

Her Lover's Arms

The wind was howling
Or maybe it was a moan
Dusty shelves and staircases
Winding up to a place unknown

She wanders without fear
Outdoor gardens are lush and bloom
Curiosity overwhelms sanity
As evil encircles her tomb

Alone she begins to run
Gaelic ruins soon become a maze
Escaping his predation
That only desires her loving gaze

She awakes in a panic
Feverish and chilled by a nightmare
Returning to her lover's arms
He suggests reading literature elsewhere

Usually I don't like writing 'rhyme-y' poems, but I recently found old poems from my great-grandfather who would write stuff like this, so I felt a little inspired by that for this assignment. I started out with inspiration from *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and then it sort of morphed into something inspired by *Northanger Abbey* by the end. I mostly wanted to write a poem/story with little bits of gothic tropes we've discussed but end with it being explained away. For this I was mostly thinking of the castles and creepy rooms that are seen in a bunch of the work we've read, like in *Jane Eyre* where Jane is unsure of what might be up in the attic especially with all the noises she hears. It also is inspired by Catherine and Emily's curiosity in *Udolpho* and *Northanger Abbey*. I also wanted to implement the idea of these places being a type of maze (like in *Udolpho*) for the female heroines in these novels. By the end I decided to make it that classic 'it was all a dream' type thing to keep things somewhat straight to the point. I would've liked to change the last line to something different but keep it along the lines of what it says. Sort of like how Catherine in *Northanger Abbey* is consumed by all the gothic novels she reads and believes that it is all actually happening. Overall, I thought this was a fun and silly poem to write and maybe sometime in the future I can try to expand it more since the hardest thing was to come up with words that rhymed.