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Fayre Warning

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STEPHEN DECK

Fayre Warning

Inscribe thy name on a grain of rice-
But only once, 'tis hard on the purse.
Duel thy friends, but pray keep your thrusts
Aimed at his balloons. 'Twould be a shame to mar
A Fayre with bloodshed! I speak to ye from experience.

That was the year I got this lovely scar..
'Tis a tale for another time though.
For now, feast your eyes on the banquets
Spilling from every well corseted ladies chest.
Too much? That was likely their intention...

Or if chivalry prohibits ye, then ye could rest thy gaze
Upon the sun-warmed steel swords
Proudly catching eyes from their wide wooden racks.
Such beauty will ever be by your side, safely sheathed for a price.
Of course they accept the Lady Visa, and Master Card!

The sun lords over these fayres,
Baking all, and pleasing those pricey beverage sellers.
The cheap ale stands in for Greek lotuses,
Suspending disbelief for any who have trouble doing so.
In some ways, the mundane can be as entrancing as the arcane.

Let us traipse over these straw strewn floors,
Smelling things never imagined before;
Wafting latrine odors blend with those of kettle corn.
Some men garb themselves in tights,
And others in wrinkle proof steel suits.

Whatever your fancy may be, indulge with no regrets!
For me, 'twas swordplay. Behind that pavilion, the one stocked
with herbs, and goblets of coke.
A smile splits my lips now as easily as the sword parted my skin that day,
Every time I recall it, or run my fingers over the washed-out scar.