

CELTIC GIRL

Michael Fantina

Dripping with jewels, her hair all Celtic queues
Of woven gold, held tiny agates there,
And sweetly scented was her goddess hair
Full of aloes and pungent rare shampoos.
A witch-girl whose magic grows, accrues
Into a temptress, so that none compare.
Her beauty saturates the very air,
Her loveliness gird round in dark taboos.

Now from the high cairn on the distant hill,
Down valley and vale to the distant tor,
In the Moonlight I think I see you still,
On summer nights or when the air is chill,
And so it seems we have a strange rapport,
I loved you long ago forevermore!

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