

JANE TOLMIE

SNACK

Claudio had nothing to offer.
Suspicious, inarticulate and cruel,
he wooed by proxy and condemned in person.
His apologies were hedging, he gave
an idiot's defense: yet sinned I not,
but in mistaking. Twice he mistook.
Hero should have cast that
tiny penance back and waited for
a bigger one from someone else;
perhaps earned her name by eating
his heart, a tasty morsel, in the marketplace.