

Dark Vengeful Poems

by
Stephanie
Konu

2023

Konu

Dark Vengeful Poems

by Stephanie Konu

Published in Canada

Copyright Stephanie Konu 2023

Un-fleeting shyness.

I hold too many secrets to allow my true self to be known.

I've known this now for far too long

Those who have come closest to knowing me,

I have withdrawn from.

No one shall come close.

Calling it un-fleeting shyness is not truly fair.

It is not truly shyness if no one is there.



Your tears are christening the bed.
The sad and empty howl you let through the house is the
cleansing of an era.
The beginning of our end.
I will wallow in my numb feeling,
I will memorize the way you look now,
upon learning of my misdeed.
I have wronged you.
Such anger you bear.
Your tears are christening the floor now.
Your steps will leave a smudge in the last place you stood.



There are people on this planet who steal.
Not clothes, nor shoes to wear;
but time, thoughts, and energy.
There are people who leave you restless,
without any idea of why.
What was that thought? Where was I heading?
When they siphon your mental goods,
they leave very little.
Your survival afterward
is of no importance to them.
They are only concerned with their own end.
They will take all they can if only you let them.
How to protect against these
vampires and succubus monsters?
Don't leave your doors open.
Defence of your soul should always be postured.
If they cannot learn to stand on their own:
that isn't your quandry.
You have to keep yourself going.
Your existence must contain this boundary.



The eyes have it all, and yours tell me everything.

You're a bully in bull's clothes.

Not disguising much of anything.

Although you're a big dog, you dabble in trivial pursuits.

A quarrelsome practice: as if they mean that much to you.

As much as you claim that you've grown up above it,

Your nose is so deep in shit; you can't begin to shovel it.

Mind your own cheese. Stop fighting other's battles.

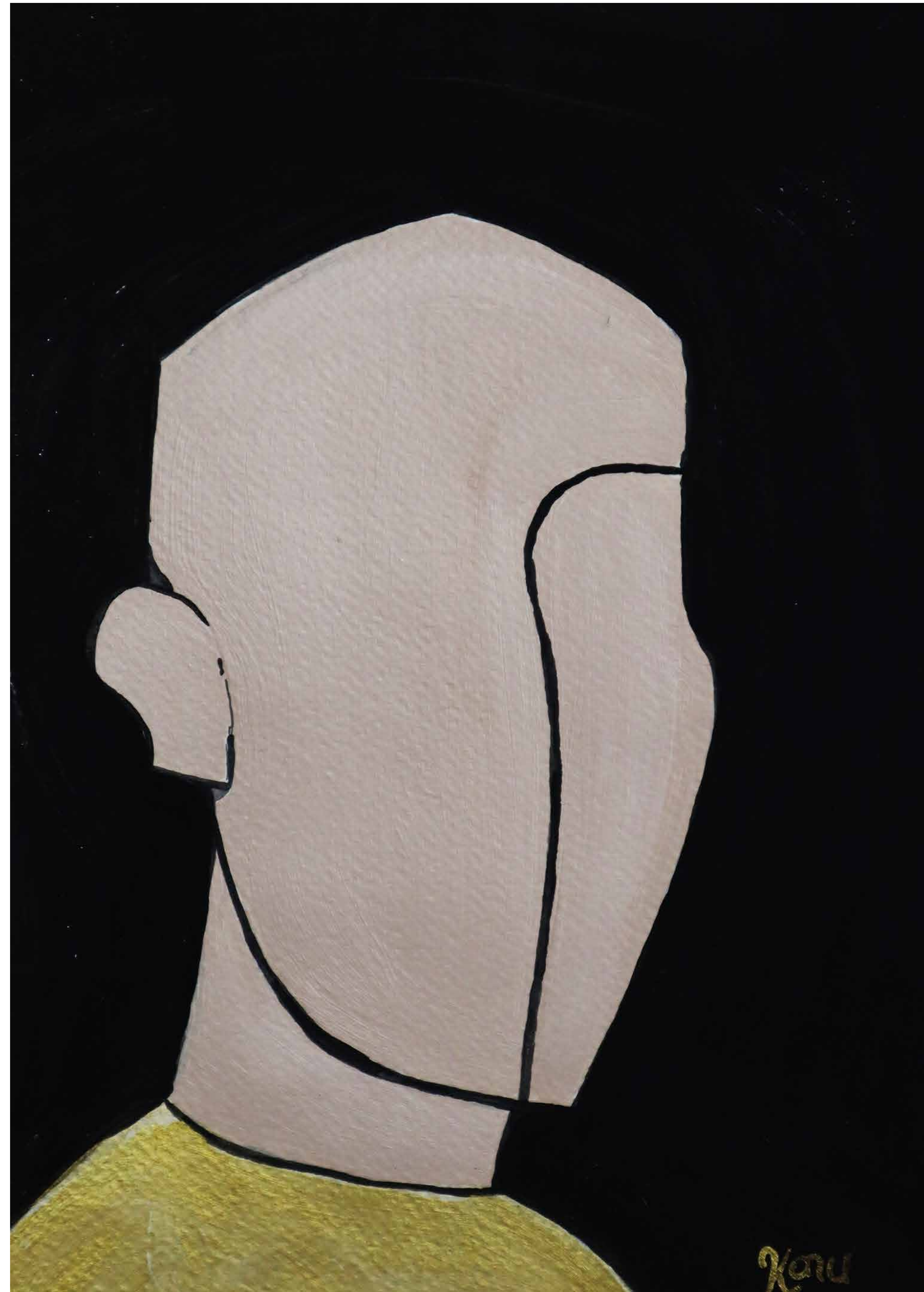
'Ere they always will come back crying to you

like a baby who lost their rattle.

So sad to see you act like that: a monarch you could be.

But all you've got is this lame persona

that keeps bothering me.



I thought I saw you the other day.

You looked worse than ever.

Your hair was unwashed, and your skin looked like leather.

We are the same age- but you carry your years to see older.

I stood a few feet to your left, nearly shoulder to shoulder.

All the years I was building- my empire walls went higher.

You lived an easier life, one that has since gotten you fired.

I don't know how, if ever, you saw that what you were doing-

Would lead us to this moment of unattractive viewing.

Truly we all age; life evens out.

But now I am too far ahead to give you a shout.

I just continue walking away from our past.

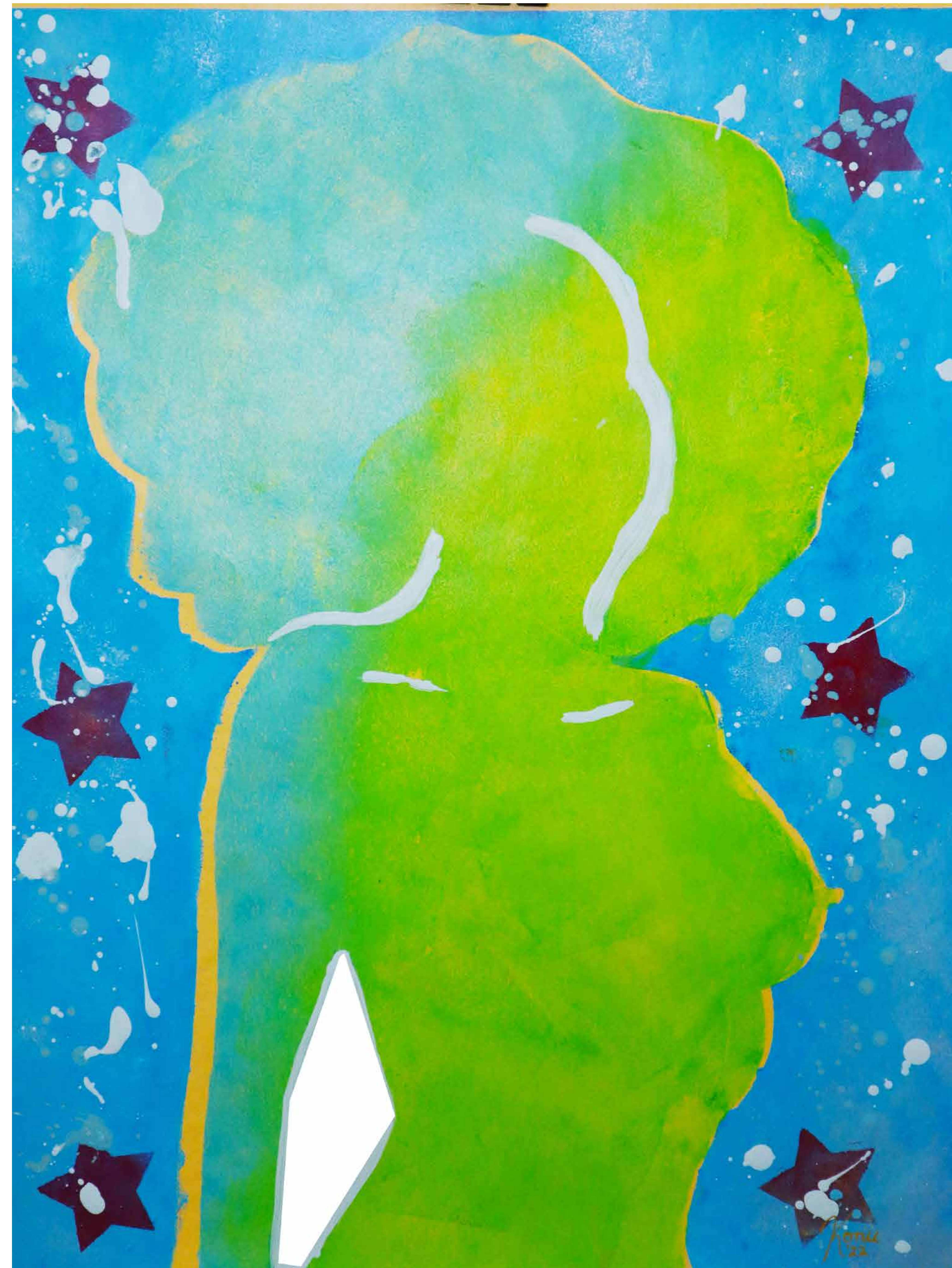
Hoping the memories can fade a bit more, if they must at all last.

