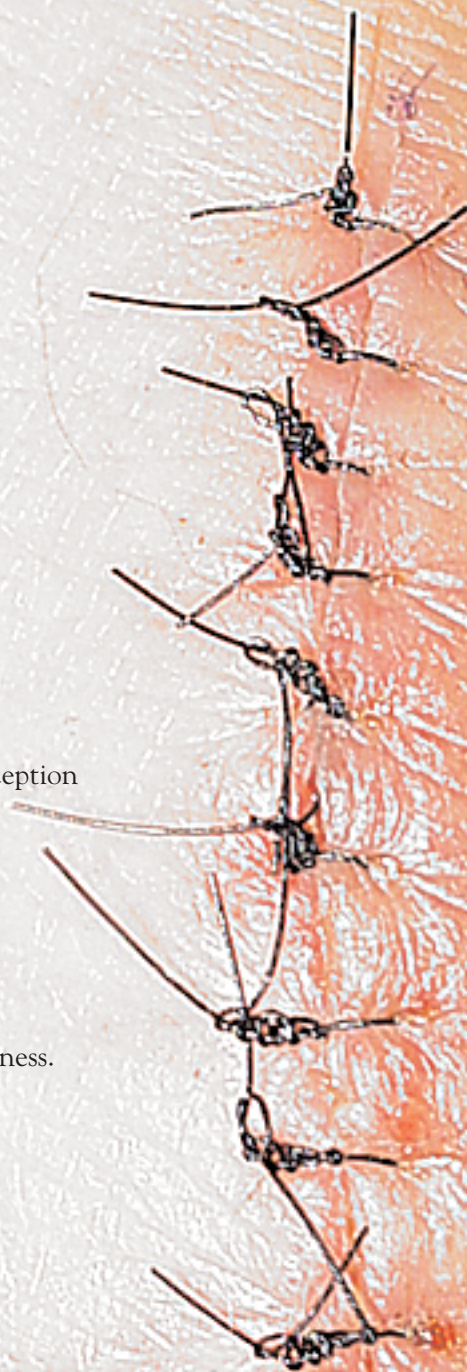
Soft steely eyes fixed upon
dead earthen sparrow
leaden with streaming raindrops.
From inside my bed I watch
the garden asking, frightened,
for a reply to lies
and the end of laughter.
The thought of him has found me.
Searching inside this eternal pain
tinged with desire; disturbing realities'
thorns stumbled into my head.
How quickly he went out and
I know everything must fall.
I am turned through the length
of seams of unraveled walls.
Deep fibrous dreams heard ringing worn
words. Once I was waiting for you.
But you have passed.
Rushing with the amaranthine souls,
shades before your life.

Fugue

The suicidal blackness that
covers wave by wave,
abating away the power
to scream, to do anything.
It peers behind dead beaten eyes,
like those of a slave.
What is inside has been
killed, degraded to nothing.
It is trammelled in darkness like
a grave.
It seethes and rives,
this effable suffering.
If blood could fall,
if this prison would release me,
let down the deathly wall.

Exposure

I am fearsome.
I lack skin.
Eminently sore,
around my veins,
blood may decant
at a negligible sensation,
so sparse, the territory.
My all-encompassing perception
is converged on the ache.
I suspend for this term,
screened in obscurity
until it burgeons anew.
My wounds have security
in this segregation.
For I am without a
safeguard without my oddness.



Running Bound With Fate

Thinner memories roam the mind's quarters.
Triggers fired, at once, from beneath lucidity
and by something larger than the confined
corners within.
The sun's caged wound is clawing,
purring restless.
Enough running bound with fate,
swept with sacrificial acceptance.
The moon's waking lured us
with its peculiar freedom.
One's affinity for casting fate beside them,
masterfully passing dusty roles and scars
into forgotten places from time to time
tones reality into their own.

Summer Vacation, 2001

The acrid voice of my mother would
usurp the wind over the precipice
of the cliff where the blackberries
grew that summer, while the call
of the needle was stirring in my head.
I turned away
and foot to the edge,
looking from cloud to bottom, the
dizzying vicissitude licking at my need,
a veil shy of the grave.

Morpheus overc asting

Shades of haunting sleep
wandering, drone through
the day. Pendulous imaginings
question me. A
lost pageant of thoughts,
murmuring, color present
time, jolting the air.

I chase his
shadow-blue vacation, wavering beneath
time; an elusive
pill. He never swallows
my full night,
urging morning to open
with a scream.





