

Poetry of Healing and Abuse

2nd EDITION

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The Author is NOT a Mental Health Professional.

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Cutting to Existence

My little brother cuts himself into existence.

With razor tongue I try to shave his pain,
he wouldn't listen.

His ears are woollen screams, the wrath
of heartbeats breaking to the surface.

His own Red Art.

When he cups his bleeding hands
the sea of our childhood
wells in my eyes
wells in his veins
like common salt.

[Return](#)

Fearful Love

Cherubim turn swords,

cast flaming fig leaves

on a cursed ground.

With bruised heels

we labour

among the bitten,

festering fruits of our ignorance,

making thorns and thistles

of our crowns.

In the sweat of our faces,

a pheromonic resonance.

In our dusty hearts,

skinclad, in cleavage,

we hope to live forever,

flesh closed upon itself,

conceiving sorrow.

Our trees are pleasant to the sight

of gold and onyxstone

and every beast and fowl has its name

except for our nakedness.

In a garden of talking serpents,

cool days and lying Gods,

I betray you to the voice

and hide. [Return](#)

In the concentration camp called Home

In the concentration camp called Home,

we report in striped pyjamas

to the barefeet commandant,

Our Mother orchestrating

our daily holocaust.

Burrowing her finger-

-nails through my palms,

a scream frozen between us,

a stalactite of terror

in the green caves of her eyes

there, sentenced to forced labour:

to mine her veins of hatred

to shovel her contempt

to pile scorn upon scorn

beating(s) a path.

At noon, Our Mother

leads us to the chambers

naked, ripples of flesh

she turns on the gas

and watches our hunger

as her food devours us.

[Return](#)

Prague at dusk

Prague lays over its inhabitants in shades of grey. Oppressively close to the surface, some of us duck, others simply walk carefully, our shoulders stooped, trying to avoid the monochrome rainbow at the end of the hesitant rain. Prague rains itself on us, impaled on one hundreds towers, on a thousand immolated golden domes. We pretend not to see it bleeding to the river. We just cross each other in ornate street corners, from behind exquisite palaces. We don't shake heads politely anymore. We are not sure whether they will stay connected if we do.

It is in such times that I remember an especially sad song, Arabic sounds interlaced with Jewish wailing. Wall after wall, turret after turret, I re-visit my homeland. It is there, in that city, which is not Arab, nor Jewish, not entirely modern, nor decidedly antique that I met her.

And the pain was strong.

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The Old Gods Wander

your promised lands

with reticence.

Grey, forced benevolence.

They shrug their crumpled robes,

extend in venous hand

black cornucopia.

You're fighting back, it's evident,

bony protrusions, a thumping chest,

the clamming up of sweaty pearls.

They aim at your Olympian head.

There, in the meadows of your mind,

grazing on dewy hurt,

they defecate a premonition

of impending doom.

[Return](#)

Moi Aussi

I need to know you

even as I never know my self

that phantom ache

of amputated innocence

You,

the stirrings of a curtain, dust

settling on sepia cuckoo clocks

covers obscuring

Perhaps one day you will become

a benign sentence

an agency

through which to be.

[Return](#)

When You Wake the Morning

When you wake the morning

red headed children shimmer in your eyes.

The venous map

of sun drenched eyelids

flutters

throbbing topography.

Your muscles ripple.

Scared animals burrow

under your dewy skin.

Frozen light sculptures

where wrinkles dwell.

Embroidered shades,

in thick-maned tapestry.

Your lips depart in scarlet,

flesh to withering flesh,

and breath in curved tranquillity

escapes the flaring nostrils.

Your warmth invades my sweat,

your lips leave skin regards

on my humidity.

Eyelashes clash.

[Return](#)

Tableaux (on van Gogh)

Listening to a scarlet sink, detached

an ear, still glistening wax,

in bloody conch.

The gaping flesh.

Wild scattered eyes

fiercing the mirror.

Light ricochets from trembling blade

(it's gaslight evening and the breeze ...)

Behind his stooping shoulders,

a painted room ablaze

the dripping composition of his blood.

The winding crowd

inflates the curtains inwards,

sails of a flying Dutchman.

[Return](#)

Sally Ann

I wrote, Sally Ann, I wrote:

Shot from the cannon of abuse
as unwise missiles do.

Course set.

Explosive clouds that mark
your video destination.

Experts interpret,
pricking with laser markers,
inflated dialects
of doom.

Hitting the target, you
splinter, a spectacle
of fire and of smoke.

The molten ashes,
the cold metallic remnants,
the core...

A peace accord
between you and your self.

[Return](#)

Prowling

The little things we do together
to give up life.

The percolating coffee,
your aromatic breath,
the dream that glues
your eyelids to my cheek.

We both relent relentlessly.

Your hair flows to its end,
a natural cascade,
a velvet avalanche
buries my hands.

In motion paralyzed,
we prowl each other's
hunting grounds.

Day breaks, our backs
turned to the light
in dark refusal.

