

SAVANT

Michael Fantina

I am the tutelary, dark savant.
You love me for the magics I convey,
The baubles, jewels and gewgaws I display.
That's why you love me, the dilettante.
You have drunk deeply from my sweet drugged font,
And no longer see how, day after day,
That I seduce, connive and then betray
All that you are, just me, your fine gallant.

I take your verdine life, your torrid heart,
And count them as my due, though worthless pelf.
Berating you I slay, destroy your self,
And threaten you that we will grow apart.
I cannot see you as a much prized jewel,
For I am blind, deaf and exceeding cruel.

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