

Circuity

Mindy Watson

It all began when Mother's whims denied your latch
And he, with knowing, age-etched hands re-tied your latch.

Supplanting girlhood's orphaned heart with woman's need,
He bought your jaded innocence and pried your latch.

So from your dearth, he forged the cage you'd learn to need.
And though you fled, you never cast aside your latch.

You wielded wiles, becoming what your past decreed—
Blind trysts and nighttime assignments plied your latch.

But then, when gallant savior dropped 'fore you, bent-kneed,
You crawled inside his cage, the title "bride," your latch.

You kept your nuptial cell pristine and bore his seed,
Thrice birthing children who intensified your latch.

He tired, however, of a door too often keyed,
The night he breached another and defied your latch.

Betrayal's barb aside, you're tainted by his deed,
Befouled when he who wrought this cage decried your latch.

But should you likewise loose that bolt, to vengeance cede,
You'd finish where you'd once begun; denied your latch.