

GHOSTS

Michael Fantina

Under the sandstone battlements a lawn
Spreads out beyond the glassy blue-green pool.
Upon its surface, like a milky jewel
There sails a regal, long-necked, sad-eyed swan.
Shy lovers found him there each haunted dawn,
In Summer when the early air was cool,
In Winter when the bitter wind was cruel.
He seemed to lead some ghostly echelon.

The castle's now a pile of fallen stone.
The blue-green pool is merely bone-dry mud.
At midnight can be heard a feeble groan,
The sickle Moon's a sword that's dripping blood.
I see two ghostly lovers, pale and shy,
Who watch a milky swan go sailing by.

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