

## In Clover and Mist She Waits

Her limbs tangle twist and kiss the mist  
golden tresses bless the air.  
With swirls and twirls in dress of white,  
an Irish dancer, ghostly slight.

Begin the rapid notes of flute  
and bows to whom she only sees,  
her blessed feet in clover spurns  
the lover destined she to meet.

Her wait, though long, is met with mist.  
The clover wet, the bog a fist.  
Yet warm remain her lips her cheek,  
for when her lover she to greet

Moonbeams dance on skin so fair  
as holy sounds blend in the air,  
and prickly skin from cold she waits,  
forgetting death, her lovers fate.

On every crescent moon she stays  
waiting for her lovers sways,  
and arms that she shall never hold  
the girl with curling locks of gold.

Until the sun breaks forth the day  
ending Irish lovers song  
she blends with sky and moves along.  
Her fate, this Irish dance till dawn.

~ Heather Bansemer