

# FOR ISHTAR

*Michael Fantina*

I saw her shaven head, her eyes were flame.  
Her legs were curved like lethal scimitars.  
She conjured up a wealth of avatars,  
I stood and gawked like one both blind and lame.  
Her beauty is most worthy of a frame  
Of teak and gold, with tiny silver bars.  
Indeed, she is a goddess from the stars,  
A goddess though a human all the same.

Ah, Ishtar, take me far beyond this Sun  
To worlds that never saw a human tomb,  
And where the ancient galaxies now run  
I'd see your body bathed in sweet perfume,  
Alone within a silken-pillowed room,  
And there, for sure, we'd learn oblivion.

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