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**I sit in the darkest dead of night contemplating pomegranates, pineapples, friendship and life while she lay in an alcoholic stupor being taken by nameless and faceless men. Is this to be our cruel destiny? Can the cosmic be so very, very vicious as to allow this? Does love not carry any weight in the march of time and tide? In the end will all this be as Shakespeare predicted little more than a tale told by an idiot? Can any man, could any man sit quietly by waxing and waning philosophic as one that he worships lies wanton and willing in the Pit of Poseidon? I despise all around her, the fishmonger, the firefly, the baboon and the bulimic each taking her again and again but never giving. If only they would all perish upon their return to the sea, to the sky, to the jungle and to the pantry. Perhaps then she might be free herself of her demons and return again to me.**

## **Lilith**

**Forever in the darkness she roams, she who stoops to conquer, she who bends to break all those around her. How the mighty have fallen. I kneel before longing for her touch, begging for a glance from her eyes. I have become a hollow man for she has inhaled my soul and consumed my very spirit. Why does not nature rush to fill this void, this cavity, this hollow shell that now stands empty within the universe? Why do not the flames of despair consume me? I long to be complete, I hunger to be whole! Let the moon and the stars weep, laugh and fall as I wither and die in the coldness of her indifference. My sun bleached carcass, though decades past will still in the end call out her name .... LILITH!**

**Thank you for taking the time for reading and or listening to:**

**Lilith ... In the pit of Poseidon  
by  
T. Crawford-Crawford.**

**The Epilogue**

**A word from the author:**

**I can not refer to it as crimson and clover over and over or even parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme. I can only define the moment in terms of pumpkin seeds and daffodils. I have no idea what cosmic thread connects me to those things but something or rather someone has drawn me into the vision. Perhaps it is simply the cycle of life, that which is, that which isn't and that which must be. How simple it all becomes in a dream. Perhaps we all need to stand in a field of daffodils holding a handful of pumpkin seeds. Perhaps we all need to stand their looking into the eyes of the one that we truly love.**



## **A Postscript Dedication**

**Reflecting on this work I would like to take this opportunity to thank each and every man, woman or child who has at one time or another advertently or inadvertently worn the mask of the muse. Most of all I would like to thank Lilith for being a part of my life. She has taught me ever so many things. Some of those things were good while on the other side of the coin some of them were very bad. Most of all I would like to thank her for teaching some extremely harsh realities:**

**Not everyone can be saved  
Not everyone should be saved  
Not everyone deserves to be saved**

**The harshest reality that she taught me however was that sometimes:**

**LOVE JUST ISN'T ENOUGH**

For those who are interested:

Lilith's Song was written by Lilith and performed by a friend who is very near and dear to me. Lilith was a woman of wondrous and unlimited potential who crossed my path. Unfortunately in life she chose through alcoholic and drug induced stupor to remain dead rather than face the remarkable adventures that life and love have to offer. I will forever respect her commitment in the matter but will forever despise the blatant and stubborn stupidity of that given decision and those who for their own reasons supported her in that decision. In her honor a portion of sales from this work has been given in advance to The Brookhaven Retreat here in Knoxville Tennessee so that other abused, cross addicted, alcoholic women might escape her fate.

**(One Final Afterthought)**

## **From the eyes of the night**

**Even the night has a thousand eyes. Each and every one of them watches her plight. They watch and shed a tear for her delirium. Cold sweat and hot flashes mark the malady of her sickness. In her den of darkest anxiety, arrogance and ambition they mark the madness of her depravity. The night and I watch quietly and wait patiently. We pray for her great escape as we watch her hopeless and helpless plight. We chronicle her purchased promiscuity, her Promethean torment and her Icarusistic flight as each is reflected in the shadow of Sunshine's sorrow. We quietly watch her drowning, void of emotion in her pool of lust. The night and I wait, watch and pray that one day soon, without warning, night shall become day. We wait, watch and pray that one day without warning anxiety, arrogance and ambition will melt in the warmth of the morning sun.**

**From the heart of the Phoenix ... Love**

**From the eyes of the night ... Tears**

**The End**