

'Of one that loved not wisely, but too well'

I am not here.

I have left you
to sit and sting
with misfortune.

I want you to
weep
willow woman.

Bow down to the earth
for you are
false as water.

Lie there
and watch
for the fickle stars.

They know only the moon
and look
how they turn their faces from you.

Demi-Devil
I can see
the shipwreck

of your darkened heart.
The web rots
the silk falls apart.

Kathryn Cussons, 17