

Megan Schillereff

Honey

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Honey

Honeybee.

Honeydew.

Little sticky

Goo

The taste sweet on my

Tingling tongue.

A honeyed

apple pie.

Pressing the fork into the pie

The innings come

splurging out.

You placed in my mouth.

The honey apple pie

Its caramel glazed crust.

Can't compare to the

Sweet tenderness of those

Honey brown eyes

You admire me with

The soft graze of your thumb.

Whipping away the ooze

Of the honey goo

From my silky rosy lips.

Oh, honey

Dearest, woo me.

I dream of a full life to share with you.

While starrng up at the honeyed moon.

At This Moment

The sun breaks through the window illuminating-

Her skin sparkles like sand on a summer day

She rolls over and stretches her arms out-

Her back cures like a crest of a wave

Her hair flows to the side of her body

shimmering in the sunlight like water

She opens her eyes, they're breathtaking

a swirling array of blue shades

At this moment, everything is peaceful;

things seem to be perfect

She looks at the empty side of her bed

and begins to cry, she's heart broken

Light

## Light

I strive for your happiness.

Megan, your beaming aura,

Your smile. You deserve to

Get out of bed.

To forget the pain that has been

Pressed upon you from the years. Yes,

It is time to move on. Move on, from

Finding your mom

Who was vigorously dragged

Across the floor by a man,

Who left so long ago. Move on,

from the heartbreak of your past lovers.

Move on, from this sinking depression

It's does not control you. Move on because,

I miss your badass self,

Your laugh, your enthusiasm, your

Dedication to get your work done

Ontime, to feel accomplished.

I love when you would jump up and go like

An eager puppy, ready for the world

Leaping at the opportunity

Regardless of feeling drained from the day before

You can still be infatuated with every

Little moment. You're ready

To feel again. You are capable of loving another,

And another, I can see that like how I still see that

Spark inside. You are glowing,

And it is captivating.

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The people in your life

Are needing your energy. Life is full

Of light, beauty, and pleasure.

## Society Says

Be kind and refined, be a respectable lady

Be hot, desirable, and sexy to attract a suitor

Be modest confined, don't show too much, or you're a whore

Be yourself is the prettiest thing you can be, so they tell us

Once you're labeled, you feel neglected; that's what society wants

I am a slut with the piercing eyes of a snake

I am a prude with the modesty of a freshly fallen snow blanket

I am a bitch with the candor of a person with Aspergers

I am a sweetheart with the gentleness of a million fish kisses

Sticks and stone may break our bones, but your words drill wholes into our souls

Does it keep you up at night, the draggers you toss at us

Does it bring you peace being on the higher pedestal

Does it feel easy for you like slicing butter with a heated knife

Does kicking a person to the ground bring your spirit up to the sky

You didn't realize by burying us that, in reality, you planted a seed

I am a woman, strong and powerful like a storm

I am a woman who will say, "Yes, paint me in the nude like the *Birth of Venus*"

I am a woman; let me seduce you with the bat of my eyelashes

I am a woman; write poetry in me with every beat and rhythmic technique

Slut-shaming is vulgar, or did your mother not tell you?

If you can't say anything nice, then

Shut the fuck up