

Wonder not if she is claimed  
by afterlife or earth  
Only, is she one  
Of chimerical mirth.

In mindless reality,  
She doth rest?  
Her gaze mere sport,  
every mortal's best.

She is still  
All but the curtains of her soul.  
She resets her marbles  
By the bells toll.

She shifts.  
You startle.  
Her checks round at the size.  
You're broken.  
And she has but lifted her eyes.

*Hailey Rebecca Ibberson*