

# MANTICORE

*Michael Fantina*

In deserts I've tracked and followed the spoor  
Through arroyo, canyon and dried out weeds,  
The track of the terrible manticore,  
Whose existence no living man now heeds,  
From the high plateau to the sea-lapped shore.

Then I track him down to the very door  
Beyond which no wizard or knight proceeds,  
For who slays the terrible manticore,  
So pregnant with evil and foul misdeeds?  
I entered and moved down that corridor.

My ghost shall roam here forever more,  
Until some champion slays and succeeds  
The carnal nefarious manticore,  
And lays him out dead among the dry reeds,  
And kneels him down our God to implore.

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