

# 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.

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