You were a lesson, a moment in time.

An example of what not to do: how to dishonour life like a crime.

I'm sorry that you could not hold it together.

Perhaps you will find hope and a chance to redeem yourself in



They had beefed up security, so I jumped over a wall.
So many examples of the things I did before last call.

I was a wild one, pretty girl in moto-boots.

Not afraid to get dirty, or climb down from a roof.

The parties I went to, invitations for which I tried.

Led to shocking equations- like left hand to lower thigh.

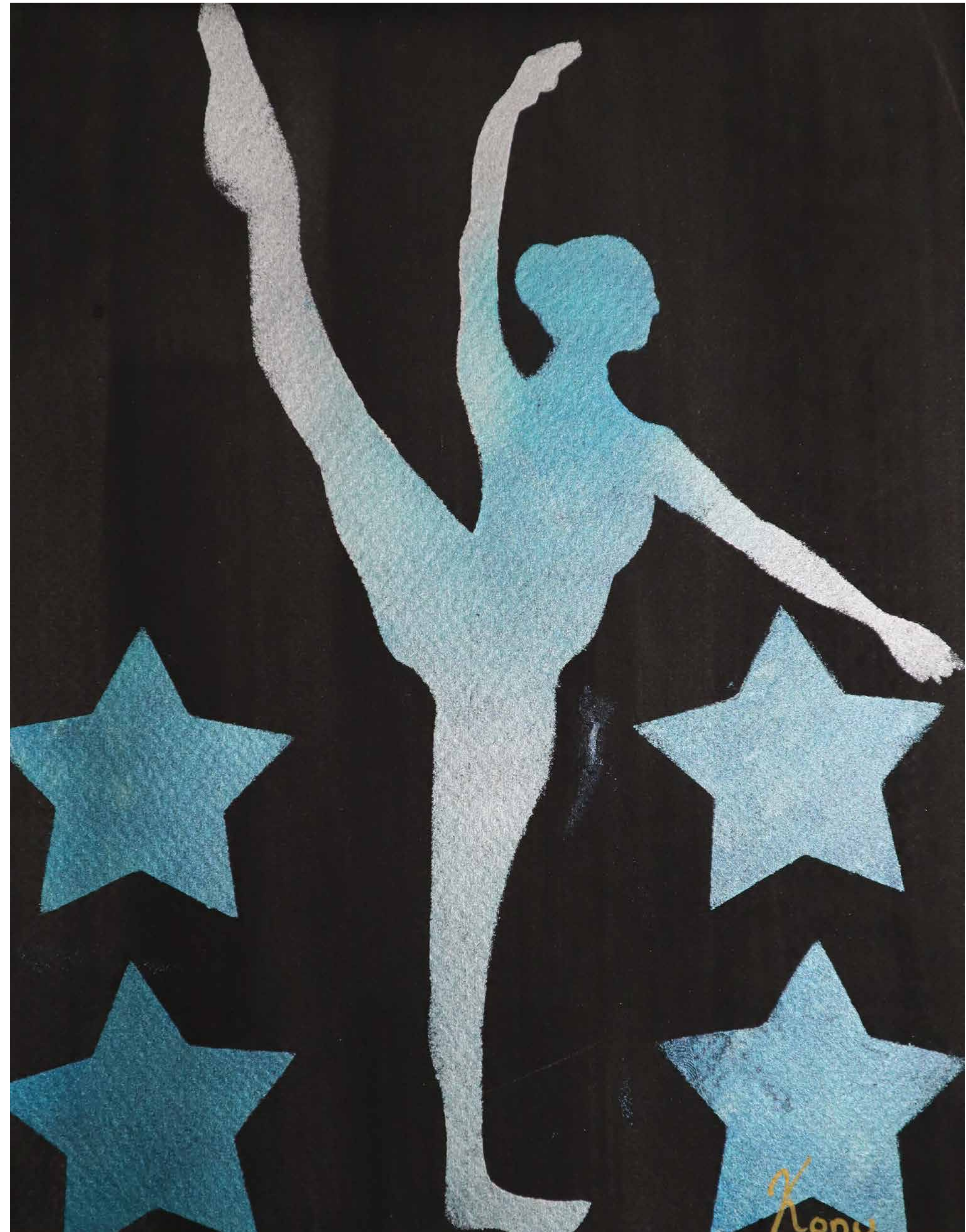
The fun was always for a laugh- no true harm meant.

Drink dance and laugh doesn't necessarily mean the heart will be
bent.

Those times are from forever ago- a part of the memory.

Some tale to pass on when I am older:

of a strong adventurous woman named Stephanie.



Vertically jumping from place to place.
Enquiring about that sad, sad look on your face.
Those well hung eyebrows
The eyelids falling lower.
An emotion so raw felt from two hundred towns over.

Vertical jumping from topic to topic.
You make yourself a victim; not at all philanthropic.
Your past forms a pattern-
one you are refusing to recognize.

You ignore what others say about you, or how you are
seen in their eyes.

How long shall it take for your ways to catch up with
you? I cannot be sure but foresee certain doom. Its com-
ing to get you; don't bother changing now.
There wont be mercy for you uncaring soul anyhow.



She puts her needs first, but also her wants too.

She is always looking out for number one; seldomly
ever number two.

She invites you to eat, but never pays the check.
She repays requests for accountability, with silence,
long pauses, and regret.

Her origins are bad, a mystery to many.

At times I wonder how she got here,
she's hardly spent a penny.

She will use you up until you are empty- emotionally
run dry.

You won't even be sure why there is that tear falling
from your eye.

She seeks out esteem from stupid flying monkeys.
They barely know her and follow in a manner so clunky.

They repeat what she will say: to feed her supply.

Too bad for her kids,
she is actually married to the other guy.

He has fallen for her charm. But does she respect him?

