
Brideprice

There's a hoary belief
That a gift must revolve,
But like credit, a round
In a chamber, it wounds
Who it holds and holds it.

Bespoke she was and just
For them now must she be
A ligature of subtle
Substance holding him to them.

It's custom to poison
The well and those ill-served
Must smile and be obliged.
Take hearth. Reject the donor.

John Sherry
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