

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.