[Return](#)

Switching

Vaknin packets switching
'twixt all my addresses.
Servers process my roots,
my names
caught in their web.
Routed to their domain,
I am browsed by
people downloading
stale pains
uploaded fresh
and dripping bytes.

[Return](#)

Getting Old

The sageing flesh,
a wrinkled vicedom.
The veined reverberation
of a life consumed.
On corneas imprinted
with a thousand dreams,
now stage penumbral plays
directed by a sight receding
and a brain enraged.
To fall, as curtains call,
to bow the last,
rendered a sepia image
in a camera obscured,
a line of credits,
fully exhausted,
fully endured.

[Return](#)

Narcissism

The Toxic
waste of bottled anger
venomized.
Life belly up.
The reeds.
The wind is hissing
death
downstream,
a river holds
its vapour breath
and leaves black lips
of tar and fish
a bloated shore.

Strolling in the boneyard of my life:
bleached dreams,
mementoed ossuary of my insights.
On flaking fenceposts, impaled the child that I had been.
Peering from desiccated sockets, the Plague that's me:
dust-irrigated, arid tombstones,
a being eclipsed.

Stage 1, receding, jettisoned, stage 2, exiled velocity, stage 3, stage 3

...

The armoured carapace.
Atremored.
In glinted envelope, pulsating, rarefied,
A fiery launch that crumbles into
velvet silence.
No comm.
On impact, just a
star rush,
the pullulating milky veins,
expired, crater-ridden scars.
What's in your call sign? Freedom? Friendship? Faith?
None, I think. I am over, out,
an iron shell,
tons in a matchbox,
frenetic revolutions,
ray bursts,
the stellar remnant
of collapse. [Return](#)

Snowflake Haiku

Where I begin
your end
snowflake haikus
melt into
crystalline awareness.

I guard
your quivered sleep.
Your skin beats moisture.
The beckoning jugular
that is your mind.

My pointing teeth.

A universe
of frozen sharp relief,
the icy darts your voice
in my inebriated veins
in yours.

[Return](#)

A Hundred Children

Tell me about your sunshine
and the sounds of coffee
and of barefeet pounding the earthen floor
the creaking trees
and the skinned memory of hugs
you gave
and you received.

Sit down, yes, here,
the intermittent sobbing
of the shades
slit by your golden face.

Now listen to the hundred children
that are your womb.

I am among them.

[Return](#)

In Moist Propinquity

Hemmed in our bed,
in moist propinquity,
'tis night and starry
and the neighbourhood inebriated,
in the vomitory of our street.
A woman,
my stone-faced lover,
a woman and her smells.
The yellow haze of melancholy lampposts.
Your hair consumes you.

[Return](#)

Selfdream

At times, I dream myself besieged.
I rebel with the cunning of the weak.
I walk the shortcuts.
Tormentors clad
in blood-soaked black,
salute as I manipulate them
into realizing their abyss.
Some weep their sockets hollow,
or waive their thorns.
Much pain negotiated.
A trading of the wounds.
My chains carve metal
and I am branded.

[Return](#)

The Miracle of the Kisses

That night, the cock denied him thrice.
His mother and the whore downloaded him,
nails etched into his palms,
his thorny forehead glistening,
his body speared.
He wanted to revive unto their moisture.
But the nauseating scents of vinegar
and Roman legionnaires,
the dampness of the cave,
and then that final stone...
His brain wide open,
supper digested
that was to have been his last.
He missed so his disciples,
the miracle of their kisses.
He was determined not to decompose.

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Our Love Alivid

Our bloated love alivid
at the insolence of time
protests by falling in,
involuntarily committed.

You are the sadness
in my sepia nights.

I am in yours.

We correspond across
our dead togetherness.

[Return](#)

Synthetic Joy

Synthetic joy of wedding halls,
caked bride and groom,
a spewing orchestra,
metallic rings.

Exchanging aqueous looks,
thickset in exudate,
the relatives.

Mother exuding age,
a father pillaged by defeat,
a clutch of wombless matrons.

The light is ashen,
the food partitioned.

Soon, scene of soiled tables.

Soon, the relieved goodbyes.

Soon, the breathless breeding and the crumpled sheets.

The neon lights extinguished by the dawn.

[Return](#)

Twinkle Star

Twinkle star

of barren scape

and ashen craters.

Seething Ammonia winds.

The fine dust

of life forgone

on surface tensioned.

Beneath its crust

trapped oceans surge

in icy recollection.

It hurls its core

again the dimming sun's

depleted inattention.

[Return](#)

My Putrid Lover

My lover dreams
of acrid smells
and putrid tangs
I lick
(dishevelled hair adorns)
her feet
I scale
the shrink-warped body.
I vomit semen
that her lips ingest.
And youth defies her.

[Return](#)

Hebrew Love

Ahavat ha'akher ena ela

ahavat ha'ani ba'akher.

Ba'akher ani:

Khesronot

Ke'evim

Nikudei turpa

Kabala lelo hatnaya
of

Ahavim.

Lehitama bahem

Ulehatmia.

