

GHOST IN THE GARDEN

Michael Fantina

Her lips are ice, though like Chablis,
While on her flesh the moonlit tint
Of satin or of ivory,
Her pale eyes huge and somnolent.

As down my garden path she walks,
The prettiest of pretty misses,
Her dress the hue of wanest chalks,
Glory in her ghostly kisses.

In Winter she no coat will wear,
Though she will smile with warm esprit
As phantom winds through silver hair
Will billow like a silver sea.

I'll take her hand, which is too cold,
And whisper nonsense in her ear,
She is a good girl, good as gold,
Though at first light will disappear.

"Ghost in the Garden" © 2008 by Michael Fantina

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