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## The Faerie Gate

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# The Faerie Gate

JOE CIRINO

Long have I wondered at this door,  
Shorn of birch and yore.  
Lore covers it in great swaths of gore,  
Touched only by the green man's store.

Great wall of mysterie,  
Open to my pleasure and please.  
But I know you never will,  
For I am lost upon this hill.

Never before such a conundrum as this,  
Bothers me as much as the bamboozlement of thine verdigris.  
Yet such loathsome lexicon is too verbose,  
For the primal pretty of your yoke.

Great, tall, proud,  
Strong, yet, loud.  
Lay bare to me thine secrets,  
Though know you never will.

Thus I sit and wait for thee to open your stony hide,  
To enter that noble garden on the other side.

Its existence is mine goal, you see,  
As you are the creator of me.

Oh but if the stars should show such kindness to me,  
That I would bless them in glee eternally.  
Even if they be of seelie soul,  
Or unseelie so.

Life is short.  
Breath is dark.  
Night draws on,  
And with it my lark.

I come now,  
To all barriers thrown low.  
I come with the breeze,  
For in the earth I shall not freeze.

Dreaming of glory, kneeling before you,  
I have gained the wisdom to be mute.  
O my Queene, to be with you,  
Until the last full moon.