

# IMPERATOR

*Michael Fantina*

Past chrome and fluted, mighty doors,  
I strode in power all alone,  
Down huge and corbeled corridors  
Of hand-hewn stone.

My silver fleets, like some dark breeze,  
Through all far systems quickly swirled,  
And to the distant galaxies,  
Each hidden world.

I ruled a cringing people vast  
In numbers, and they soon adored  
Me as their god, both first and last,  
A baleful lord.

How like some huge and crashing wave,  
Though yet petite, a pure pale pearl,  
She, only but a sylph, my slave,  
A huge-eyed girl.

Now I see my lechery.  
For one whose smile was artless art,  
Undid me with her treachery,  
For she has heart.

My dreams return, a raging flood,  
Far worlds that knew my sole command,  
Spew like a fount, as does my blood  
Upon this sand.