

O Maiden Fair

The MOON shone bright through hazy fog,
A frost was in the air,
A stillness trapped the sullen bog,
In the damp and musty lair.
A maiden stood in the ugly glade,
So young, blue-eyed, and pure.
But eyes like those do often fade
And the young are easy to lure.
She stood alone for miles around
Atop faint and unmarked trails.
And the wind did cease to make its sound
And silence did prevail.
Two roads ahead, one road behind,
There was no going back.
Both roads enticing, winsome, kind
Yet in each did something lack.
One road was sunny, bright and gay,
Filled with bulbs and river laden,
With little paths of softened hay,
Which lured the soles of maidens.
But the only fault of the latter road
Was its strict and stone-set course.
The view was worth a motherload
But confinement caused remorse.
The other road the girl did see
Was dark and dank and dreary,
But the chanting, thrilling, eerie plea
Was enough to convince the weary.
It seemed clear a choice between the roads
Yet not always is it so.
There are unsaid rhythms, rules, and codes
Which determine the path to go.
The maiden at the crossroad stands
Presented with each separate case.
Both indifferent, pioneered lands
Show many a maiden has stood in her place.
The maiden takes a breath of air,
Looks straight ahead as brave as dawn
Shrugs her shoulders with absent care,
And turning toward the dark she travels on.