Womanizer Ink

Occupies your mind
like a one-man corporation
on a narcissist mission,
a self-appointed monopoly
entitled to exploit women
in withdrawals without penalties
feeding on the life force of tender souls.

A killer bee set loose in the garden
extracting sweet nectar
from beautiful blossoms
(until they wilt, die—or react)
to build his honeycomb bank
for the next evolution of stingers.

The flowers confuse this closeness
for the warmth of returning light.
Soon he moves onto other blossoms
in unexplored fields, attracted by
magnificent colors, delicious scents,
to quench the never-ending thirst
for penetration, a lustful migration
of adrenalin addiction. Not a pollination
that prospers the blooming,
but a bumbling scavenger
harvesting illusions
riding swift on a casual whim,
a conquistador running roughshod
over native innocence
with gifts of confusion,
like an out of control drunk
operating on instincts conditioned
by generations of thieves.

This sole-proprietorship
plunders and amasses,
captures and controls
playing misogynist chess
that stalemates the will to live.

His friends, other narcissist,
climbers and crawlers,
vultures and predators
in a camaraderie of affinities
rationalized and approved
by each other's dysfunctions.

Unlike the 501(c)3
a public trust that heals,
genuine and authentic,
striving for the highest
humanitarian ideals with
no intentional harm to anyone,
considering consequences,
cultivating the drive to thrive
with unconditional presence,
nurturing the art of the living
to reveal the essence
of all that is love.

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