

GLASS BALLERINAS

Michael Fantina

For you I'd make a lovely, golden calf,
Weave peacock feathers in your braided hair,
Build you an opal-studded silver chair,
Give you gold piled high as a giraffe,
And then from platinum cast you a staff,
Bring you a silver quince, a golden pear,
And gowns of pretty silk for you to wear,
Yes, all of this I do on your behalf.

And though a crownless queen I crown you yet,
And fashion magic lamps to light the dark,
Glass ballerinas, each in pirouette,
I'll blow for you within a cedar ark,
And walk you through a Moonlit, magic park,
All this that we, our love, may not forget.

"Glass Ballerinas" © 2006 by Michael Fantina

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