

Heather Alexander, Gypsy's Fire

Bite of spring, little kiss of rain,
Nature sings with her wild refrain,
Heed the call of the old town crier,
"I've just seen the first gypsy fire!"

'Round and 'round, higher and higher,
Spirits bound by a wild desire,
Let it raze the very town entire,
All ablaze with a gypsy's fire!

Sweating heat in the summer steam,
makes a body glisten and gleam,
Sunburnt arms in the evening, warm and tight,
Slip and slide on a gypsy night

Muscles stretch in the autumn breeze,
Ripened vines help to tangle and tease,
Harvest comes in the midst of flower and thorn,
Bonfires burn 'til the night is worn

Winter snow cannot still the heat
That commands gypsy hearts to beat,
Tumbling deep down beneath the furs can bring
Bright, budding gypsies in the spring!

'Round and 'round, Nature's wheel will turn,
In that pattern every heart can burn,
Every season as the sun retires--
Watch you sharp for those gypsy fires