

MOONRISE

(for Vincent Starrett 1886-1974)

Michael Fantina

The night is icy, I will fell
The witch's tree, so that her sighs
No longer echo in the dell,
On starless nights at each moonrise.

Her silver ghost wears silver rope,
And floats above the witch's tree,
Across the cairn-strewn, mossy slope,
Wavering for eternity.

Will not my pretty love and I
Keep tryst beside this new-felled pine?
Who thought that we should ever lie
Beneath the crescent's pale moonshine?

The night is icy, I will fell
The witch's tree, so that her sighs
No longer echo in the dell,
On icy nights at each moonrise.

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