

## **On read**

Had I been careless,  
I would've ignored  
the time that followed  
me hitting send, its spread

Had I a shred  
of confidence,  
it wouldn't have mattered  
that I was the last to visit  
our thread

And perhaps, had I altered  
my approach, how I tread,  
then maybe these messages  
wouldn't be my butter and bread

But alas, I am unread,  
completely misled,  
forget the title,  
I am Offred,  
enslaved by hope,  
pregnant with regret

Three dots in a bubble,  
a universal dread,  
then vacuum, desert,  
bloodshot red