

UNIVERSITY RUIN

Michael Fantina

The walls rise like some old English abbey.
This great pile is haunting, statuesque.
Gargoyles glare part sinister, part shabby,
It's fluted, empty windows Romanesque.

Perhaps some withered dean of students stood
Before a throng on graduation day.
Here was his podium of fine-grained wood
Where now the oak trees and the alders sway.

An early barn owl pipes a mournful tune.
A deathly red glows with the setting Sun,
While in the East a sickle, pendant Moon,
And quiet stones lost in oblivion.

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