

1992

## Ink & Heroine

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## Ink and Heroine

*I am a kind of pharmacist, she pulls tightly on the rubber strap  
I take my drugs with me, she finds the vein;  
I have travelled from innocence to experience, the needle disappears,  
But I have come back to her, sick child- to fill her with the meaning of sensation.  
Experience taught me, the core of life, her beautiful essence;  
There was nothing more to beauty, risen from this ashheap,  
Than itself, a phoenix to her throat, wings beating in her ears,  
So the world exists for beauty, golden in dawn's chill,  
There is no serpent, but her heart chases her,  
Taking infinite forms, a cat, it hisses, spins like days,  
Tempting her, it bares teeth at her own tail, wanting  
To romp like the mind of God, to find its own gravity,  
And why not, it allows her to draw in the sensations of the world,  
We will all be fallen, the cat tires, the great bird descends,  
I am just a salesman, she wishes another form for her ashes,  
A green paged book of poems?, but the coffee can in the kitchen is empty,  
They are most beautiful as her world grows more dull,  
Ashamed to see what you can't afford? her eyes begin to swell,  
Another taste before I leave? paralyzed, still clutching the strap,  
The ink drips from your lip to chin, blood spatters her shirt,  
I know you want another taste, biting her tongue to keep from swallowing it,  
It will take you away from the rats scratching between the walls,  
This God forsaken place where. the child lies dead in the next room,  
You still expect he will rise, wrapped in swaddling bands of toilet paper,  
To guide you as you wander, under a phosphorus star.*

—Rich Croft '93