

Noose

By J. R. McLemore

Atop the stairs I await

To determine my lover's fate.

Under his feet, the steps they creak

Only the chains of his shackles speak.

Onto the platform he will step

With a thousand tears, I know he has wept.

Seeking respite, which no one can give

For his crime, he can no longer live.

The trap door will soon give way

Leaving the condemned to drop and sway.

Around his neck, I leave a mark

Escorting him quickly into the dark.

My thirteen fingers will clench and grip

Sending him on a final trip.

Around his neck, I embrace

Leaving him to dance without any grace.

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