

## **Illuminata**

### **"Jeanne Antoinette"**

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The airless room mirrors in her eyes  
Red lipstick caresses her lips  
Black cole rests on her weary lashes  
Rotundous earrings spin under her ears

A rough hand runs over her noble face  
But she holds her head up proudly  
Halfnaked she leans against the bald wall  
She counts the meager banknotes greedily.

Lying on the dowdy bed  
Waiting for the moment of salvation  
Levitating in the unsought fancifulness  
Losing a fracture of honor.

Disclose the bodily voracity to the humanity  
Hide the own appetite underneath the silky bedding  
Smother the dignity with torture and agony  
Obtain a declaration of cold comfort.

Observe the scenery from a different field of vision  
Simmering with excitement, but still awaiting the end

Delving the grievous head between the mellow knees  
The proper shape decreasing with every dolorous day  
Assuming the mastery over one's flesh and blood  
Get a slap in the face from the erratic destiny.

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