

# STONE NYMPH

*Michael Fantina*

I found you near a pool of scum,  
With both hands cupped as if to call,  
Standing on a pedestal,  
But you are stone, and you are dumb.

Your bare legs wear a crusted slime,  
Still you seem half effervescent,  
Young and pretty adolescent,  
Sweet face and arms are marred with grime.

I speak to you and go unheard.  
I hear no pouting, girlish sighs,  
No faux tears fall from eyeless eyes.  
You utter not a single word.

Though you are stone perhaps you bring  
A truth transcendent in the stone?  
As Fall winds through these maples moan  
You are not dumb at all, but sing!

“Stone Nymph” © 2005 by Michael Fantina