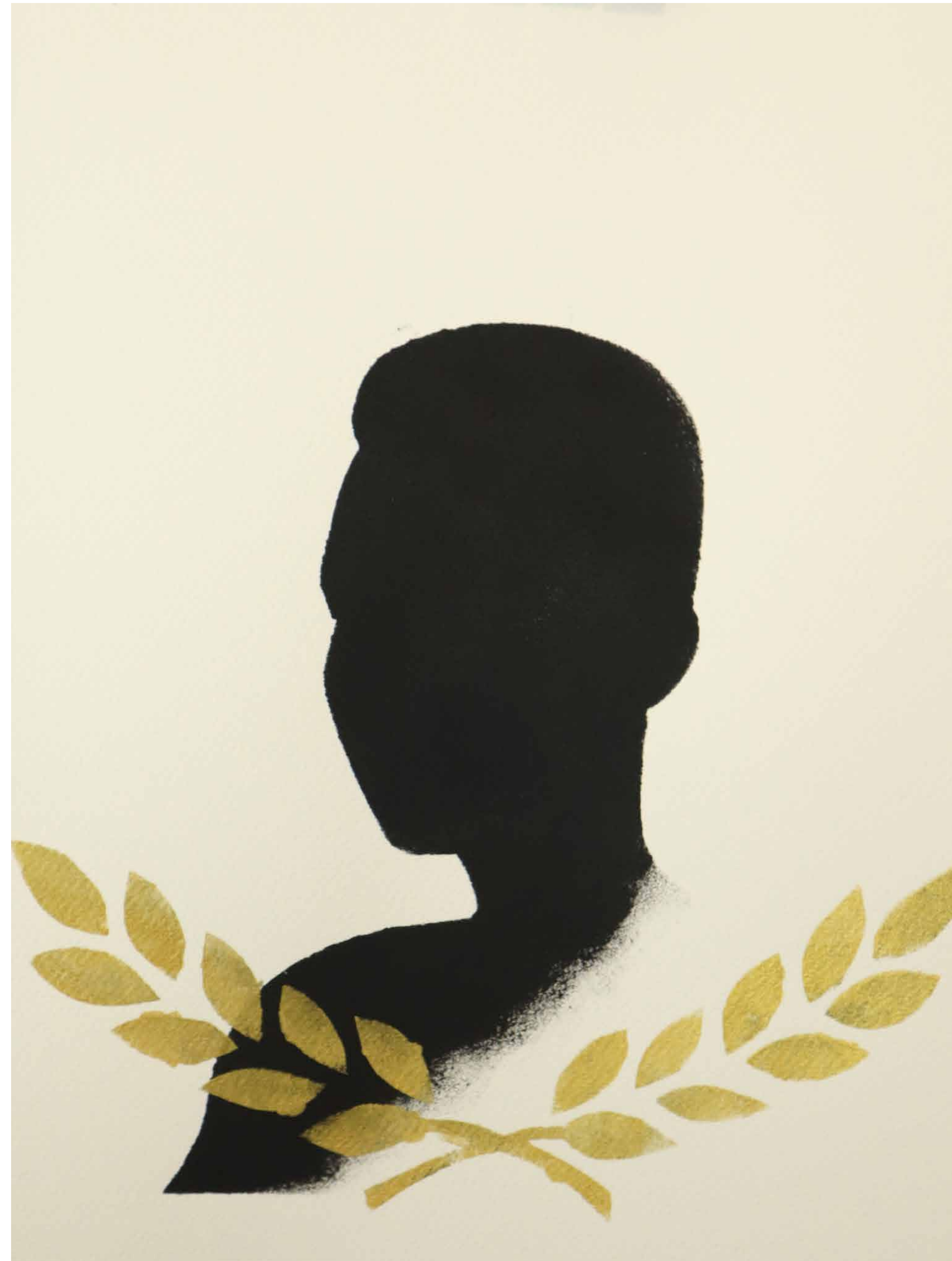
No way! She would rather follow and listen to what
other's say.

Big surprise its over! How could she not see?

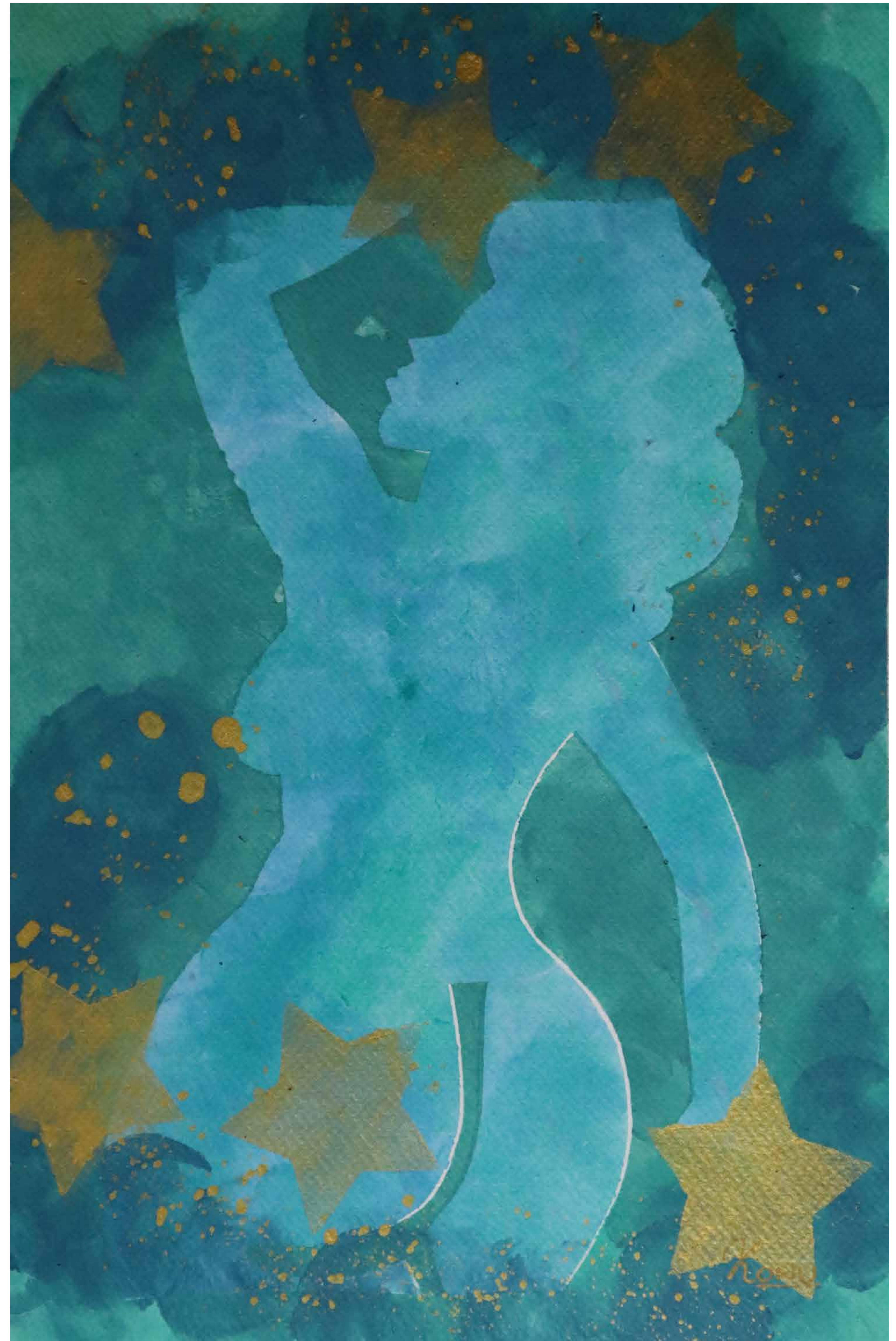
Darling even your husband deserves a little empathy.

Sad to say you have none, for anyone.

You've used all your energy pretending to be the sun.



I took time to write about it, it's the only way to heal.
I'll put it all in words- I'll tell you what I feel.
To speak my truth will be gristly,
and I cannot take it back.
I hope that you will listen,
and not give me too much flack.
My mind and heart are open- open to changing winds.
I do not, will not, cannot ruminate longer,
on how things might have been.
If only you had taken the time to put a heart at ease.
To explain where you were coming from
instead of acting as you pleased.
Once I say the words, I'm sure they will be loud
I'll hold my head a little higher because I will be proud.

