

## 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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