

# DARK DARK WINE

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I went a walk  
by blanched moonlight,  
to take the air of St. John's  
night.  
I heard a sound,  
enchancing bright -  
like tinkles of a silver bell  
'midst chuckles from a deep  
rilled dell.

And then;  
and then, to my delight,  
I heard a voice of sweet  
invite:  
a voice to make my soul  
aflame;  
seductively  
it called my name.

I went along a dinged path,  
into a beech tree'd starlit  
glade;  
and on a flowered throne  
there sat  
a Maid -  
Oh such a darkling Maid.  
Her hair was velvet as the  
night;  
and eyes,  
oh! eyes,  
so starry bright;  
and skin so pure -  
like clear moonlight.

She offered me some ruby  
wine,  
honey'd in a golden cup:  
its liquid deep, its scent  
divine.  
She teased:  
"It's yours.  
It's yours!  
to sup, to sup."

I moaned:  
"Oh Maid; oh Maid so wild -  
of beauty like a fairie-  
child.  
If I should drink  
your dark, dark, wine,  
will you be mine;  
will you be mine?"

Her laugh  
was like a silver bell.  
She said:  
"Drink deep and I shall tell  
of what befalls,  
where you shall dwell.  
When souls are taken  
through my door,  
they will stay mine -  
forevermore."



I took the cup with eager  
grasp,  
but trembling hands could not  
hold fast.  
I spilt the wine  
upon the ground:  
and then a roaring, rushing  
sound;  
a pound-pound-pounding  
struck my ears;  
my eyes were scorched  
by blinding tears.  
A shrill shriek cry;  
a blood-red moon.  
I reeled and fell  
in sickened swoon.

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The beech trees caught the  
morning light.  
Gone, the visions of the  
night.  
Oh travellers,  
travellers,  
you will pine -  
but drink you not,  
the dark, dark, wine.