

The Red Gazelle



Standing in a sunny glade
Easy content for the day
I caught a movement by the fringe
When entered there
A beautiful red gazelle.
I watched her ballet stride
Cautious not to move
But still she saw me
And did not run away,
A steady gazing eye
Looked back at me

With haughty unconcern
She stepped into a sunbeam
Turned and played her spell
Desire swelled my heart
I was utterly ensnared,
Carefully I stepped
Into the beams allure
Her bashful eye
Granting me assent
Daring me to look upon
Her winsome graceful beauty
To absorb each comely curve
And breathe her feminal air,
But when in clumsy lust
Towards her I bid forward
To steal a tempting touch
Alas she bound away
Stranding me bereft
To gaze upon an empty glade
With despoiled eyes

And desolate heart

Ken Ramsey