

THE BOASTS OF AMERGIN

James Feichthaler

I have been truth that never finds a lie,
Deception in a widow's eye,
A breath of wind, a saw of air—
Now even ask me if I care.

I have been chastity, in women rare,
A royal joy, a deep despair,
A carefree day, a fleeing hour—
Now ask me why my life's gone sour.

The champion must lose his way,
Infinity become a day,
And love, as everything one knows,
Deny the enterprise it sows.

"The Boasts of Amergin" © 2006 by James Feichthaler

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 4 2006