Incant

Cindy Koehn

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hen near the fountain in the park at full moon
'neath the dancing shadows of trees,
if you feel a desolate place in your heart,
then touch the wet mirror to ripple the pool.
Close your eyes and sigh;
float my name on a gentle breeze.
I'll come.
In a gown light as mist, through the terrace I'll glide
with a tread like a whisper you cannot hear.
Turn round to me and behold an apparition,
an earthly embodiment of the glowing moon.
Stretch forth your hand to receive my fingertips.
Then am I real, but hold to me tightly lest the dream slip away.
Breathe the clean air of entrancing night.
Smell the soft scent of blonde mane.
Caress my skin with a feather touch.
and I'll lift my face to you.
Gaze into dark orbs, which are eyes midnight blue—
melt into their depths and find a sweet serene truth.
Then the universe shall reveal its glory,
giving us the crystalline beads of the fountain
splashing into a froth of white lace
and night-blooming jasmine to perfume the breeze.
The world will shimmer in the full moonlight.
We shall learn the song of the spheres.
And I will be yours.

(CINDY KOEHN of Fort Cobb is currently a senior Commercial Art student at SWOSU. She has previously been involved with the production of WESTVIEW, having several illustrations and two cover designs published. "Incant" is her first published writing, a selection from many she has written in a personal journal.)

Designed by Olivia Ortiz