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a new one

I live in a world of poets

I live in a world of poets and princesses

fire breathing dragons and

flowing flagons of rich red wine

libations you might say

Always looking for acting in good kindness and

receiving the same. If life is a game then a player they say I shall be

perhaps I am naive or over nostalgic

but I seek to bring the magic that lives

into hearts that long for the taste of ambrosia

Incense burns on my table

making me heady and surrounded by the sweetness

of spice

The sun shines through my window and asks me

to play

I look around my dungeon and suddenly it is transformed

into a world of possibilities where I lay

Sometimes I seek to shed sensibility unless it's coming on strong

and deep within my belly and tells me true

a warrant is written and soon to be delivered

a summon to meet the powers that steer this kingdom

almond sunsets mix with rivers of calm

the gypsy continues to read my palm

the lines are highways and branches of trees

they speak in soft words and I am bound

by the shapes and visions conjured before my

eyes to see. My past, present and future lay within my grasp

but like a wispy thin cloud it cannot be held and like smoke

it rises and runs away in serpentine coils

we break bread, in league with each other

armour and swords, bows and arrows,

knives and daggers seek to pierce my heart. I am protected by a chain of mail three days journey into a

forest of golden leaves that fashion a place to rest my head and is soft enough for an Indian Summer bed.

Mandy, Tuija and the one who seeks not to be named

put wind in my sails and I'm off again.

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