

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!

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