

DREAMLAND

Michael Fantina

I saw the waters stretch away
To misty shores that men forsake,
Low hills where dwell the lovely Fay.
Now half asleep or half awake
I rowed across that lake today.

Those muddy shores of sandy clay
I left behind while all the lake
Shone like some jewel of polished grey,
Until I thought my heart would break,
Such loveliness none might convey.

I made the shore while some bouquet
Of essences would somehow slake
An unnamed lust, my caution stay,
My heart and very soul to take
To worlds of gloom and disarray.

No words exist which might portray
This dreamland where strange rivers snake
Through valleys where pale griffins play
While vipers coil within the brake
Awaiting hapless fauns to slay.

Tall Amazons, while stalking prey,
Wear necklaces of jewels opaque,
Shell ear rings that would gently sway,
Enough to cause my heart to ache,
Their movements like a fine ballet.

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