

DEAD MAN'S GOLD

F.J. Smoak

Ye treasure seekers, hear me well,
I've a tantalizing tale to tell
Of pirates the likes of Captain Kidd:
With a murdered man their treasure hid.

Traverse by night the accursed sand,
A consecrated lantern in your hand,
To beg the victim of the deed
With a promise that his soul be freed.

And if he rises, like as not,
You've hit upon the very spot;
And if you neither speak nor scream,
The treasure you may then redeem.

But should you make the slightest sound,
The gold will melt into the ground
And vanish forever from your sight,
Some other wayward fool to blight.

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