

Laceneck

Webspiders made of lace
Crawled up her throat and face,
Her fingers reaching in vain
for the far off bowrain.
She stood tied-tongue,
Clearly overstrung,
The thought of him sweetbitter
As she began to shiver.
He flitted off like a bee,
That provided honey for her cup-tea,
As they began to move apart,
Her pain wrenching-heart.
Down the streets they both fled,
The ache in her heart full dread,
And as she looked in the mirror,
Her misery became so much clearer.
The memory of him began to fade,
But never would his marktrade,
Of ink imprinted on her skin,
Contrasting like yang-yin.
Webspiders made of lace
Crawled up her throat and face,
That she never needed to check,
To see the permanent laceneck.