

BEYOND THE CAIRN

Michael Fantina

Beyond the cairn, beyond the fallen wall
The star winds send my spirit on its way,
To lands where sorceress and mage hold sway,
Where magics rule from realms sidereal.
Here on pellucid lakes where never squall
Or ripples break the mirrored surface day
Or night, she stands, and lifts her hands to pray,
This regal girl so pale and proudly tall.
And I have come to seek from her a boon,
A promise that will heal me, make me whole,
I pray that she will hear me soon, now soon,
That I may live and thrive my weary soul.
I have no coin to pay her heavy toll,
My heart becomes as barren as the Moon!

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