



Bound by Love



Love, soft in gesture, tightens like a vine.

In a home built with care, I could not breathe.

Between tenderness and control,
I stitch the tension into every fold—
where warmth entangles, and thought is not mine.





















A spiral staircase, carved from care,
winds upward with no end in sight.

Each step—soft as love,
each turn—tight as silence.

I climb,
not knowing if I rise
or remain
where I began.



















































