

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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