

Creative Writing Coursework

La Lune

In your face I see my own
Though it is dark and I
have not a face to show;
Yet something upon you must burn
With silver flames, to set my eyes
So rightfully ablaze.

In your tranquility I feel fear
For you hold secrets, I am sure,
That I would never wish to hear;
And the illusions that shroud my view
Have lucid sheen, just like the lucid
Visage I have dreamed.

Now grass winds round my feet
In the midst of verdant shrubbery
That the dusk so gently greets.
A hazy view I've had, but now
Your face reflects my own, and I
Have these questions only, so tell me:

How furtive are my fires?
Are they thistles, are the briars?

Word Count: 123

My Sweet Ariadne

The smile of my sweet Ariadne
Is obscured by labyrinthine walls
And screens. I am lost, my sweet -
I know not the way to the exit,
Or even the entrance from whence
I initially fell into your gaze.

Though frenetically I search the halls
And seemingly endless corridors,
Each passage appears the same.
The same colour, the same cold air -
The same loathsome dread that I feel
At every unmarked corner.

So foggy is the delusion that clouds
My mind, I wonder what tortured soul

Could leave me for dead in these corridors?
My hope to find her safe and well
Is not renewable, and once I'm truly lost
There may be no return at all.

Sitting to rest, I take my place
At an intersection. There are four
Gloomy passages for me to take:
Path one could take me to danger.
Paths two and three could lead astray.
Path four could be safe, for it is the way I came.

The ghostly apparition of her visage -
It is all that keeps my spirits aloft.
Alas, everywhere I step, does it lead
Me farther from her? Does it lead me
To my demise? Still, invisible is her hand
Upon my shoulder - I will not fail her now.

Footsteps echo through these corridors,
Though, and I fear that what I fear
Lurks ever closer, for serenity
Has left for dead this wandering soul.
Yes, there is a beast that awaits me
At the end of this heartless path.

This cold air has caught my breath
And filled my ambling lungs with
Loathsome dread. These obsessions,
However, will not subside; though I fear
That these walls will be my undoing,
And the space between them, my fall.

Word Count: 289

Inferno

Though distance does keep my passions kindled
In this realm of sins and sinners alike,
Desires for intimacy annul, for
I flaunt my affections upon a pike.
To these looming gates, chased by three great beasts,
I am lead. I search these depths for my muse.
Though certainly, the flames here will test
My temperance, my faith, my fortitude.
And though her caress is near forgotten,
My memory weathered by this woeful quest,
I have etched her name in the brimstone here
So that, with solace, I may find rest.

Though these kindling passions may see no fire,
With love and with hope, I'll see you prior.

Word Count: 107

Return from Yomi

Bathed in ash and flame,
A figure once beautiful
Yomi has taken.
A lone god he is
Now his wife has departed -
Is there no return
Once one has ventured
To these depths, long forsaken,
Where ghosts roam the floors?
Mother of the lands
Who gave birth to fire and death;
This is her sanctum.

The dead take their seats
For the banquet that's prepared
To mark their stay here,
But so unprepared
They are. To dine in these halls
Means never to leave,
And always to stay.
The lone god peers from afar
To spy his beloved.

Of the rancid meat
She has eaten and given
Warrant to refuge
In the calamity.
The lone god reaches her hand
And is struck with grief.
Flesh and sinew falls
From her once beautiful face,
To the ground. This filth,
And this pestilence,
Have robbed her of brilliance,
Of her purity.

Disgusted is the
Lone god, who came for his love,
Not this wretched beast
That has touched his hand
And tainted his palms. I won't,
Said he, take you back.

With once turning,
He runs for the light ahead.
She has been consumed
By death's filthy grasp,
And may no longer reside
In the lands she formed.
Rolling a boulder
To seal her within the depths,
The lone god walks on.

A cherry blossom
Wilts as it touches her face.
She is not his wife.

A solitary
And sombre walk through the field
Is time to reflect.
His wife has been claimed.
The lone god, who let her go
Into that abyss,
Feels great sadness
At his loss. Was it he who
Abandoned her?
Could he have done more
To raise his love from the dead?
This can't be his fault.
Images flurry
Through his wise and noble mind
Of his dire actions.
To give up on love
Is a path of cowardice -
A path of regret.

Perhaps underneath
The abhorrent appearance
Was one who was like,
In all ways he knew,
The captivating goddess
That first stole his heart.

At the water's edge
He dips his hands and washes
His darkened visage.
The droplets that fall
Masquerade the falling tears
He cries for his faults.
It is not easy
To forget the face you loved
For so long, despite
The tainted image

That lingers in the memory
After the real dies.

Now Izanagi
Is truly alone, only
Harbouring regret.
And Izanami's
Presence remains in her acts
That ring in the ears
Of the lone God time
And time again. Her rotting
Face, he will not forget.

Word Count: 428

Panta Rhei

Weave me a tale from golden thread:
With blades to cut and part the dead
From spool and scissors, rod and twine,
No fate may waste my precious time.
Now out of place at peril's door
One stitch that's torn could end me, for
I've known this group of women three
Who solely work by fortune's creed.
Against this stream of pouring sand
My journey will be lonesome and,
Although you work with humble grace,
Your spindle spins at rapid pace
But I wish to weave my tale alone -
And I've all the time in the world.

Word Count: 94