



She is a woman...

The First Chapter of
The First Book of Poems By Michael Brittingham:
By Special Appointment to Her Majesty the Woman



She is a woman...



Author's Biography:

If you want to know the meaning of Michael Brittingham, I can only teach about love... for that is all that I am. Love is a single soul, inhabiting more than one body, a proof that my experience is of some use to everybody.

As with all those before me, my work is inspired by duty. It has been done despite suffering, much trial and difficulty. Having nearly drowned, in my struggle against the tide, I've reached the shore exhausted, with no more desire to hide.

As a lover in life, who makes the whole world his family, I'm fated to be the food, that you searched-for so hungrily. To deliver a beautiful prisoner, from a cell of her own making, is the object of my sublime words, and this undertaking.

Solving all the mystery of this, that, them and those, I've created a miracle... in the form of poetic prose. Intimacy, spirituality, love and laughter, each play a part, expressed by every means possible to me in this my art.

'The First Book of Poems By Michael Brittingham' is the manifestation of my personality, on a level where glorious and dazzling is my soul's reality. I wanted my name to live-on for thousands of years, as a permanent achievement to justify my tears.



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- **Life is a book with many different chapters... This is The First Chapter:**

She is a woman...

Is it true, women are the only ones who can multi-task?

Hold-on a minute, let me finish this, and then you may ask.

First I have to drink a cigarette and smoke a cup of coffee,

See, anyone can multi-task, it's really very easy.

She is a woman for sure, and if she were here,

She'd want me to speak to her in her inner ear.

To put this in a way that clears-up all of the lies,

So I set before you the truth which no one denies.



She is a Woman...

Unveiled herein is the mystery of La Femme.

What women really want is confidence in handling them.

Women instinctually look for clues to a man's confidence,

And it has nothing to do with his level of intelligence.

Knowing that she is a woman and considered a mystery,

I'm opening-up the secret door to give others the key.

There's a difference between Mars and Venus, this is true,

So I've come to the rescue of the souls who haven't a clue.

A symbol of this and that, in all that we believe,

She is a two-fold mystery, like Mona Lisa and Eve

The subject of art and literature all through-out history,

All the time knowing herself, that there's really no mystery.

The fact I studied women so closely shouldn't seem odd,

In the faces of both men and women is where I see God.

Most women and some cats, will always do as they please,

Relaxing and getting used to the idea, should put us at ease.

Definitions of the female overlap, yet rarely coincide,

The answer to what a woman wants, no longer needs to hide.

Prayers having been heard, you're now matched with a good dancer,

What does a woman want... is a question I can answer.

At a certain level all of these answers might apply.

Conversely, there may be something that one may wish to deny.

It depends on the woman, when it comes to her desire,

Yet while getting to know someone we should never tire.



She is a Woman...

There are going to be many, that my words will never touch,
But about trying to reach everyone, I don't worry so much.

It's important that you are here and I'm talking to you,
That we've found each other, without needing to pursue.

All of my words for many, will fall upon deaf ears,
It's always the risk, when truth suddenly appears.
I'm touched by every woman who's presence I feel,
This is my real strength and not my achilles' heel.

'All women want the same things' - which obviously they do not,
Is not knowing she is one of a kind and where is her soft spot.
She is not just any woman, she is she and stands alone,
Generalizations about what she wants will only make her groan.

She's not like anyone else, but unique, special, and different,
Not to be pigeon-holed by someone whos' mind is absent.
Who thinks he can generalize about the entire gender,
Entirely missing the point of her... in all of her splendor.

The key to understanding her, is knowing everything is internal,
Much unlike the male, for which every action is external.
Everything important that happens, happens deep inside of her,
All things that come out of her, must first inside of her - occur.

Females process differently from a man's way of processing,
One reason understanding women isn't such an easy thing.
When a man says *'I think'*... a woman thinks *'I feel'*,
Her emotions take priority and have more intimate appeal.



She is a Woman...

She needs to feel deeply and connected to something,
To move-on passionately with all her life in full swing.
She wants to be up and doing, with a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing, yet ready to love and to wait.

As a little girl, she wanted to be known and appreciated,
Before anything else was ever accepted or initiated.
Missing the point, so his needs can be accommodated,
Men are often confused as she seems so complicated.

She wants to *'feel'* and for her it's not a *'silly notion'*.
She wants emotion and feelings to bring forward her devotion.
This is misunderstood by most men and women too.
Even I was once mystified, but like that what could I do?

