

Charisma

A moth, seduced and drawn by light,
was spellbound by the charming bright
allure of comfort in the night.
Bewitched it spun in manic flight.

Enticed by such a warm embrace,
at sense and nonsense interface,
fragility in time and space,
its mind was torn like paper lace.

Too weak, too small to self-desist,
to pull away and to resist.
The bitter and ironic twist -
its freedom lay beyond the mist.

But little wings entrapped, entrain
to melodies of hurt and pain,
then round and round it spins again,
enslaved by such a sweet refrain.

