

Sestina –

Words: Old, Fair, Supreme, Air, Dream, Rare

Tales are told of times grown old  
Where knights abound and ladies fair  
Where courtesy reigns supreme  
And bits of magic fills the air  
Ere times of past and longing dream  
Where hope and friendship are not rare.

Times linger on with sparkle rare  
The bloom of youth gives way to old  
Wispy memories of the dream  
But nothing blights memories fair  
And bits of magic fills the air  
When heroic deeds were supreme.

Memories give way to faith supreme  
Time passes and energy rare  
And bits of magic fills the air  
Many are mighty but old  
No longer strong but still fair  
For long nights we dream.

Once again comes the dream  
When generosity is supreme  
'n hope returns all gay and fair  
Chance of winning is but rare  
When the fighting men are old  
And bits of magic fills the air

And bits of magic fills the air  
Give energy to support the dream  
For then memories old  
Remember valor was supreme  
Heroism and courage are not rare  
For then nobility tis fair.

Sweet the thoughts of times fair  
And bits of magic fills the air  
Strength and virtue are not rare  
When warriors dream  
Thence chivalry is supreme  
In days when we grow old.

Maypole and frivolity fair, when Golden Beltane renewed the dream  
And bits of magic fills the air, 'n courtesy anew reigns supreme  
Boundless optimism no longer rare, for those of us grown old.