

The Healer

The hands that I love so much, are the hands that are so comforting for me to touch.

The hands that have healed my soul, are the hands that have made me whole.

It is her hands that have restored me; she never ignores me.

I come to her with my pains, and she never complains.

She willfully offers herself to me, and she is my bride to be.

I feel like she was my lover long before, and it is her that I truly adore.

So much inspiration do I derive from her, and hope because of her.

I long to lay head in her lap, to just rest there and take and take a nap.

She is my Cosmic Nubian Queen, and she possesses many treasures yet unseen.

I rest in her arms and decompress, as I lay my head upon her breast.

I feel as though she could have been my wife centuries ago. I believe that she is a direct decedent of my wife before. When I lay my head in her bosom, she gently caresses my forehead and takes away my pain. I am Osiris and She is Isis. She is a healer. *That old black magic.*

She's my healer, born to care for and to give herself to me. When I'm in her arms I feel that time stands still and that there is no one around. And then, there's is no sound. I am transcended into a time when she would have just been raped by *massa, and sent back to me.*

Her grief and her pain is unimaginable. Her torment is incessant. And yet, she has some of her soul left for me. I try to comfort her in the same way that I did the night before, and the night before that one. She is the same. Resilient, stronger and resolute each time that she comes home at night to me, from the big house.

I've often thought of killing him, but my wife always says no. She always says, "it'll get better one day". And we hope for better days. I hold her close, and then I rest my head in her bosom. The bosom that *massa* has just stolen. Yet, he hasn't corrupted her, she is yet my Queen. I want her all the more. Her sweet nectar is still mine.

She still has love for me although she has just been violated, and I love her all the more. I listened to him, night after night defiling my sweet flower. I want to strangle him, night after night. But my sweet Lilly says not to. She comes back to the cabin, night after night with the same emotions towards me, as though it were the first day that I laid eyes on her. And I love her all the more. That old black magic that she does.

The pain in me echo's and radiates from my sternum to genitals. The pain in my head throbs, when I hear *massa* grunting and groaning as he empties himself into my sweet Lilly. She comes back to the cabin, night after night with the same emotions towards me, as though it were the first day that I laid eyes on her. And I love her all the more. *That old black magic that she does.*

She offers me her healing hands, to comfort the storm inside me. Her power to heal comes from the well of love inside her that pervades everything, despite the now. And I love her more and more each day, and night after night. She still has room for me. Night after night.

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