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# MOTHER

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A2 Creative Writing Portfolio

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*The story of a girl, told through poetry.*

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**Preface**

*Eve was not made from the rib of Adam.*

*Adam was the forbidden fruit of Eve's womb.*

## The First Time

I fell

I fall

I am falling

Through this charcoal cavity

This atomless space-dust and burnt out star,

This blackened vacuum.

No catch

No fall

No I.

## **Space that isn't There**

I used to dream of those Sundays.  
When the milky sun spits through the clouds  
So there's just rays shining down.

I used to dream it was God.  
He was saying hello, I'm here.  
I'll keep you warm.

Maybe I misheard.  
I have nightmares about it now.  
In His place, there's the devil in a white suit.

He isn't sunlight peeling through clouds,  
He is dust storms in the night  
Choking me into darkness.

## Damsel in Distress

My broken bloody things and mangled bits  
Are pleasing him. He spits out my virgin  
onto himself, onto white sheets. He rips.  
Tears my crumbling castle walls with thin  
bladed nails, scooping up my loose insides.  
I lie there. Screaming, spread out, crying out  
while he, he is loveless lover, who rides  
towards my lifeless form—he does not doubt  
that I am his. He takes glory in it.  
He displays it like a flag and I am  
his Victory. My painful moans are rich  
in flavour for him. Blood seeps. Through the white  
cotton sheets. I am his. Mangled mind and  
bloody bits, thrust

Open to the world.

## Anatomy Jane

Hair is tumbleweed cocooning  
Head is bones and cartilage and thick  
Neck is raw meat for the lion to chew  
Shoulders made of lead angel wings turned black like  
Chest of bruises with hallowed  
Breasts above a hollowed  
Stomach and exposed ribs, dripping sinew like  
Vagina drips blood once a month down  
Legs made of takeaway straws and plasters pulling at  
Ankles covered in high-heel blisters, blistering heat of  
Feet curved into bridges for dancing but the  
Toes are weak and do not obey, as  
Arms are pulled inwards and hold no balanced  
Body.

Skin stretches over the mountainous  
Lips formed into a constant smile given away by  
Eyes ricocheting bullets of tears, torn  
Ear drums from wails of women and women's  
Collarbones please the  
Groin of many a man but not when the  
Hair is tumbleweed cocooning  
Vagina.

## **Transubstantiation**

They use the word

'Transubstantiation' to describe

The essence of his Holy Body transforming

Into Bread and his Blood into wine.

I use the word

'Transubstantiation' to describe

My hope that my sinful body will somehow

Become strong again, unbroken.

But it seems that I am not holy. My reddened

beads and tarnished Virgin are not enough.

The soft bruises stay soft bruises.

Platelets and plasma baptise my legs.

I remain a broken, vulnerable mind,

Holy remains nailed to a cross.

Open to the world.



## Mother and Father

Mother birthed me and Father fed me to  
You, a brooding man with Bourbon eyes.  
Lies filled my mind and the wolf, mine, became  
Tamed. Sweet taste-buds turned into soured milk,  
Silken skin into burlap. I hope your  
Whore, that is still a wolf within me,  
Pleases you completely. Do you understand?  
Hands squeezing both of my breasts, and you still  
Will not listen. The wolf is not gone. Yet.  
Let me explain; these metaphors, my words;  
Unheard by you, are a defiance. My  
Cry is not one of fear. It is a scream  
Teeming with strength and voices of power.  
Flowers have thorns, and my wolf has thick skin.  
Sinful thoughts have crossed my mind, blood on a  
Laid out sheet, a well-planned murder of the  
Rough man who ruined me. But I cannot  
Rot my soul in the depths of purgatory.  
Glory killers end up there, so  
Lowe and behold, we shall be reunited.  
Fight it. Do not raise that nine-tailed whip—  
Rip me apart, leave my softened colour.

Father fed me to a brooding man, to  
You. You gave me your manhood and I cried.  
Why? Because Mother birthed me and

I am not Mother.

## **Bruising Tones**

We are women, victims of the night—  
We hold hands and stay strong, together,  
All bruised thighs and broken eyes.

Our quivering minds and fading scars—  
They are untouchable pieces of artwork.  
We are women, fearful of the night.

Our damaged bodies are masterpieces—  
Soft and gentle and healing, but they remain  
All bloodied thighs and blackened eyes.

They hear us crying and hold our hands  
And we smile and believe that we are strong—  
We are women, survivors of the night.

We are named flowers and sugared cherries,  
Milk and honey and storms of the broken sky—  
All yellowed thighs and glowing eyes.

We murder the men in our minds,  
Men who defiled us, left us bruised.  
All muscled thighs and burning eyes—  
We are women, warriors of the night.

## **Afterword**

*You are not all that you have become or been given.*

*You are the fallen stardust in God's tears as he weeps over the tragedy he created.*

*You are Mother of the redemption revolution.*