

THIS SORCERESS

Michael Fantina

She lived beyond the great boled witch's tree.
A small but well worn path led up the tor,
The place long cursed with Druid sorcery,
And magic crackled from her iron door.

No crone, no bony hag was she, not her,
But tall and willowy, full of allure.
Her Siren's body spiced with pungent myrrh.
She seemed a goddess that one must adore.

With crimson hair and alabaster arms,
This sorceress a living lustful lure.
Her guests paid gold to learn her mantic charms,
She seemed a loving goddess to the core.

Her blue eyes like deep mountain tarns at noon.
They seemed to coax, to conjure and implore.
So like Astarte, Goddess of the Moon,
Her lust so like a hungry carnivore.

Ten coats of polish lacquer on her nails,
Those sanguine daggers rake like pikes in war.
Before her beauty all else wilts and pales,
Though I continue down her corridor.

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