

APPRENTICE

Dreamweaver, spellsinger,
Shaper of words hidden from sight
Of common man, yet stir unknowing
Their hearts and call forth
from the shades the Light.

Oh a stumbling tongue betrays me
As I touch a wordless joy
What gift have others gained
That their words form love's envoy?

Dreamweaver, spellsinger
Poet called, and Bard to Kings
Of earthly power, yet ephemeral
Save by the sound from thy harpstrings.

Oh a prayer I send to beg the Muse
Who fickle with Troubadours plays
And slowly I see the power, and might
Be tempted, but she betrays.

Dreamweaver, spellsinger
Doomed always to think too much
And rend your mind, till you find
That word, and gain from god, a touch.

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