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## Trapped

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## Trapped

Satin fabric stretches tight around me  
Brilliant white  
Against the contrasting  
Burgundy carpet.  
During the slow march up the aisle  
My mind wanders  
To the trails we used to run through  
Down by the river.  
One day we found the dead deer  
Submerged in the river,  
Its neck bent absurdly backwards  
Behind a tree root.  
And beneath the half floating flaps of skin  
The steelhead was ensnared  
Behind pale curving prison bars.  
Forward he goes, and back again  
Thwarted by rib, or throat, but still  
Rippling the water with fierce determination  
Like the flutters in my stomach.  
The farther I walk  
The faster my heart beats  
I want to turn and run  
Like we did years ago  
Disgusted by the sheen of bones  
Glaring up from the water.  
Frightened by the waterlogged carcass,  
We left the fish to his fortune  
The next day  
The skeleton glowed white  
Against the dark underbelly,  
The bones promising  
Never to release it to the surface  
A contract like the one  
I cannot now delay.  
Inescapable and formalized  
By the nine months visitor to my body.  
I recite my vows  
And the ring is fit snugly  
Around my finger.

--Sarah Clapp '06