

# 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.

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