

The Faerie Ring

Drops from the baby fell
 like pearls from a broken string
as I lifted her from withered grass –
 Who would leave off such a thing,

baptized in a rushing stream
and left to dry in a faerie ring?

She laughed as though I were a dream
 and cuddled in my stony hands.
A flightless, featherless bird was she,
 who didn't care to understand

why she was baptized in a rushing stream
and left to dry in a faerie ring.

“Where will you be seated, lass?
 Shall I prepare a toadstool throne?
Forgive me, for I find flesh strange,
 although I'm comfortable with bones,

baptized in a rushing stream
and left to dry in a faerie ring.”

Her giggles echoed something
 that perhaps I used to know,
steam from chicken soup,
 frost on a window,

before I was baptized in a rushing stream
and left to dry in a faerie ring.