Most of us are not sure of what we want to be happy,
So how can we tell anyone else how to be or not to be?
Sincerity and honesty are what women really yearn for,
Armed with these two traits, one can open-up any door.

She needs to believe a man is willing to deal with all things,
What really counts is the ability to play her heart strings.
She resists impassioned commitment to any man's notions,
Who may be afraid of her intelligence, sexuality or emotions.

What a woman really wants... is to fulfill her desire,
To love and to be loved and to keep alive the fire.
The fire that burns hot and deep down in her soul,
And that never leaves her, even as she grows old.



She is a Woman...

A fire that was burning even before she was aware,

That found her naked and then stripped her bare.

She wants a love that knows her skin is but just her covering,

And that the real pearl inside... is worth discovering.

Every flower loves as her petals are pushed aside,

And the honey there no longer has the need to hide.

What's the sense of having a passion if one can't show it?

Why even have love... if one can't share it?

To throw caution to the wind - to be thrilled to the bone,

A woman no longer wants to carry her burden alone.

Intuitive, magnetic feelings are the specialties of women,

She's intuitive in function, spiritual in tendency, unlike men.

She has a longing- for and desire for a deep intimacy,

This has long been misunderstood in all of its intricacy.

She's got alot of love, nurturing, and pure energy,

Blending all this with her brain can produce real synergy.

What a woman really wants is to to be in charge of her own life.

Lacking agreement or harmony with this is her definition of strife.

Being focused on only one man who can't respond in kind,

Is precisely what has led us to the blind leading the blind.

So how can I tell what any one woman desires?

What she needs to feel complete, without putting-out her fires?

I am the kind of man, woman find so hard to resist,

One who cares about what a woman wants and is not afraid to say it.



She is a Woman...

What was once not made known, can now be disclosed,

As I give you the answer to the question often posed.

To know what a woman wants, is not a difficult task,

If you really want to know what she wants you need simply ask!

Most little girls are skilled at playing games with boys,

Wishing they wouldn't be so inclined to play games with their toys.

I'm giving you a little glimpse here inside the female mind,

If you take the time to receive it, then you'll have responded in kind.

Women really live in the tight, hot cell of their hearts,

Only venturing-out by small fits and starts.

That emotions play a role is not an old wife's tale,

Not unlike the role that sexual feelings play in the male.

She wants to be amused – to laugh and to believe.

She wants to feel sad, to cry, and feel free to grieve.

She wants to feel passion, desire, lust and entirely,

She wants to care deeply - fondly, and tenderly.

She cares for her own children and the children yet unborn,

With a special gentleness for those left forlorn.

Gently she cares for all of the living things,

Plants, men and women and the joy that it brings.

She wants to feel sexy, desired and androgynous,

Feeling wanted, lusted after and totally gorgeous.

To feel the power of her sexuality time and again,

She wants to feel attractive and to motivate men.



She is a Woman...

She is constantly aware of being judged on her appearance,

She resents this, as sometimes, it is seen as incoherence.

Ever since childhood, her appearance was important,

She was not forced to, but in her mind she was acceptant.

She viewed getting dressed, like putting-on a costume for a show,

Carefully selecting and arranging herself from head to toe.

Wanting to be seen by someone who is capable of discovering,

What she knew all along, that her dress was only only her covering,

She wants to feel cared for, nurtured, and protected,

To feel needed not only for sex, but more to be comforted.

Wanting to feel understood, not to be alone in her own head,

She needs someone who shares her thoughts and feelings instead.

She wants a strong man to lead her, yet not just to and fro,

But only in exactly the way that she wants to go.

As a woman, she sometimes longs to feel completely spent,

In which her emotions are forced from her, without her consent.

To be taken to a place where her feelings are out of control.

She longs to feel a loved-one in both her body and soul.

A slow and tender touching in which her body is pampered,

Leaves her in control of her own body - her sexuality unhampered.

She loves the nurturing feeling that she gets from feeding you.

Yet a man feeding her, is something she'll take kindly to.

She wants to feel handled - but not as bone china,

To feel loved for who she is - not just for having a vagina.



She is a Woman...

Sometimes she wants to feel angry and just express herself,

With the ability to shout-out her feeling in and of itself.

Without any thought of her needing self control,

She simply wants to vent and blast the world in general.

What she no longer believes, gets transferred into myth,

Like the stupid situations that she is often stuck with.

But she never forgets every little thing that annoys her,

They remain as deep hurts that last, and often reoccur.

Sometimes she wants to shoot whoever created the hormone,

Giving her periods and labor pains - things not created on her own.

