

*Scott Taylor*

## **Descent**

I've known this sort of underworld before,  
Where the soft lamplight sways against the gloom,  
And a soft arm slips back to shut the door  
As shadows slowly curl across the room;  
I've known the last faint traces of perfume  
That settle with the shadows to the floor  
As the soft lamplight sways against the gloom,  
And a soft arm comes sliding back for more  
Than I can give — but I cannot ignore.

An arm sways slowly back to lock the door.

*Scott Taylor*

## **Between the Gates**

Alone, between two broken garden gates  
My pensive lady plucks a single rose  
Which, gathered to her lean breast, intimates  
The long forgotten lawn where best it grows;  
She holds it firm, but lightly: for she knows  
That curled along its length the lean worm waits.

Alone again, she lifts her dress and goes  
In darkness, where the frozen river flows.

*Scott Taylor*

## **Triolet**

I grow so weary of your wind-blown ways,  
My brittle leaf: I thought you held a fruit,  
But a dry line barren nature betrays.  
I grow so weary of your wind-blown ways;  
You twist, I listen: but the winter says  
Nothing for one so withered at the root.  
I grow so weary of your wind-blown ways,  
My brittle leaf. I thought you held a fruit.

