

BEYOND THE WORMWOOD DOOR

Michael Fantina

I stood alone within some fabled corridor.
Beyond the wormwood door I heard her sighs.
I knew she lay at length, her dreaming eyes
Were turned to brave new worlds, a distant shore.
And still I sought to be her paramour,
To kiss her too pale lips, her curving thighs,
To love my sister of the night, my prize,
Beyond that locked and fabled wormwood door.

“Ah, Ryli, Ryli, throw the door ajar!
Know that my love, unlike all others, lasts.
I've sought you out through Time and spanless vasts,
Beyond infinity, the furthest star!”
And so I pled outside the wormwood door
To my unmoved and sleeping paramour.

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