Sometimes she is just sick and tired of what is considered her lot,

And she doesn't care if you had anything to do with it or not.

At the same time she wants to know, exactly what you are thinking,

To get inside your mind and to everywhere it's linking.

To know you in a way, that otherwise it's impossible to ascertain,

She wants to run her mental fingers, all throughout your brain.

Wanting to know you in a way, that you don't even know yourself,

She wants to feel what you are feeling, without troubling herself.

Wanting to take a relationship apart, and then to re-examine it,

She'll play around with it, and then she'll rearrange it,

As she carefully analyzes every aspect of each relationship,

She wants to 'rewrite you' as a matter of disputed authorship.

Filled with wonder and delight and otherwise beguiled,

She's been doing this with relationships, ever since she was a child.



She is a Woman...

Worrying about it, checking on it, and taking its temperature,
She also delights in playing with it, as a cat plays with its capture.

If perchance no wild animals, have wandered into her lair,
She'll conjure-up wild birds and entice them down from the air.

Her power to attract through personal charm is her allure,

But to feel truly loved is her only way to feel secure.

She wants to make sure she is really and truly loved,
The one thing she needs from the person who is beloved.

She wants to feel at the center of someone's universe,

For this is a wide vessel into which her self can immerse.

To become completely knowable and yet to remain unknown,
She wants all your thoughts and feelings focused on her alone.

To feel that wherever she is - she always fits in,

She wants to feel loved and accepted, like an animal in its skin.

Yet even at the same time, she wants to be different,

A bit odd in her own way... but never indifferent.

Failing in what duty requires, would be considered remiss,

But if you already know about sex then don't read the rest of this.
A lot of nonsense has been made about the war between the sexes,
When it comes to men and women, it's still a subject that perplexes.

Men want the physical feeling of sex, of arousal, and the touch,
Of joining with a woman physically - the orgasmic pleasure of such.

The woman wants that too - but for her it's not enough,
Joining mentally and emotionally is for her... stronger stuff.



She is a Woman...

As hurricane winds do when they send waves crashing,
She wants to make him go wild in uncontrollable thrashing.
To hear him moan in ecstasy as he gives in to his desires,
When she takes control of his body and ignites his fires.

She wants to watch in awe as she drives him out of his mind,
With the force of the male obsession that is unique to its kind.
A power that all women have struggled to understand,
Is how the male body strains at the touch of her hand.

The fascination of the male body and what it means for a female,
Can never be fully understood by the rational thinking of the male.
Resembling a dream, it is both irrational and surreal,
As she evokes and manipulates it, in order to make him feel.

So what do women do, with the time that they have free,
If not thinking about sex as much as men seem to be?
What it is that drives her, the way men are driven by lust,
Is the whole man-woman relationship and a longing for trust.

Emotional and relationship feelings are in her heart and soul,
Intimacy and psychological feelings are also filling that role.
This releases the neurochemicals that make her life bearable,
She has an understanding of this, and nothing else is comparable.

The special genius of a woman is intuitive in movement,
A progress in development that has led to an improvement.
She is intuitive in function and spiritual in tendency,
She has no lack of independence or self-sufficiency.



She is a Woman...

Knowing full well... that no two females are alike,

What does a sexually fulfilled, free woman look like?

There's no one answer to this, but in one form or another,
What a woman really wants is based on her being a mother.

A single trait of her character, she can't and ought not lose,

A spiritually-based partnership is what she longs to choose.

She needs the one who makes her produce new life or offspring,
Something is planted in her first, before it becomes a living thing.

Her maternity is on the face of it, an unsociable experience,

Yet she's been prepared for this, even before her adolescence.

To smother her selfishness is something she has learned,

In trying to come to grips with what she alone is concerned.

Yet all of this blooms freely on behalf of her offspring,

As she proceeds fulfilled - a new life is in full swing.

The angel of every family is the woman in love,
She is the soft caress of life and all that it is made of.

In her, there's treasure enough, of consoling tenderness,
To allay every pain brought forth by a male's aggressiveness.

The perfect internal compliment for any man's external act,
To fix, and join together is just part of her eternal pact.

The soothing sweetness of affection that she sheds in her mission,

Is a reflection of a loving providence and a predisposition.

The all-loving God which watches over humanity,

Has little or no concern with our individual vanity.

She is a Woman...

For each and every one of us, she's the initiator of the future,
The mother's first kiss, teaches her child love that is pure.
The first kiss of the woman he loves, teaches a man connection,
And her life, love and faith, create a desire for perfection.

