

# Lalaland

*where silence finds words and desire takes breath*

Author: Mistress Moriah  
Illustrations: Mistress Moriah  
ISBN: 9789465464961  
Cover: Mistress Moriah  
First edition June 2026  
Contact: [mrsdoriah@meesteresdoriah.nl](mailto:mrsdoriah@meesteresdoriah.nl)  
Publishing House: Insert Internetuitgeverij

© 2026 Mistress Moriah

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or distributed in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any information processing system, without the prior written permission of the author, except for brief quotations included in critical articles or reviews.

# Lalaland

*where silence finds words and desire takes breath*

BDSM poetry collection

by

**Mistress Moriah**

# Contents

Foreword

The place where few dare to go

The world at my feet

In the present

Where all is quiet

Who can see me?

Trapped in the soft silence

What was never allowed to exist

See Me

Without hurry

Where I retreat into myself

After the breaking

Released

Coming home

Where silence lives

I still fly

The Ultimate form of love

Lalaland

Her marks of pride

Phoenix

Landing

Afterword

Read also

Not finished reading yet?

# Foreword

Years ago, I wrote my first collection of poems titled *The Superlative of Love Is BDSM*. A title that might sound surprising to some, but has always felt genuine to me. Because it was precisely within BDSM that I found something I had been missing in so many other places: honesty. True surrender. Genuine contact, connection. Daring to reveal the parts of yourself that you may have hidden for years, out of shame, fear, or simply because no one ever told you they were allowed to exist. The ultimate place of seeing and being seen. The real naked truth.

In the years that followed, I grew. Not only as a Mistress, writer, or educator, but above all as a human being. Hundreds of conversations later. Enriched by countless experiences. I saw beautiful things emerge between people. I saw masks crumble. I saw men cry who had spent years learning they had to be strong. I saw women slowly reclaim the space they had once lost. I saw couples who, after years, finally looked at each other again with true connection. But I also saw sadness. A lot of sadness.

Through everything I do - the blogs, the encyclopedia, the podcasts, the workshops, and the training sessions - I speak daily with people who have felt alone for years. People who long for connection, surrender, control, pain, safety, or simply the freedom to be themselves. People who are terrified to voice those desires. Not because their desires are wrong, but because the world often judges them. Because they've been laughed at, rejected, or dismissed as crazy, sick, perverted, or broken. Sometimes by those around them. Sometimes by their partner. And very often, ultimately, by themselves.

I wrote this book for them.

For the people who have lost themselves somewhere along the way. For the people who have started to make themselves small to fit within the lines drawn by others. For the people who feel deep down that there is more alive within them, but who hardly dare to give themselves permission to listen to it anymore.

You are not crazy.

You are not alone either.

Perhaps you've simply been separated for too long from that part of yourself that once dared to feel free.

And perhaps now is the time to slowly rediscover that part of yourself.

What has perhaps struck me most over all these years is how many people are trapped in fear. Not just fear of BDSM or of desires they don't understand, but fear of everything that falls outside their safe framework. Because as soon as people truly acknowledge that desires, dynamics, love, and connection are far greater and more layered than they've ever been told, they sometimes lose their old sense of security. And that's scary. It's much easier to dismiss those who deviate as wrong.

But belittling someone doesn't change their truth.

And love, ultimately, cannot be forced into a single form.

This collection is therefore not just about BDSM. It is about desire. About shame. About connection. About power and vulnerability. About pain that sometimes finally finds words. About wanting to be seen. About losing yourself and perhaps finding yourself again, just a little.

Raw where it needs to be raw.

Gentle where gentleness is needed.

And above all: human and honest.

Maybe you recognize yourself in these words.

Maybe you recognize someone else.

And maybe, for the first time in a long time, you feel that you don't have to fight against everything you feel.

Then this book is meant exactly for you.

Mistress Moriah



**The place where few dare to go**

Daring to be small  
is not bowing out of weakness  
but standing  
so firmly  
that you can let go of yourself

As if you're falling  
but knowing  
that there is a ground  
that supports you

You sink  
layer by layer  
through everything  
you thought you had to be

Until nothing remains  
no posture  
no pride  
  
no defense

Only that silent point  
where you  
simply exist

A void that is not a void  
but a space  
where everything is allowed to disappear

And right there  
in that nothingness  
something begins to breathe

Softly  
vulnerably  
truly

I don't pull you up  
I don't push you further down  
I let you be

And catch you  
without you even noticing

My lap  
warm  
still  
supporting

My hand lifting your face  
not to control you  
but to see you

To truly see you

And in your eyes  
I meet you  
without layers  
without pretense

Only you

And you might think  
that this is humiliation

Lying beneath my feet  
your lips along the soles  
following the tracks  
I've carelessly left behind

But what you feel  
goes beyond that

It is not destruction  
it is revelation

Because with every crumb  
I let fall for you

and you accept it  
without haste  
without shame

you taste something  
you haven't tasted in a long time

Intention

Attention

Recognition

Not grand  
not loud  
but hidden  
in the tiniest of things

And right there  
where you make yourself small

something grows  
that no one can take away from you

Strength

Not the harsh  
not the visible

but that quiet strength  
of someone  
who dares to meet themselves

without looking away

And while you are there

small  
vulnerable  
open

I look at you

and see

how beautiful you are  
in everything you are

unfiltered  
unpolished

pure

And I smile  
not at your smallness

but at your courage

to be there  
where so few people  
dare to go.

\*\*\*