

ON THE STORM

Michael Fantina

The mighty oak, alone, elite,
Looms high above the ruined farm.
Upon its branches snow and sleet,
While round its trunk I fly to greet
A stranger to forestall all harm.

This stranger is so lean and fleet,
With pretty eyes blue as a charm.
She's walked a mile from that far street,
Now cold her hands and cold her feet.
She looks at me with some alarm.

But I have come without deceit
In this white blizzard, on the storm.
She came here on the chance to meet
The one she once thought true and sweet.
We ride the ghost wind arm in arm.

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