

LITTLE LUSCIOUS LOVELY FEY

Michael Fantina

Her long bare legs three inches long,
Pale as her tiny breasts and hips,
Her yellow hair tied back with grass,
Spellbound I watch her fly and pass,
She turns to me and moves her lips,
The air is filled with fairy song.

Like some little humming bird
Transparent wings move on the breeze,
I cannot move. I hear her sing
Between the beating of each wing.
Her song resounds from shrubs to trees,
But still I know no single word.

Little luscious lovely, fey,
You stand as on some yellow sill,
You stretch on tip-toes, try to take
The nectar from this hidden lake,
The honey from this daffodil.
It bursts, you drink, and fly away.

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