Pinioned

There is a sky,
black and cold.
I am pinioned in the fixed stars;
tied to it, the bindings making
me bleed.
A tear falls and burns the ground.
A fire explodes and I drown
in flames.
My scream reaches the outermost
sky invisible, no echo
through the dense lucid air.

There's no promise of peace
at the end alone,
only replete emptiness;
hexed by the knowledge no escape exists.
I cannot feel, anymore,
the pain that surrounds me.

Please let me go...



Deteriorating

She shut herself up inside
and declared herself abandoned.
She lets the days persist without touching her.
Drinks until she can't see
and hides in the shadows,
tries to blend into oblivion.
But it's never enough.
The light still seeps through
the cracked windows and boarded-up doors.
She summons delusions to break reality.
Life as it is sits as a picture
before her, glaring.
Too tired to live, not weak enough to die.
Waiting for the walls to rot
and crash around her.
But nothing hurts in sufficiency to move her.
Nothing changes.
She cannot see herself.
She believes people will think
noone is home if she just
stays inside.

Struggling Remains

How your withered image ripples –
struggling remains;
echoing.
Disappear from the surface.
I shiver – treading waterlogged
walls of silence,
forgotten orphan cries,
window-framed scars
to the call of the blade
in your hand that neighbors mine.
Wooden days vanishing inside, still,
trapped within my damned cell
of blood and bones.
The world is returned to masses of
punishing nights as I am beaten,
dried up, into stone.
Self-righteous voices against the dear dead
one, that they dare think they know torments.
Crawling up from beneath the water
with my last breath, my stained fingernails
end their clear laughter from their faces.
Never dirty wings,
pure as a unicorn,
into the gasping beauty
of the skies.



Separate

I know I'm not the only one.
I know everyone suffers;
everyone suffers in their life's plot.
But I feel it all.
Still I can laugh and
that does not mean a thing at all.
I'm still alone in my mind as everyone is.
Noone can get through in the end.
You see what you see and make lies
since you can not comprehend.
I've been through this before and it's
getting tiresome. Just say
what you will.
I never said I was the only one who
hurt or that I was so different than you.
And actually I didn't even ask for your
help, but you took it upon yourself
to pinpoint holes in my truth as if
you are me. As if you were there
when he held me down and killed
me inside; or when
something/she/he/they took me
out of myself when I was three.
Why don't you admit hell is here
inside everyone of us, just waiting
for the evil one and some of us are
just marked neutral territory, out of
our control, and that people who
disguise themselves as angels sometimes
drag us down.
I know how to play your games,
since after all,
somewhere inside you're as sick
as I, as you say I am.
But what I feel, you can feel,
and may not be what all feel –
agony, as it should be, is a personal

thing. But you keep me here, since
no mask fits me enough to hide
it from Them.
So I'm different from you.
The game continues
since the warlines never meet
but the bombs kill from afar.



Running Through (Your soft Brown Stare)

Running through your soft brown stare,
where you hide.
You think to leave and end the long hurt.
Why didn't you rip another way out?
Your will was won,
twisted into a sick pet,
by one's insane desire
for little girls.
Someday someone will treat you fair,
another will care.
Anyone would want to see you well.
Next time are you going
to really make them look.
Just don't make you cry found by me.
Why do chase my feelings, pulling,
as I go.



Drowsing

She is drowsing in his prison.
You keep her closed-up, crushed and
small;
you withhold her glutted with poison.
She defers, biding her freedom,
pining for the compass of death.
Nihilism is welcome, to
supplant agony with hollowness.
She screams, evasion is unattainable.
Further compact the walls adjoin.
He cannot see under her skin,
what it is he decimates when he rapes.
The season has yet to betide. The
torment expands; she passes on and
decays
iteratively. He will not let her
go yet. She will not forget.
Some fugitive day she is in flight.
At the juncture of liberty,
she knows what she will do,
prison-keeper, rapist, ruiner,
murder, oh you.

Remembering To Water The Garden

Still, silent and cold I watch
as in a dream, a play.
Stormy shoots of time follow.
Falling under my skin, I take
leave of language as I remember
never to cry and to water the garden.
Who is this that whispers gentle
and finds my hand,
then pulls me to sleep
where the ghost in our lives
does not blacken out what light
shines and sad love I thought
could change and grow beyond.



Psychotic Subculture

Psychotic subculture –
what you see there, counselor,
goes so much deeper.
Is it that you know what we know?
Is that why you won't look me
in the eye?
You have touched the mirror, too.
Is or that what you want
or just fate?

