

Lace

*A conversation of
incredible fragility
I'm talking about
lace or life itself*

*A bouncing baby
Clad in vintage Christening robe

As a teenager, all frills and lace
She's such a pretty face*

*In her bridal gown, she stood
alone
Her hopes and dreams of happy-
ever-after, blown*

*The lady behind the veil
Once a beauty, now so pale*

*At the chapel, I knee and prey
For the old woman in her stroud
of grey.*

Notes:

As the title suggests this poem is about the fragility of life, presented as a tragic journey through life described by the clothes made of lace worn at each stage.

Lace is normally presented as an exquisite thing of beauty and possible wealth. I however wanted to use it as a much more tragic and fragile vehicle for words and visions. Lace is so delicate, which can make it fragile – so too is life and happiness.

PS. This is a cheery poem for lockdown!

Commented [VR1]:

Written by Vivien Rodger