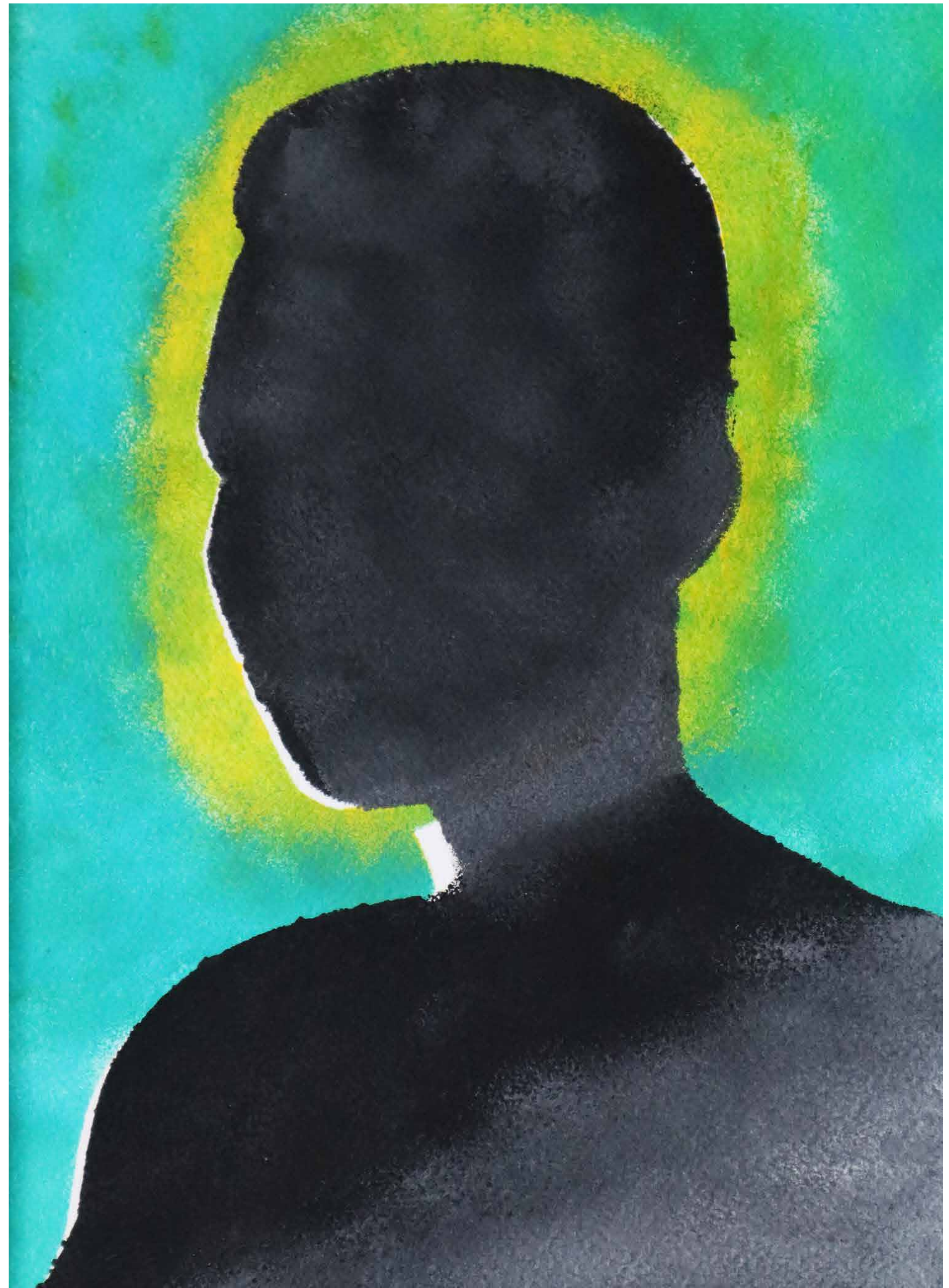


Piece by piece, I'm putting it together.
One day soon, I'll find some common feather.
A reason to explain myself- oh yes, you knew it was
coming.
Some kind of explanation for why I'm forever running.
My self sabotage is widening and things are falling in.
I now think that success is too evasive, like I'm not
equipped to win.
I'm nailing down what's good for me: quantifying
where I am right.
I long for, pray for, lose my weight for, that spark to
light my night.



Overcast Skies

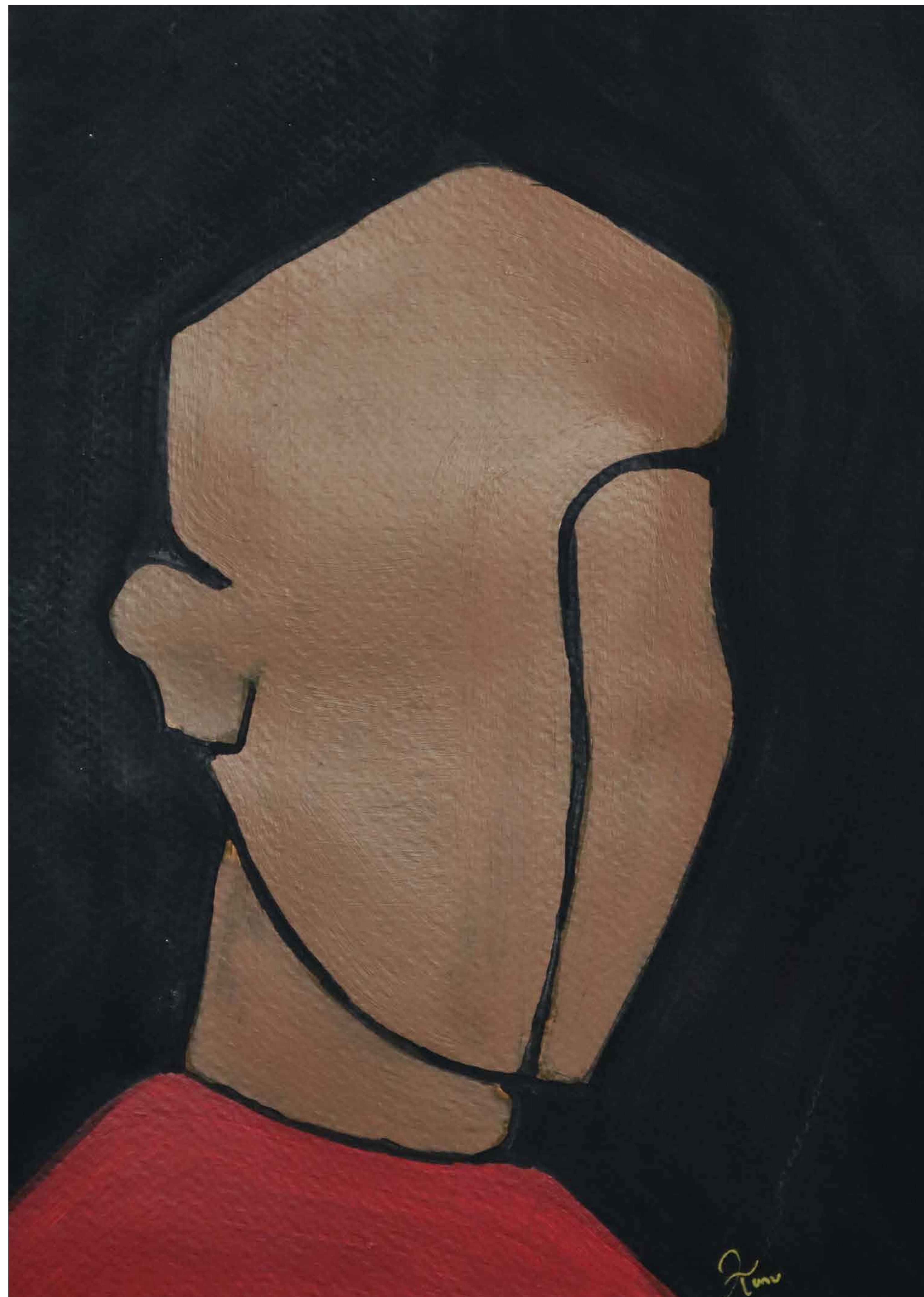
I am inside my own mind at all times.
At all times I am inside my own mind.
Given the size of these overcast skies;
rain drops will pour from out of my eyes



Why can't I sleep?
Drowning in my dreams, creates feverent, restless
nights.
Days where I walk like the dead. Deep hollow eyes.
Thinking of you.
Regret, longing, searching.
Why can't I sleep?
Even though you are right here, I feel like I've lost you.
Miles away, too far to reach.
Perhaps I should just let you go.



Running into you again, I felt like a mother hen.
The bitch who "told you so"-that your late evening parties and cocaine consumption would one day do you in.
Ten years have passed, but it seems like one hundred,
as I stare at your withered skin.
I cant think of a single thing to say
other than "hey buddy, how have you been?"
I don't really care for the answer-
I know there isn't much of a truth bubble for which to
find a lancer.
I can see all manner of lack written on your face.
All I can remember is you saying one November,
How bad you wanted to get out of this place.
You escaped briefly, but were hardly prepared.
You squandered your wealth and put on so many airs.
All to fail miserably due to mismanagement.
You couldn't hold task and fell for the scams of it.
Life taught you the hard lessons it will normally teach,
To dummies like you who spend their days like a leech.



I saw something the other night, it was sitting in my
chair.
Several feet way from the hearth, I swore that there
was nothing there.
A figure, like a body.
A person without a face.
An abstraction of fear from out my heart did race.
I could not move when first sight was made.
I could not change my place.
There the figure sat, unmoved.
Terrifying my inner space.



I knew all about it: the drugs, and your past.
I knew you too well, all the shame, and moving fast.
I never said a word though, I kept your biggest secret.

Especially the ones your husband
hid inside of that deep pit.

I know you were running from those
things that occurred.

