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## Venus

Twinkle George

Time adorned thorns around her naked flesh,  
The Armor bestowed by Venus, on return of the hunt.  
The essence of trust misused, oozed the blood out, of her streams gushing;  
the venom he kissed into her, Treachery of the snake, hissing at Eve.  
Soot of that wild fire, that once ruled the forests, settled over her eyes,  
Vision through the ire, much clear,  
Words brave, her new knight  
  
Experience crowned her Queen  
Once recessed hurricane whirled wild,  
Making way, an alert signed  
The stabs she won, she pierced tattoos for tomorrow.  
Ready is she, the Artemis, for the ride, always.

### Author's Bio:

Twinkle George is an emerging writer with few published pieces, under the pen name J.George. Some of her poems have been published or is forthcoming in the journals of "VerbalArt", "Indian Ruminations", "Indian Periodical", while others are still under consideration. Recently she has contributed towards an upcoming anthology, "Love, As We Know It", published by Poem Pajama and Delhi Poetry Slam. She hails from the high ranges of Idukki, Kerala and currently resides in Chennai, Tamil Nadu working towards her Master Degree in English Literature.