

# Woman In Chains: The Burden of Beauty

By Mark Edgemon

The cost is dear in her soulless pain  
So palatable, the insatiable want of gain  
Through thievery of inducement she wants what is not  
As her beauty wrinkles over the rot!

She gains through the promise of adorning  
As one man's ornament, she flirts in her mourning  
No substance can void that blackest deep  
There is no comfort in her sleep!

She pays for the mansion, the car and her fashion  
In her own fashion, with muted passion  
Seared to her soul that numbed her dream  
Which is all but lost...it would seem!

He loved her form until it didn't matter  
Her lifeless stare, resembled a cadaver  
Virtue that was spent on finer things  
No longer caring what life brings!

In death, she became dust and the lust  
That fueled her, being void of trust  
Was nothing more than a swan's pride  
That sentenced her soul to death inside!

The End