

Lady of the Lake

Heather Dale

He was young and he rode along the river
Raven-haired
The fairest thing to grace those steady banks
In ages come and lost forever
And power laid upon him
Like a thousand secrets she would never know
And so she spoke

In the lapping of the land
Golden-tongued
Her whispers fickle jewels along the sand
Ephemeral and softly spoken
But he was wiser than his years
And shed his hooves to meet her there
Among the reeds where earth recedes
There he stood.

As the silt caressed the bottoms of his feet
Circles formed: growing outward, drawing inward
Gaining strength and going homeward
In the trumpeting of swans
In lilies laced upon a pond
She rose before him like the ice before a Spring
And was a queen

And their touch was like a lover's
Clear and sweet, drenching and unfolding
With no need for air or sunlight in the deep
And in the passions that they bared
In pledges won and secrets shared
They'd stand together in what destiny would bring
And crown a king.