



Cage Me

How temptress-like your
words bereave me;
Sing my fancy free
So I a captive lorn beholdst
Yours forever be

Behind the chorus line
doth follow
Actions all, pursued
With hidden plots and polka dots
Scattered o'er the view

Against hard will your
heart fell fevered
Quick detained by love
And favour, Fate my way did look
To catch my fancy dove

Within my precious arms
engulfed here
Safest haven seem
Unnoticed go the tables turned
And cages but a dream

—Mariève MacGregor