

Heather Alexander, Midsummer

Cool breeze, sheltering trees,
Deep within the glen--
All around, sound, on the ground,
Footsteps fall of little men--
Now look wise, from your eyes,
Tell me what you see,
Too late! By fate!
You belong to me!

Your wit slipped a bit,
words have gone too far--
Now it's true that I'll turn you,
straight into the ass you are--
By what right on this night,
do I make my claim--
Mortal fool, know you
that Puck is my name!

Faeries dance in a frenzied ring,
Elves play pipes and the goblins sing!
Robin Goodfellow will take his queen,
Once upon a midsummer night's dream!

Love's fair potion rare,
held within in my hand--
And with this thing I can bring
chaos into Faerie Land--
A warm drop from the top,
and we all will see
as it cools, what fools
these mortals can be!

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