Ulam shel mar'ot,

Gvulut ben shte' aratsot nokhriot,

Ir prazot

vehaohev basha'ar,

Gesher khovek

tehomot,

Migdal mamri, kulo safa belula,
wholly confounded language,

Mabul.

Verak anakhnu,

Shnayim beteiva venoakh

li velakh.

Loving another is merely

Loving Myself in another.

In the Other I:

Shortcomings

Pains

Vulnerabilities

the Unconditional Intercourse

Love.

Subsumed

Engulfing.

A Hall of Mirrors,

Two Bounded States,

an Open City

my Lover at its gates,

a Bridge hugging

an abyss,

a tower, heaven reached,

a Deluge.

And only Us,

two of a sort,

an Ark, a Covenant. [Return](#)

Her Birthday

I. Apology ...

My Wife:

Sometimes I watch you from behind:

your shoulders, avian, aflutter.

Your ruby hands;

the feet that carry you to me

and then away.

I know I wrong You.

Your eyes black pools; your skin eruptions of what is

and could have been.

I vow to make you happy, but

my Hunchbacked Self

just tolls the bells

and guards you from afar.

II. ... And Thanks

In the wasteland that is Me

You flower.

Your eyes black petals strewn

across the tumbling masonry.

Your stem resists my winds.

Your roots, deep in my soil,

toil in murk to feed both you and me,

to nurture Us.

And every day a spring,
and every morn a sunshine:
you're in my garden,
you blossom day and night.
Your sculpted daint feels
in my hands like oneness.

III. In Toronto

So much is left unsaid between us.
Your crests of silence
fallen on my shores of pain.

IV. Dedication (9th Edition of "[Malignant Self-love](#)")

My Wife:

You are in every carefully measured space,
In every broken word
That we had mended with
The healing hyphens of our together-
-ness.

This book, the memory of us,
A record of survival
Against all odds.

Malignant Self- gives way to love, two points, we are:
Revisited.

V. Happy 2014 (dedication on the book “Macedonian Woodcarving”)

Carved in the wood of our togetherness, entwined,

the chiselled hurt of us:

sprawled in your arms, my wounds

and your iconic smile,

Madonna of leaves and angels.

Only one unicorn we are,

sheltered behind the royal doors

to our love. And you?

My own Iconostasis.

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To an Absent Wife

I went to my heart and enquired to know how to make you mine again,
But my heart was broken and I asked in vain.

I then spoke to my brain to learn how to rekindle our flame,
But my brain was busy dousing out my pain.

And I talked to friends and my mother too.
And I surfed the Net and read books a few.
For I saw your face in every cranny and nook.
And recalled your smile and the way you look.

So I typed my love on my mobile's face
And I send you this with my warm embrace.

Note: A “mobile” in the UK is a “cellphone” in the USA.

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About the Author

Sam Vaknin (<http://samvak.tripod.com>) is the author of Malignant Self-Love: Narcissism Revisited and After the Rain - How the West Lost the East, as well as many other books and ebooks about topics in psychology, relationships, philosophy, economics, and international affairs.

He is the Editor-in-Chief of Global Politician and served as a columnist for Central Europe Review, PopMatters, eBookWeb , and Bellaonline, and as a United Press International (UPI) Senior Business Correspondent. He was the editor of mental health and Central East Europe categories in The Open Directory and Suite101.

Visit Sam's Web site at <http://www.narcissistic-abuse.com>

Work on Narcissism

Sam Vaknin is the author of [Malignant Self Love: Narcissism Revisited](#). (number 1 bestseller in its category in Barnes and Noble). His work is quoted in well over [1000 scholarly publications](#) and in over [5000 books](#) (full list [here](#)).

His Web site "[Malignant Self Love - Narcissism Revisited](#)" was, for many years, an Open Directory Cool Site and is a Psych-UK recommended Site.

Sam Vaknin is *not a mental health professional* though he is [certified in psychological counseling techniques](#) by [Brainbench](#).

Sam Vaknin served as the editor of Mental Health Disorders categories in the [Open Directory Project](#) and on [Mentalhelp.net](#). He maintains his own Websites about [Narcissistic Personality Disorder \(NPD\)](#) and about [relationships](#) with [abusive narcissists](#) and [psychopaths here](#) and in [HealthyPlace](#).

You can find his work on many other Web sites: [Mental Health Matters](#), [Mental Health Sanctuary](#), [Mental Health Today](#), [Kathi's Mental Health Review](#) and others.

Sam Vaknin wrote a column for Bellaonline on [Narcissism and Abusive Relationships](#) and is a frequent contributor to Websites such as [Self-growth.com](#) and [Bizymoms](#) (as an [expert](#) on personality disorders).

Sam Vaknin served as the author of the Personality Disorders topic, Narcissistic Personality Disorder topic, the Verbal and Emotional Abuse topic, and the Spousal Abuse and Domestic Violence topic, all four on Suite101. He is the moderator of the [Narcissistic Abuse Study List](#), the [Toxic Relationships Study List](#), and other mailing lists with a total of c. 20,000 members. He also publishes a bi-weekly [Abusive Relationships Newsletter](#).

You can view Sam Vaknin's biography [here](#).