

PETIT RONDEAU FOR A PETITE WIDOW
(However, my arachniphobia remains unchanged)

Take back your life, little ebony miss;
to take up my fire without care was remiss.
I saw through the glass as the log fire threw
its smoke and flame until it drew
you out of hibernation's bliss
in your perfectly crafted dome. You knew
your peril, quick-sifted every clue
as you wove artful paths through hell's abyss.

Take back your life.

To the crack in the door, unerring you flew
this way and that, under fire dead true.
I raised my shoe to your mortal kiss –
but I couldn't have done what you did, not this.
Courageous and clever, for your vertu,

Take back your life.