

Fair

I made the cambric shirt, no needle, thread,
And not a seam, but wove it whole by hand;
And then I bought that acre stretch of land
Between the ocean and the riverbed.
I showed them to my lover and he said,
"How this was done, I'll never understand!"
I wondered then what else would he demand
Before he'd honor me and we'd be wed.

But then I saw his hesitation clear --
He never thought I'd really do those things;
He thought I lived for keeping our affair
A secret, as he did. But now his fear
Shows on his worried brow. I hope it stings
And leaves a damning red scar burrowed there.

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