

THE DARK HORSEMAN

Michael Fantina

I dreamed a hooded horseman on the rim
Of oceans black with creatures from the prime
Of worlds long lost to any Space or Time,
Sat tall upon his steed so gaunt and slim,
And in my dream I stared and stared at him,
Until I saw his silver eyes of crime
Show me foul realms where fetid cobras climb,
And unnamed terrors of the eons swim.

His boney hands held tight the leather reins,
His steed's demonic eye had caught me there,
And then I felt so loaded down with chains,
So gripped with hopelessness and black despair!
I felt festooned with terrible dismay
Until, at length, that horseman rode away.

“The Dark Horseman” © 2007 by Michael Fantina

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