

THE ENCHANTED LAKE

Michael Fantina

Across the cool enchanted lake
Are groves of peach and pear and quince,
A sorceress beyond the brake
Has culled my heart, but I will take
Her from those groves with eloquence.

There is, indeed, so much at stake,
For those who spy her countenance
Return no more from that cool lake,
Nor their struck lives once more remake,
Their grief a way of life long since.

Under the cool enchanted lake
Whose Siren waters pull you down,
Within my boat's swift shifting wake,
Beneath those frothy waves opaque,
I see where her pale lovers drown.

Her kisses I did not forsake,
Her lips as sweet as pear or quince,
Her body lethal as the snake
Beside that cool pellucid lake,
Too briefly I will be her prince.

"The Enchanted Lake" © 2007 by Michael Fantina

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