

MARILYN KALLET

## **Puritan**

Maybe he hated adoring her  
Maybe his passion spooked him  
Maybe he had to tie himself down  
Maybe her name ignited him

Maybe his obsession cornered him  
Knocked the air out of him  
Maybe her name freaked him  
Maybe she died like ash on his lips

Knocked the breath out of him  
Maybe she was alive, lithe  
He turned stone and ash  
His lips cruel like an ancient statue

Maybe he had to topple himself  
Maybe he adored hating her, his teacher.