

BATHSHEBA

Michael Fantina

I watched the blood red Sun, a giant jewel,
Sink slowly in the purple-tinted brine,
As breezes played the wind chimes from the shrine
Where incense spiraled up in one long spool.
And she came to me in the night air cool
As Winter breezes through the lofty pine,
A spirit half angelic, half malign,
Both partly kind as well as partly cruel.

Bathsheba, my lost lover from old days,
Why have you come on this September eve?
Again I hear you singing plaintive lays,
I feel your lips, you're tugging at my sleeve.
But I am helpless with an old malaise,
Fall victim to that magic spell you weave.

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