

BLISSFUL BONDAGE

Frank De Canio

I peer through chambers of my captive heart
to ponder innocents who wander free.
But they walk wasted walls who live apart
from you, exempted from love's stern decree.
Recidivist offender on the run
I've grown averse to skies that flash their blue
like badges presaging a stun-gun sun.
Not fighting extradition back to you,
I glean warm glints of daylight from your eyes
of ashen grey before my swift arrest.
Divestment mocks my fugitive's disguise.
As such you bound your bounty to your breast,
not like a servant saddled with a chore,
but as a soldier bearing spoils of war.

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