

I would be Scheherazade

I would be Scheherazade
Weave stories in your heart
In the painting - perfect
Ageless and compelling

I would hypnotize your eyes
Let my words give your ears surprise
I would lead you with my creed
Fulfill your every need

Figs and dates may feed you
But words uplift and tease
To capture your mind and hold
Words more powerful than gold

I would enchant
I would bewitch
My tongue would be sweet
With delicate treats

I would redefine
Your sense of time
To captivate the complete
Attention of thine eye

It is not gifts you can buy
That validate a care
It is a time you breathe together
The close moments you share

The whispered words
Enter you...no fear
My lips just graze your ear
Breathing secrets there, my dear

Intimacy is not a weapon
I would not use it
To control relations
To make you sit

If I used this as weapon
Intimacy does not exist
It disappears
In a toxic mist

I'd sing a litany of desire
Words in place ignite fire
You all my passion
You all my dream

Oil paint can only show
Skin translucent
Artist only captures the hint
Of soft skin brushed with mint

Cry out pain release
From deep within
Magic desire of
Skin in skin

I would be Scheherazade of honey month
Wrap a story blanket round your head
Bring your fantasies alive
Until you find finale in a dance of the dead

Lady G is the performance name of Gloria Oehrlein Derge. She was baptized with the name, Lady G, in a sonnet written by fellow founding member of Sidewalk Poets Workshop and in poetry has remained Lady G since. Published in Midwest regional media, she has been living poetry all of her life. First as a singer and performer in school - never really forgot that even a little. Honor graduate of the University of Wisconsin in Theatre and Dance Education continued to live poetry in performance while teaching in Wisconsin, New York, and New Hampshire. Know that she moved on to professional theatre Off Broadway and Peterborough Players and The New Hampshire Shakespeare Festival (I should tell you Shakespeare is her favorite poet) Then she shared more poetry even to the villages of Sierra Leone, West Africa, as a Peace Corps Volunteer, always poetry. She found home for most of her life in sunny California after all that snow and foreign land. She continued observing and living and reading poetry - storing up all the observations in her soul. Upon the death of her husband a floodgate opened and now the pen does not stop and the soul has opened up. Share with her from this overflowing cup.

Lady G