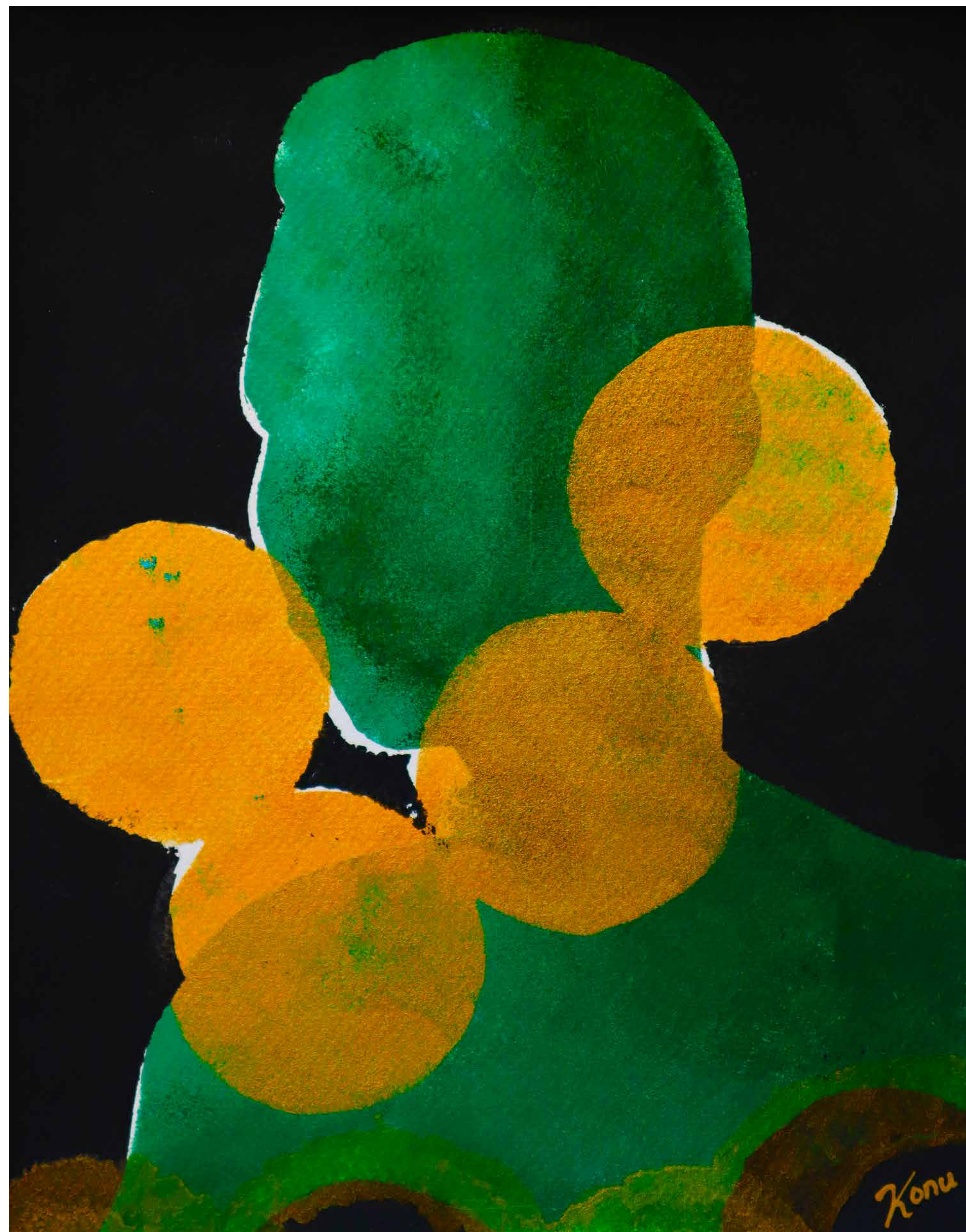
I sat watching you, never uttering a word.

I can only imagine all of the things you gave up.

Still haunting your dreams, sacrificed to avoid the cuffs.

The ones meant for your husband;
you know what I mean.

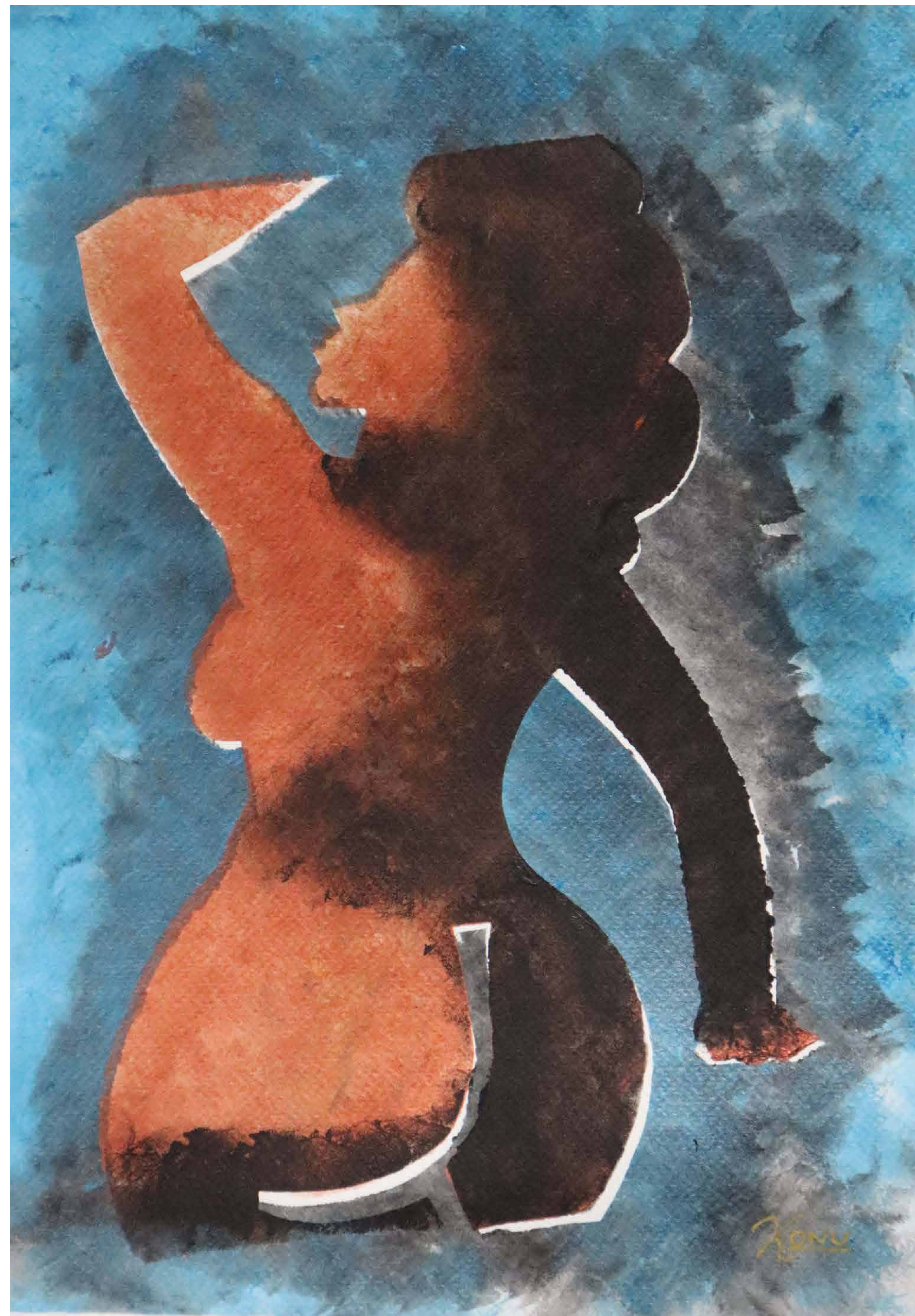
He's ruined your life,
and drawn you along into the obscene.



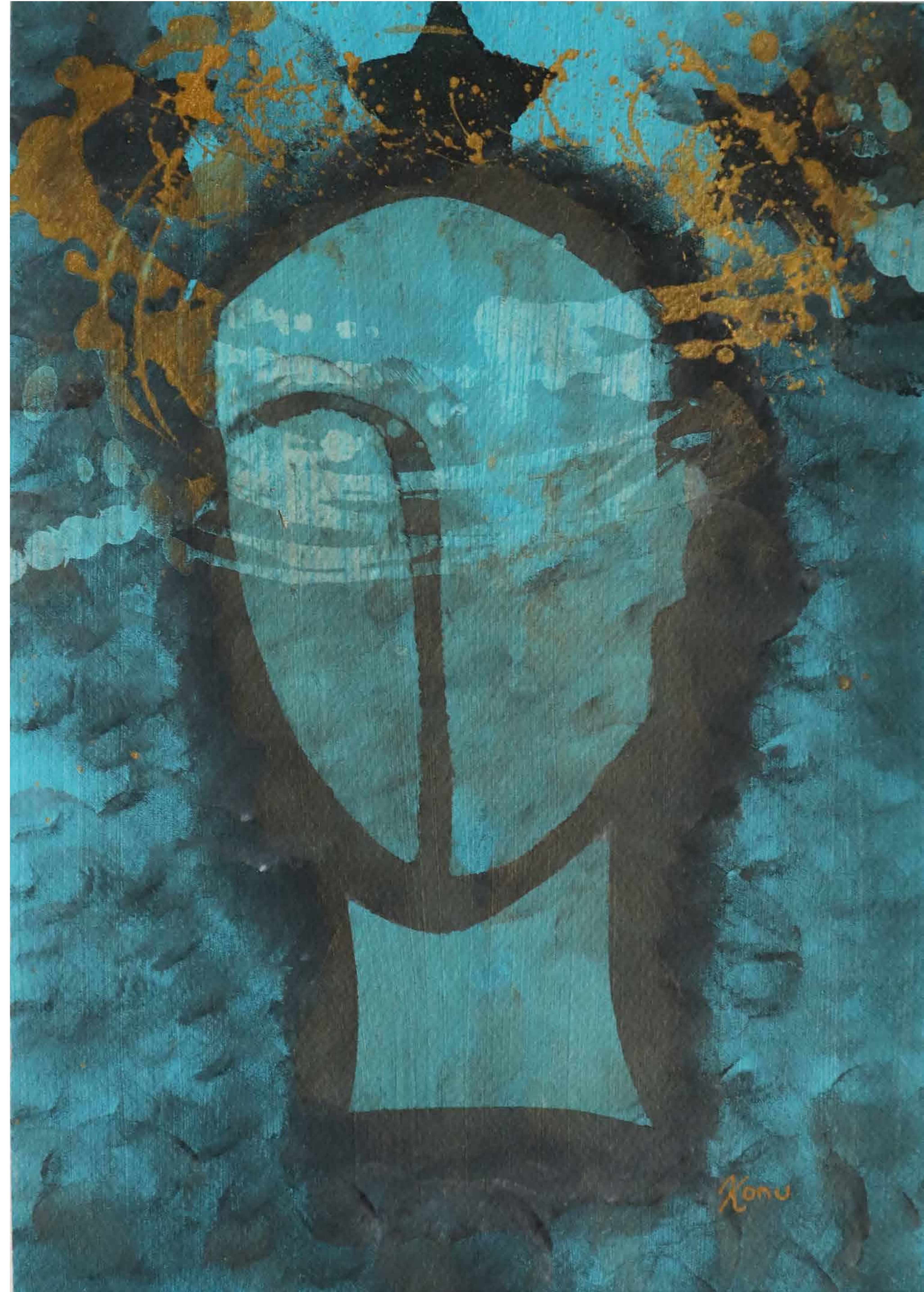
You came so sweetly through my door.
More and more my guts hit the floor.
Stay away, don't come into my doorway.
Flow and ebb elsewhere, someplace I am not.
You cause my weakness.
A mind out of body.
And so, to regain control, I take on the helm.
I'm casting you out, out of my doorway.
Please don't try to come in again.