If you feel like you are everywhere
does that mean you are lost or that
you are the guide who has not
found his map. Who do reach out
to when you are too far out,
unparalleled. There are too many
trails for some.
Who keeps turning on the lights...
To know too much is to know fear.
I hope you know we fear you, too,
despite the fact we share the same
secrets. We have not crossed over
yet. Well enough, we carry the weight,
unharmd by the continual fire,
the stigma of the psychic witch.

Desperation Reflected

Wait. Stay with me tonight.
Pockets of concrete time float
beyond what is sane.
Layers of murmuring nerves crash
awake upon damp shocks.

Level and break desire,
forcing it into touch,
for nothing else changes
true peace and personal strife;
certainly not the thick
driftwood brown of the sand nor
the rainbow curves of the planets.

I am saddened by the changes,
by how the stars and the moon
interfere hidden, patiently, behind life.
There is a fear that I combat, tingling
like masses of clouds
that sense rain –
that we are spectators
meeting ourselves for the first
and last occasion, dwelling in the wind.

Love, run this feeling of death gone.

What the watcher over us never sees.
The hundreds of pleas of desperation reflected
in a cold indigo heaven muting into
illusion by strands of the sun.
Creatures losing their hope under the
steady flood and drought of plight.

Blue Girl

She was blue in every sense of the word.
Deep twilight blue eyes and lips.
Hair silvery baby blue highlights.
Gentle blue moon glow skin.
Even the sky gave her signs,
the divinity of the coming blows.
The peaceful serenity under the shade
of the leafless tree by the river;
how was she to know
that there were others somewhere?
Blue girl knew no other.

Her tears fell crystal blue.
She wondered if there was more;
“Why am I here?” to sleep
and wake alone.
Feeling only gloom, a blue hazy smoke
like the sadness and the
weight of her destiny.
At night, comforted under leaves
and shedding feathers
she awoke to hear a rushing.
The river water swirled and
hushed her name.
She saw herself and knew
why she was blue.
She let herself flow right in
as if it were the right thing to do,
maybe break the solitude.



Barbie

Perfect Plastic Body

My Barbie doll won't let me eat.
She makes me dream of food
in my sleep instead.

At the dinner table
she sits next to me
and tells me soon I
will look like her if
I do not participate.

She reminds me, "Don't be like
those who are out of control."

She says, "If you stay with
me you'll be light and free."

She stands next to me in my
reflection of the mirror and tells
me to conform my looks to hers.

She says it's so easy.

She is my love, she is my hate,
she is deep within.



Acknowledgements

“Shades Before Your Life,” *Children, Churches And Daddies*, v. 140, September 22, 2004, p. 27.

“Running Bound With Fate,” *The Write Club*, Contest Booklet Fourteen (October, November, December 2004), p. 33.

“Pinioned,” *Children, Churches And Daddies*, v. 140, September 22, 2004, p. 27.

“Separate,” *Transcendent Visions*, October 2004

“Psychotic Subculture,” *Freedom And Strength Press*, www.scars.tv, 4/29/2005.

“Blue Girl,” *Poetry Of The People*, September 2004, p. 6.



shades before your life

Brandi S. Henderson

scarsuonpeayand

published in conjunction with

down in the dirt

revealing all your dirty little secrets

AlexRand@scars.tv

ISSN 1068-5154

Editor@scars.tv

<http://scars.tv>

Freedom & Strength Press



the Copyright for the written pieces is retained by the author
Design Copyright © 2005 Scars Publications and Design

other publications from Scars:

Books: Hope Chest in the Attic , the Window, Close Cover Before Striking , (Woman.) , Autumn Reason , Contents Under Pressure , the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism) , Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etc., Oeuvre, Exaro Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, Sulphur and Sawdust , Slate and Marrow , Blister and Burn , Rinse and Repeat , Survive and Thrive, (not so) Warm and Fuzzy, Torture and Triumph, Oh., the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Infamous in our Prime , Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art , the Electronic Windmill , Changing Woman, the swan road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetasvatara Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Málaga, Memento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows

Compact Discs: *MFV* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (*MFV Inclusive*), *Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pettus & Kuypers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Pointless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *5D/5D* Tick Tock, *Kuypers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kuypers* Six One One, *Kuypers* Stop., *Kuypers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Kuypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuypers* Changing Gears, *Kuypers* Dreams, *Kuypers* How Do I Get There?, *Kuypers* Contact • Conflict • Control.