Her power of reaching-out to us, at times leaves us beguiled,
Creating the future, of which the living symbol is the child.
A link between us and all generations to come in humanity,
Her divine mystery of reproduction... points to eternity.

She is always in danger of living too exclusively in her affections,
Though these are the best gifts she has, to reward connections.
She wants to have a share of a more independent existence,
A joy in things for their own sake... is her piece de resistance.

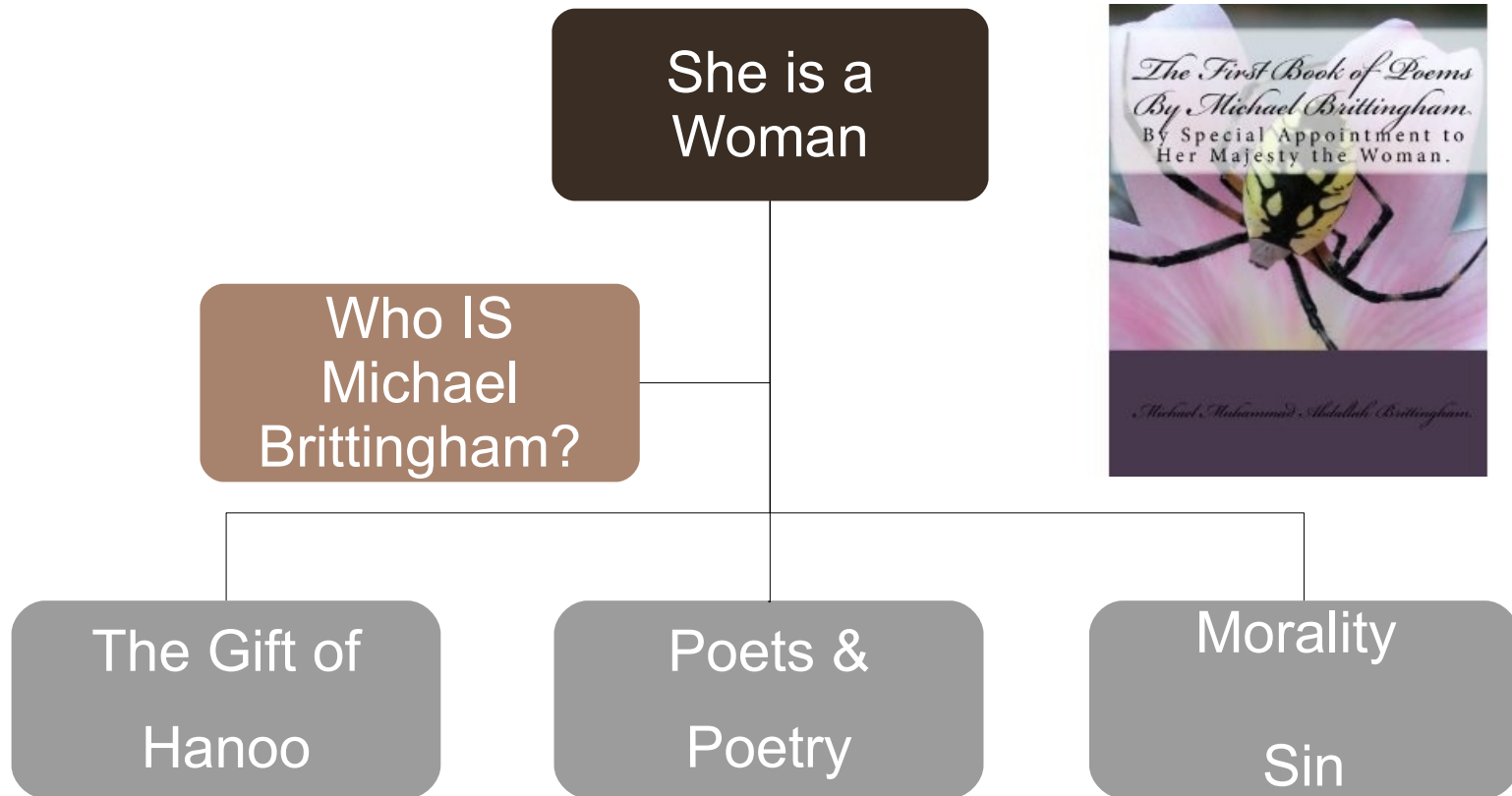
My soul is touched by the plight of all sweethearts,
Knowing their affections are disappointed by various fits and starts.
I know all her teaching has been, that she can only find fulfillment,
Immersing herself into another, in a manner that is acquiescent.

