

# GIFTS

*Michael Fantina*

Threads of fine gold I wrap around a spool,  
Give you huge opals of a milky hue,  
Rare aquamarine of a deep sea blue,  
And emeralds whose greens are icy, cool.  
A gem as black as death, plucked from some pool  
In a desert where grasses never grew,  
Is crushed to make an ink that might tattoo  
A sorceress, dark mistress of misrule.

All these I spill before you on the floor,  
This bright sunlight plays upon the prisms  
Reflecting colors down this corridor  
Creating spells and fantastic schisms.  
Now I have made you my unwilling thrall,  
And I will be your lord, your seneschal.

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