January 2018

Asmodeus

Kyle Boltson
Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions
Part of the Art and Design Commons, and the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol14/iss1/6

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the CAHSS Journals at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.
She is the fulfillment of carnal desire.  
With each thought of her, her roots grow deeper.  
To dwell on her in thought, is to be consumed by her entirely.  
Just past her lips lies a bottomless pit, a lying tongue.  
Deep insider her lies a void of hollow souls.  
Damaged hearts and shipwrecked lives to those who never overcame her.  
She clothes her darkness of addiction and  
Loss of sovereignty in beautiful robes of passion.  
Charm is her perfume.  
She justifies herself as natural desire,  
To expect her presence and accept her as normal  
Is to grant her all power.  
She is possessive in personality,  
For she divides us from true love and keeps us for herself.  
She is like fire, burning intensely and consuming all.  
At the right distance the warmth feels pleasant, but  
With a soul made of tinder, proximity is risky.  
Her touch is bliss and her flesh is soft.  
Her smile welcomes and her embrace is desired  
By all on this earth.  
She is no harlot, for a harlot is merely human as I.  
She is like wine in the belly of an alcoholic.  
It is Lust, who resides in the hearts of all men.