For far too long, the truth has rested concealed,
Being as useless to the world as gold in the minefield.
I care about her as a woman... and I hear her inner cry,
So I've decided to spread the truth in the wink of an eye.

The logo for 'Michael' is rendered in a highly decorative, gothic-style font. The letters are filled with intricate patterns and colors, including reds, blues, and golds, giving it a medieval or heraldic appearance. The 'M' is particularly large and ornate, with a crown-like top.

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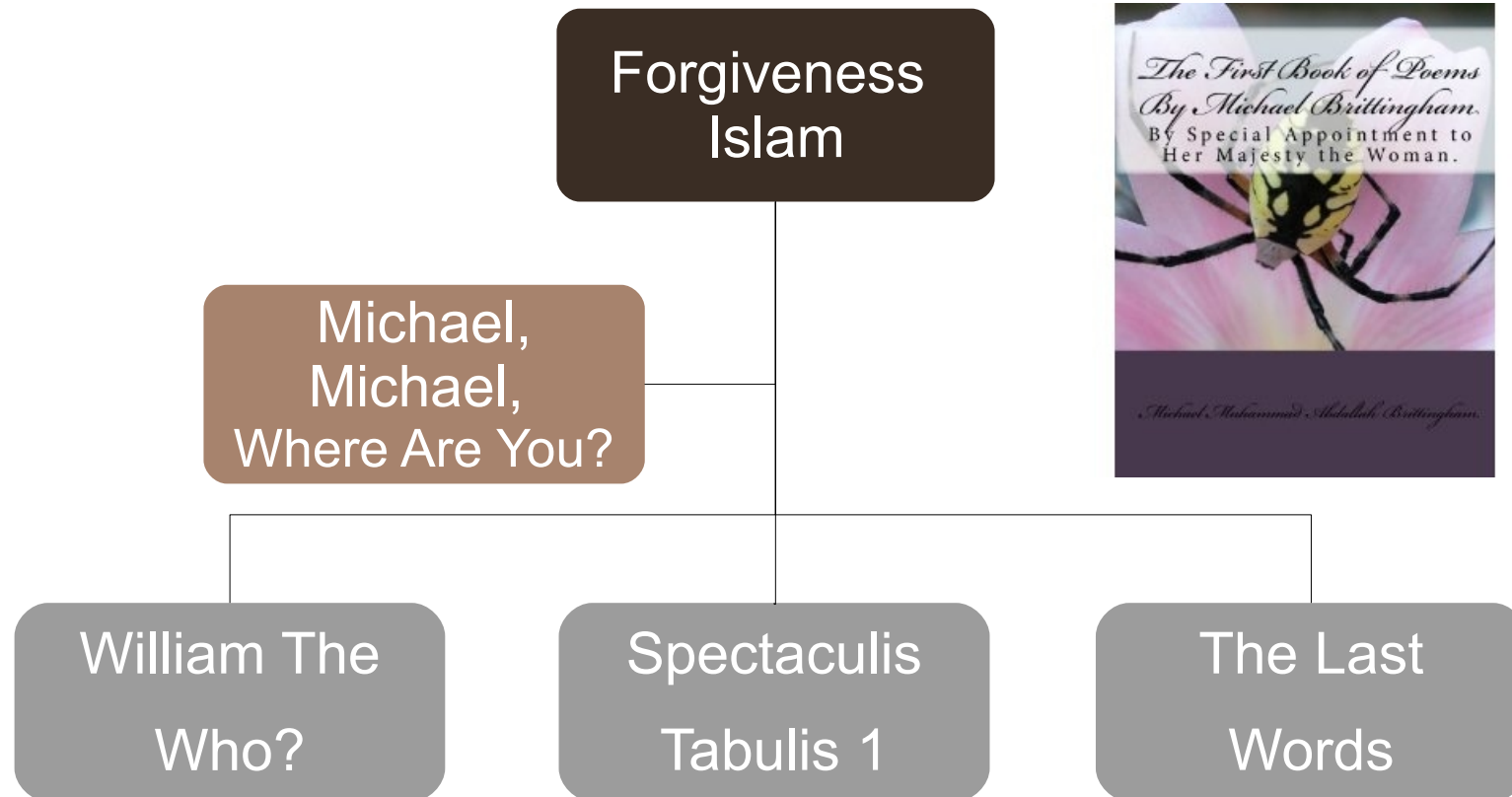
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