

A. V. CHRISTIE

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*Template*

I am the ornate seemingly lacquered-shut chrysalis  
in one exquisite dark corner  
of the manor house's second thoughts.  
Keep telling me  
*a god's embrace is never fruitless.*

I don't care what I turn to.

I overhear the wan and comedic,  
the water near through the pipes.  
I sense on some cellular level  
how I'll be ultimately  
a dappled, erratic thing.  
And know I won't be laughter.