

Single and ready to tangle in a thick and flimsy spiders web

In sex and bugs of love and passing of germs and lady bugs, bites and hickeys.

Flies undone, honey bees. Horny boys. Bumble seize.

Water droplets and carafes of salty tears and wine

Silky spinneret

This turmoil was not faced by Juliet

She died for her fix

Instead I diet in an effort to get mine, at times

Mingle and ready to single out my glossiest features and qualities

Strung and spun sentences together

Flying into another buzzing bar. Entrance of a queen bee. Venus fly trap silked legs.

Trapped into conversations about former lovers, a spindle of he's gyrate out of my mouth

Which I have used to kiss and drink too much white and rose and red

In attempt to crawl into smitteness or someone else's bed

or my own

A cocoon in which I lie alone

Where I dwell but know that

I am my own pillar of strength

Even in times when I caterwaul and cater to melancholy

Caterpillar, I am, waiting to metamorphose into Lepidoptera form