

## Spider Webs

She moves like a ghost through their house,  
his words hanging in the air like cobwebs,  
sticky with guilt, spun tight around her ribs.

He says she'll never find love like his,  
as if love should feel like drowning,  
as if love should lock the doors,  
press its weight against her chest,  
whisper that she is nothing without it.

She folds herself into silence,  
practices vanishing in the mirror,  
counts the steps to the door,  
wondering if this time, she'll make it through.