

# Exile

---

Volume 32 | Number 1

Article 8

---

1985

## Bound

Betsy Oster  
*Denison University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Oster, Betsy (1985) "Bound," *Exile*: Vol. 32 : No. 1 , Article 8.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol32/iss1/8>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

## Bound

My dear,  
Your arms wrapped around me  
cannot hold me here.  
I am drawn down the years by  
Another man.  
I was his girl also, once.

He had designs upon me from my birth  
When he appraised me as  
my mother held me in her arms,  
When he laid out his plans for me,  
in his mind building walls around mine:  
blueprint of filial love.

His tight-lipped dreams sucked at me until,  
emptied of my-almost-self, with bloodless fingers  
I tore the lifeless cord and  
Stared  
As my father, like a spider,  
Swung insanely from the strands of his broken love.

And now I smother myself  
in the deadening weight of you,  
And you think that  
I will become your vision of me.  
No, love, it is not your arms that hold me,  
but the fragile strands that bind more sure than rope.  
And more twisted.

*Betsy Oster*