*Yellow Flicker Lilith*

*Yellow Flicker Beat-Inspired Monologue*

Drop your sword. It’s almost as though you think you can match me, *defeat* me. *O, fool!* You already tried to match me, word for word, but you spun out and spit flames. Did you miss a meeting? All the meetings? I am Lilith, the unbridled, the dominant. The progeny of Adam carry no guard against me, have no weapon to topple me out of the air. You are the epitome of weakness! Weakness in ignorance, weakness in arrogance, every true frailty in existence...

Once I held breath and refused to speak my mind; now I pray for air to utter all things I have to say against you. Yes, had I breath to unleash this brain upon you! And yet, in my supposed limits, I will try; and that is the primary difference between you and I: willingness. That is why I am queen.

As ruling monarch, all I want is to watch you sink to your knees, as your heavy heart drags you down. But I worry: do you dwell in waters so shallow I must drown you by hand?

You have nothing. You speak nothing. You think nothing. And that is what tempts me to slip into your head and sow seeds, and what allows me to creep into your chambers in the night and slash to pieces your body... Your own foolishness is my sword.

I bathed in balm and I drank peppermint, I moved like aspens in a canyon. The sun was not quite up when I broke into a run, nor when I returned. I was on the finish line before you were ever awake. I washed in the sunrise, where you could not see. I filled my heart, poured it out, cyclically performed it all again; I learned charm, I learned pain, I learned camouflage and revenge. What do you think I am here for? I once graced you with my glance, now I shall wither you with it.

And when I called myself queen, I wasn’t being clever. I was sincere. Look into my eyes. See the storm? yes, you do – but where are your seawalls? Foolish of you to think you could sail, coast any day of your life.

You are faint, your defenses feeble. You were never called to attention before, you never slogged through mud or bled from your pores. Your stunning ignorance of your bulwark makes you still weaker. You poor trout. Salome danced, I don’t have to. I can get you now. I will feast on you, though your name sears my very tongue.

Any pain dealt will be returned. You will simmer, boil, burn in every tear you ever made me shed, made anyone shed. This is Lilith’s oath, and deities never lie.