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To Ted Hughes and Sylvia Plath

Love Bites

Shall the life-
blood
of our time
tick-
tocking
to a close
stain
the bloom
of your new
love
run through
its veins
turning deeper
darker
more
alluring
ripe
shall our blood mix
when you prick
yourself
in your haste
to gather
rosebuds
As I sit in the attic
dropping
petals
silently
rings the question
He loves
me?