

ROSES

Michael Fantina

Yes, sweet, so sweet as a fine Bordeaux is
She came from far realms to this barren land.
Deep in my heart is a bed of roses.

So like a warm wind in the Winter snows is,
She melted my heart with her red-nailed hand.
Yes, sweet, so sweet as a fine Bordeaux is.

Each eye a jewel from the far plateaus is
The better to keep you under command.
Deep in my heart is a bed of roses.

Pale as a ghost from the dark chateau's is
This waif of a girl that none understand,
Yes, sweet, so sweet as a fine Bordeaux is.

Her molten gold hair falls, overflows is
A sundering sea all over the sand.
Deep in my heart is a bed of roses,

Roses that die when false love exposes
Her treacherous schemes so cunningly planned.
Yes, sweet, so sweet as a fine Bordeaux is,
Deep in my heart is a bed of roses.