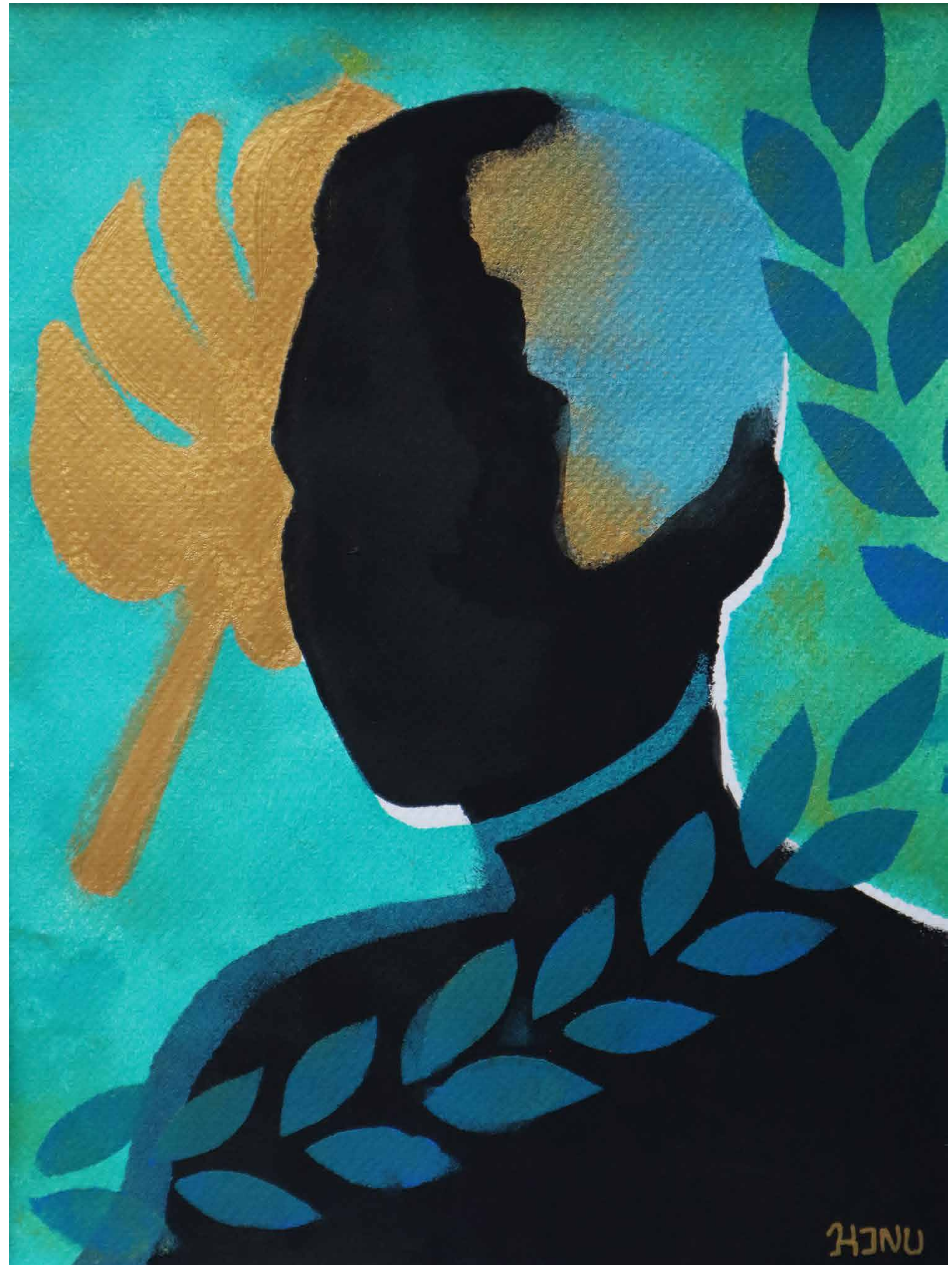
Sometimes there is no attraction.
Sometimes the eyes do not lock.
Sometimes there is no mutual smile.
No blush, extra heartbeat or shock.
A heart often floats around, like one does at a party.
With a glass empty, wanting to be filled.
Seeking another heart holding a bottle of nectar to be
shared between beautiful friends.
In between those times, we live.
Often thinking of opportunities missed.
Hoping fate will smile upon us, allowing the two hearts
to be joined again.



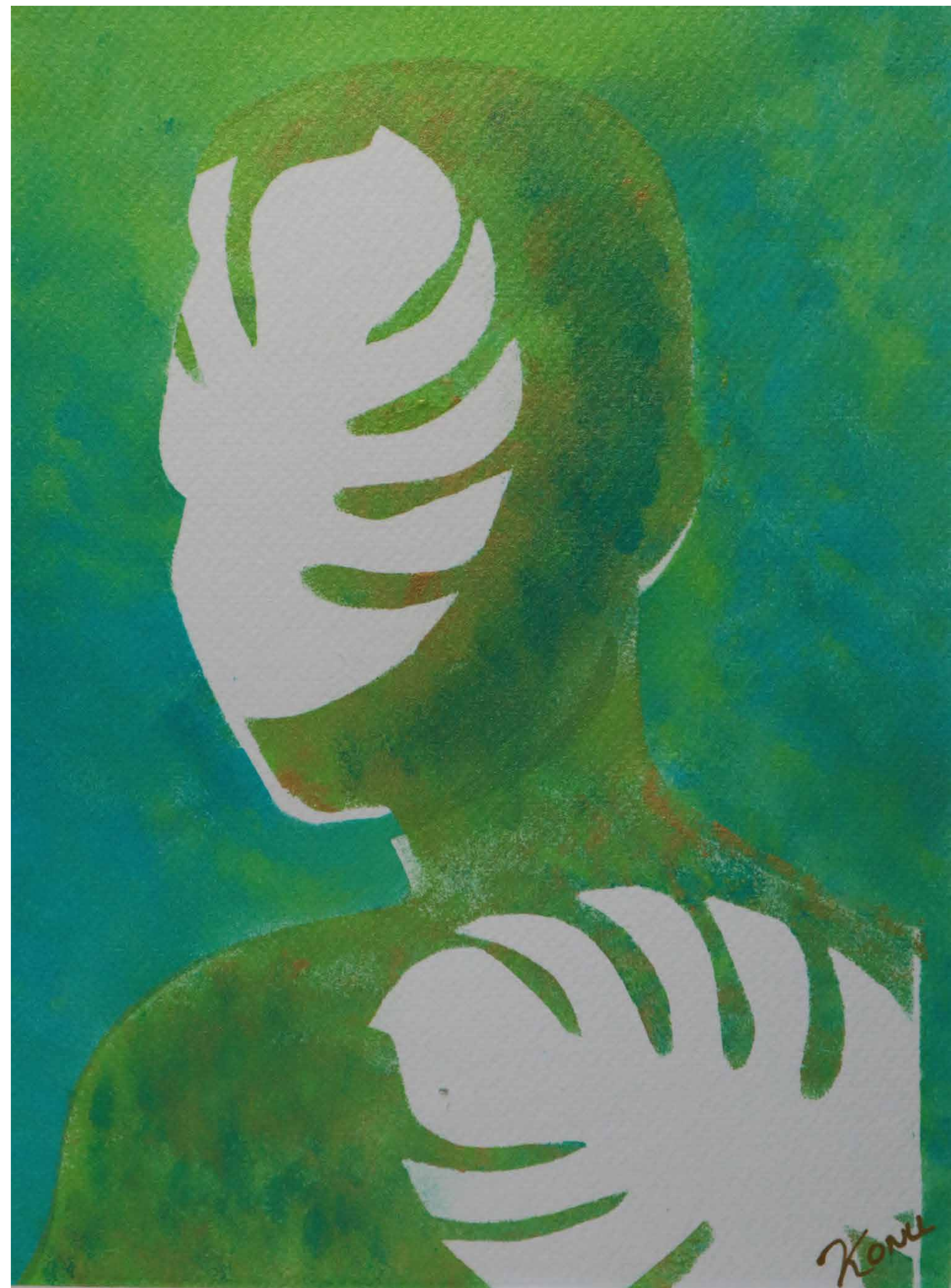
Never play cavalier games with that beating organ. You
know the one that regulates the blood.
Blood gives life, the liquid of the soul.
It must be treated carefully.
That beating organ should not be dismissed, put away,
or hidden.
One must cradle it, and provide comfort for what it
needs, and hopes for.
The beating organ can close off from the world, and re-
treat if provoked to lands unknown.
Unknown lands of corruptible danger from those desir-
ing to hold it.
If that beating organ is so discarded; all other claims to
it are hereby dismissed.
To another, will the ownership go. No longer a posses-
sion in this.



