

# NEVER A LORD WAS THERE

*Michael Fantina*

They gave me necklaces of stone and pearl,  
And pretty earrings, each a fine cut gem,  
A silver trimmed and white gold diadem,  
For me, a young and long legged, pretty girl.  
I wore mauve skirts that, when I walked, would swirl.  
Fine lords would seek me out, as I sought them;  
They kissed my bangled feet, tugged at my hem,  
Reached for my hair, my red braids to uncurl.

Never a lord was there who would not tell  
Me, in my loveliness ineffable,  
That I was so much more than just a tart,  
Though none of these would ever win my heart.  
There was a rude swain, tall and slow and slim,  
I took him for my love, and married him.

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