

AT DUSK

Michael Fantina

The roof is open to storms and
The huge climbing vines now scale
Those high sloping walls like a hand
Bony and bale.

Across the floors of this manor
Where odd shadows creep as they sprawl,
Moss grows like a fallen banner
Down the long hall.

Dusk streams while it seems to hover
In the shape of one with a cloak:
A girl, a forgotten lover,
Made but of smoke.

She moves her arms as if suing,
And reveals her transparent hips,
As softly singing or cooing,
Quiver her lips.

She moves as she speaks. Her hair is
Illumined in red rays of dusk,
And now in that heady air is
A pungent musk.

Will she come forward to capture
A suitor who senses her loss?
No, there are none to enrapture
Under the moss.