I can't say that there is no addiction.
I can't tell you I do not miss you.
Can't say anything like that at all.
Once time widens the gap, I can walk right past you.
Until then, I'll sit quietly.
Alone and ashamed.



So many things remind me, when I only want to forget.
Hints of the past, old conversations scribbled down
numbers on a pad.
Memory works like a feeling.
A short shiver or sneeze.
Right now I am in regret.
The memories flow through me with ease.



I want to swim in a pool that is filled with your tears.
To bask in the saltiness, expressed from your fears.
I want you to suffer until you meet your darkest hour.

I need you to know why, so when you see me,
you cower.

I want you to shake when I am moving about.

I want you to worry, I want you to pout.
To feast on your suffering will bring me such joy.
To see all your feelings shoved about,
like some small toy.

You deserve every shame, every critique said out loud.

After all it's to your character to elicit a dark cloud.
Your life: such a joke.
A cocktail of shame.

For your wife, your life, for your choices and pain.

All your own making so in your bed you shall lie.
No more chances to trick others into believing you are
the convivial guy.

You're just a coward- who finessed fake success.

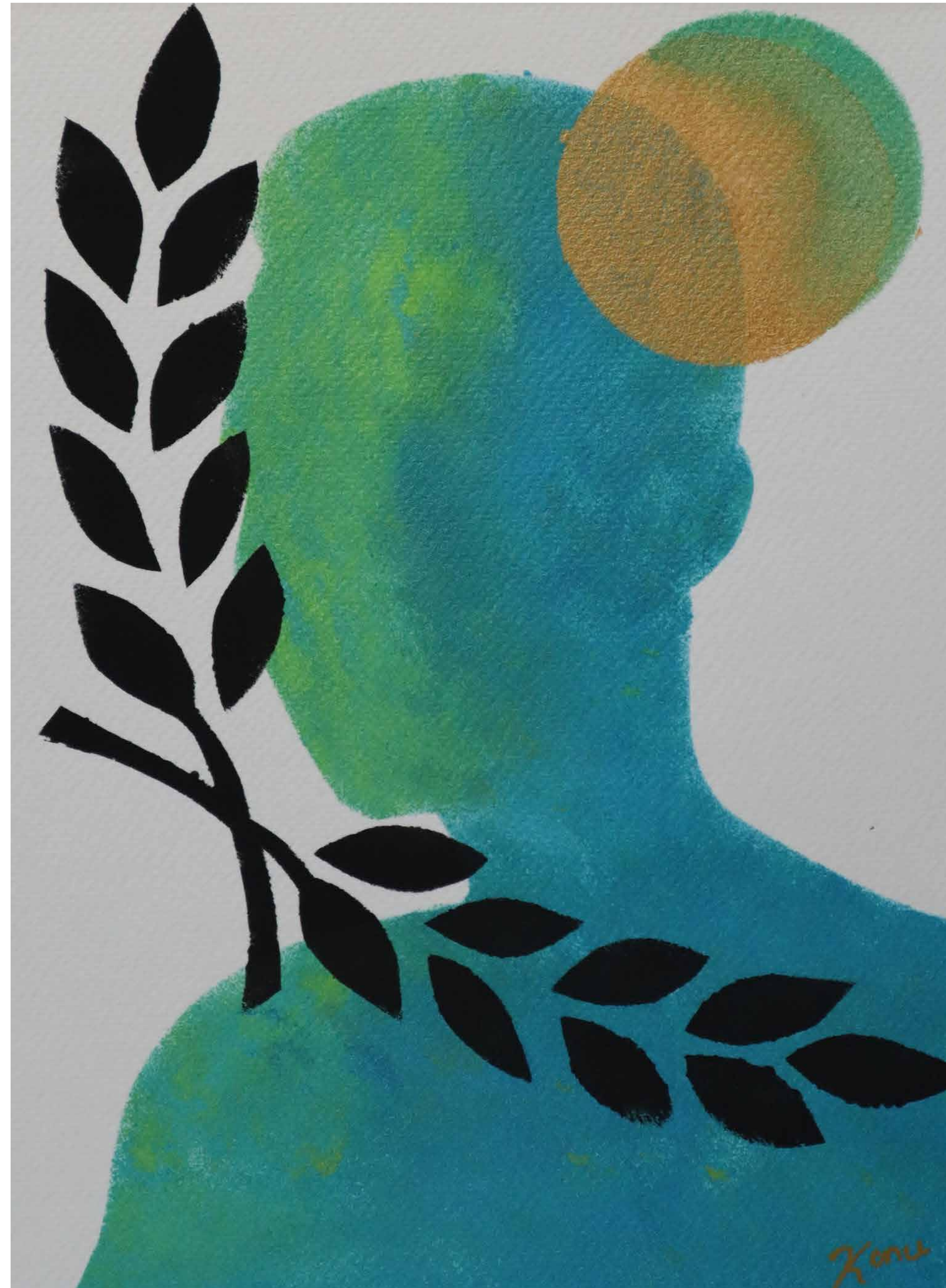
Sold yourself short for some bad gyal's caress.
I hope you see now what's in store for you though.
The end of your days shall be filled with
nothing but terror and woe.



In the past, I always helped out of obligation.
She asks, we arrive, she requests, yet we cannot deny.
Not without emotional rage in forms of crying, tattling,
and child-like self destruction.
When the past was in motion, there were never any plans
followed through to reciprocate effort.
All she did was take.
All she continues to do is take.
If there is a need to step up
in a situation that truly calls for attendance;
She will hide behind her husband,
allowing him to take the lead.
Of course she will raise her hand to be first in line for the
house, jobs, or other gravy benefits to be obtained from
membership in this firm.
The benefits she will take. Bright and early, what slime.
What is to be done with people like this?
Ignore their ways? Ignore their kids?
I don't know. I have never known. I am bitter and resent
the unfairness, the high drama, the total lack of support.
What I wanted was a sister, a person who would care.
Someone with whom to bond with.
A friend with memories to share.
All I got was you: a sucky, sucky, substitution.
You are so lame, undignified. You sucked your own future
in law off to fake this success.
To make yourself worthy. To be an accomplice.
You know as well as anyone that your time is coming up.
It will surely run out once he's had enough.
Until then others wonder, why don't we all meet?
For me, I say never. I don't visit that street.



There is so much hurt there, it's like a still soft wound.
Do not touch me there, or else I will cocoon.
I don't want to address it. The pain will flash too hot.
I'll run to get away from it.
I'll turn my heels on the spot.
To look into your eyes now, to see the middle, the soul:
I cannot authentically do it.
I will look away and play the fool.



I hate you; I hate you; I hate you.

This is all your fault.

If you cared a little more,
we could function like adults.

Why on earth are you always doing things that require
other people's time and money?

Then turn your back to be absent
when the picture is less than sunny?

You never mention anything,
like "sorry I've been shitty".

