

## Beautifully Bound

~ A Poetic Interpretation of *Dear Head Sconce*

by: Nancy Josephson ~

From Mommy Dearest to Psycho  
There are moments of Cycle  
From Daughters to Mommies to wives  
Trophies for life so  
Be Careful of people who worship  
Beau-ti-ful  
They just might behead you  
Hang you from the mantle.

[Fred]        *Here deer...*  
                 *Here deer...*

Shot gun.  
BLAST.  
Fear.

Three hours later...

[Fred]        *Hi Dear...*  
                 *I'm home Dear...*  
                 *Look at what I've got from hunting!*

[Wife]        *Ok honey*  
                 *Hang it over here, Fred,*  
                 *the deer head.*  
                 *Next to the mantle,*  
                 *all of your plaques, and my prayer candle;*  
                 *and rekindle the flames in the fire place.*

Then he states:

*[Fred]            Look at that face!  
Deer enjoy your new space,  
next to chrome and wood.*

*[Wife]            See if he could  
he'd stuff my ovaries.  
To preserve my pedigree.  
He turns suddenly and says to me,*

*[Fred]            Dear you are beautiful!  
Stand next to the deer please for  
a picture of all of my trophies.*

*[Wife]            He believing constantly that he caught me.  
And I've been enveloped...  
...sealed to the bed post because we eloped.  
Thought his style was dope...  
...until he started eyeballing my throat.  
Stealing my ability to be vocal.  
My life force going out of the window,  
and with it my hope floats.  
So coddled I choke.  
Cradled and strangely infantilized.  
Newly wed and should have been reborn  
yet helplessly still born.  
Rapidly my mind cries  
Creating  
                 waves                    my  
heart                    rides.*

*While his eyes beholding me  
becomes exhausting.  
This doe's fate follows me.  
Whispering,  
'Be careful of your beauty, tone down your majesty.'  
And she scolds because I have control of how he views me,  
yet I be set in his sites allowing him to abuse my beauty.*

*Verbally.*

*Exercise his primitivity and blasts the doe, a deer, a female deer*

*Physically.*

*Brings her scone to where we are living.*

*I smile naively maybe even bravely*

*Knowing that at any given moment he may decide to stay home and  
go hunting.*

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