

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Fabrication

Lou Beckerman

Carelessly caress him against the nap  
and he's quick to snap as light hits and he flits  
from slippery bright to dark rough  
the silver-tongued smooth operator  
self-assured fabricator  
of faces and fronts  
Innately velvet  
soft to touch, uncrushed  
depending on direction brushed  
dull to sleek then  
slick as a trick  
from shiny  
to spiny

The rough of him is  
tough on her  
she of finely spun  
mulberry silk  
pale as milk  
He craves the weight and drape of her  
though still he seeks to re-shape  
the raw, fresh waft and weft of her  
to have her, to wear her  
as treasure

Unknowing, unspun  
threads undone  
she swoons  
from her seamless cocoon  
Yet don't be fooled  
into imagining she's fragile  
too delicate or too intricate  
Don't go by feel – she's  
stronger than steel  
Under her lustre and sheen  
and silken demeanour  
she's powered and primed for  
the iron fist in his velvet glove  
His was never really her kind of love