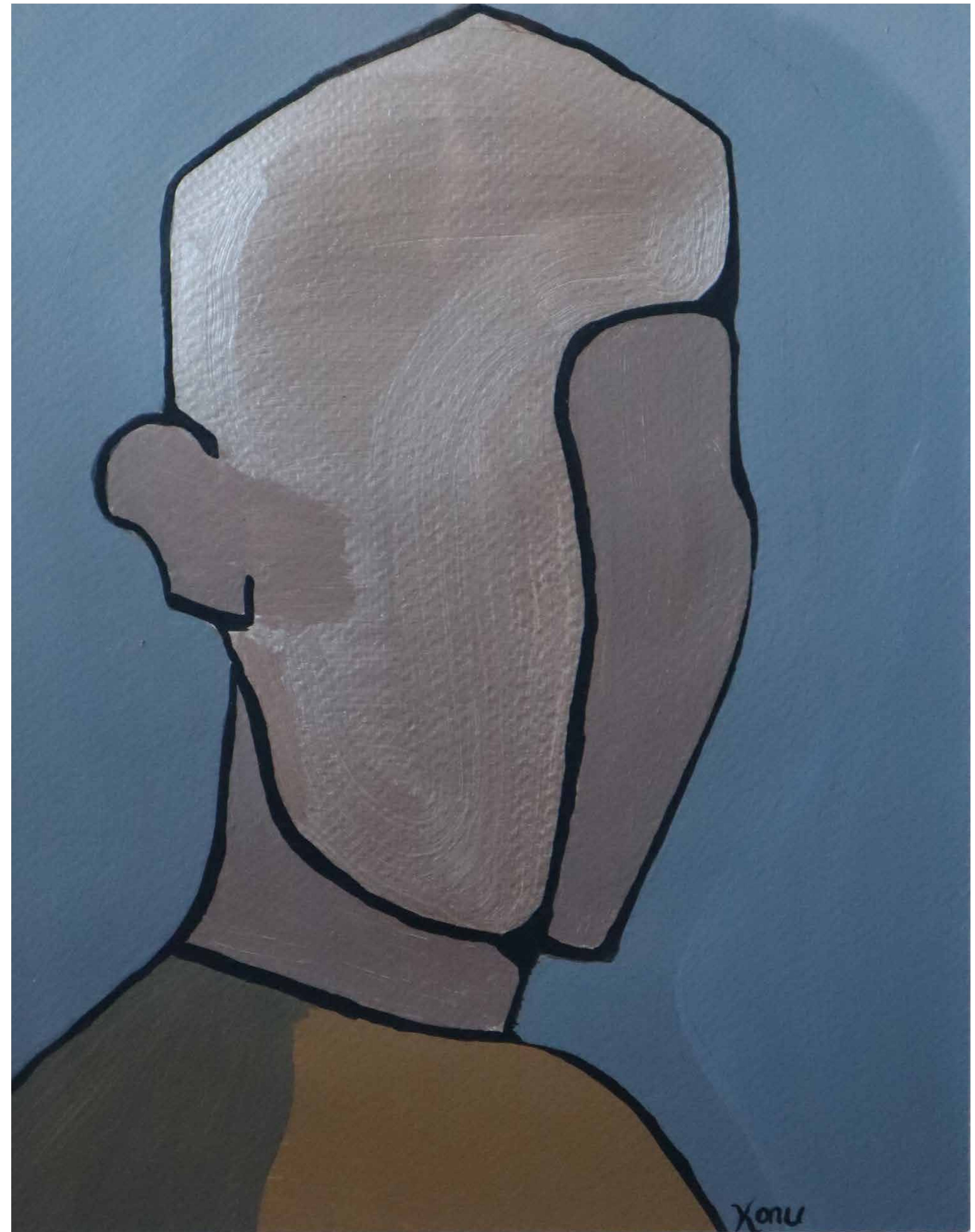
Because acting this way for you is normal,
your moral corruption exists in litany.

If I yelled at you in person,
the big guy would take your side.

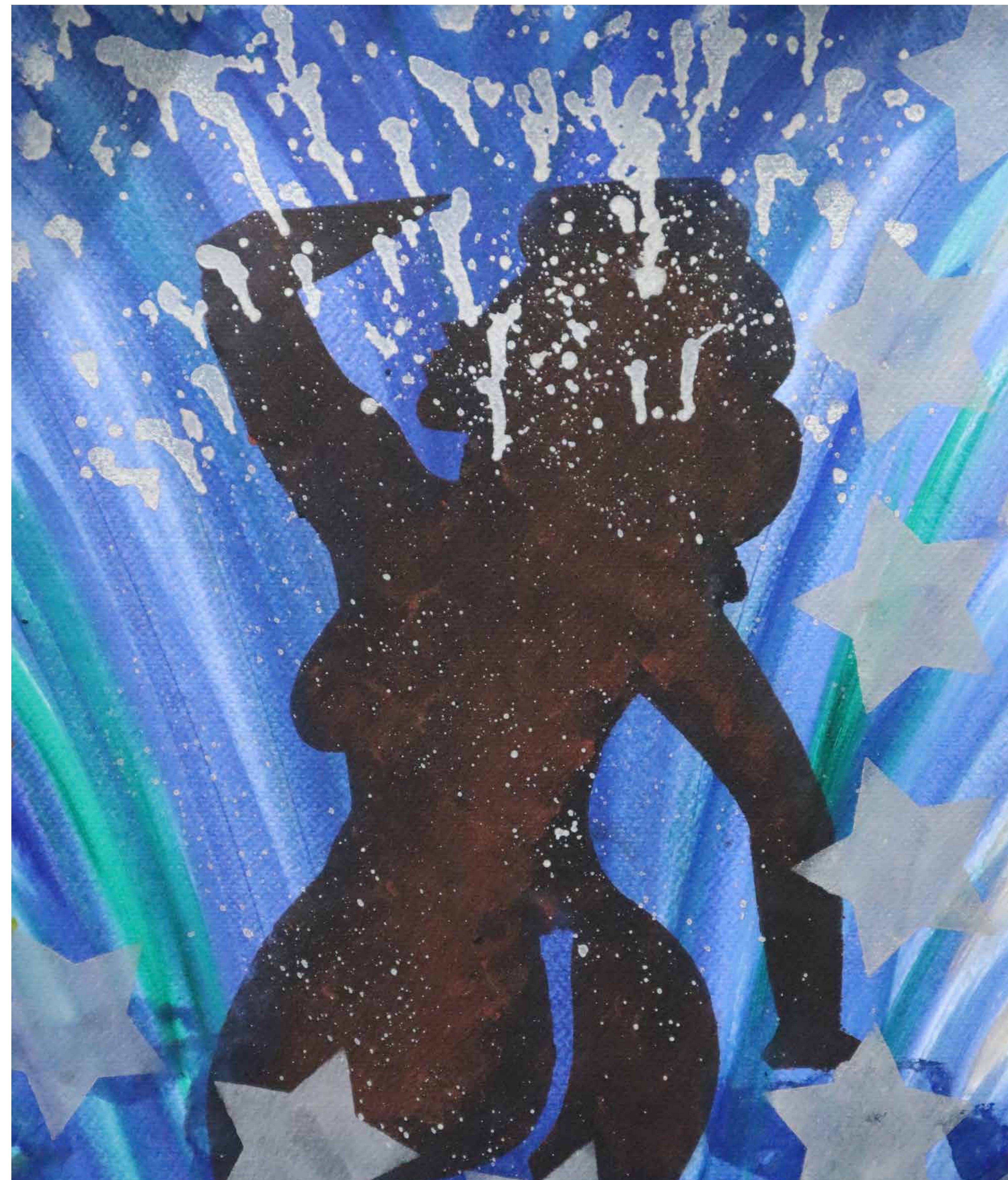
You are favoured after all
since you represent his "euro pride".

All of you deserve each other,
so I will step away.

You made this incestuous quagmire,
so live with it now, come what may.



Mirrors reflect energy back to you.
Change your position, change what you see.
Mirrors always send visual information back to me.
Cover the mirror: it still reflects.
The difference is now no one can detect.
The view changes. The mirror does not.
It takes in the image, like uploading to a digital slot.
It's stored in the mainframe inside of the brain.
Always seeing, always knowing.
A part of you; one in the same.
The mirror shows this back to you.
You understand on some level.
That we are all connected through this somehow.
That the mind contains the temple.



Thank you for reading my book of
Dark Vengeful Poems.

I truly hope you enjoyed it.

Writing these poems allowed me to take what was in
my head, and put in on paper. The storms always raged
inside, but without the pen there was never any light-
house to guide me to the safety of the shore. Having an
audience to read what I have created, allows me to fully
heal from these negative experiences. Perhaps one day,
there will no longer be any need for me to write in this
style. Thank you for being a part of this transformation,
and I hope you will read my future work as well.

Sincerely,

Stephanie Konu



