

# The Oval

---

Volume 7  
Issue 2 *Staff Issue*

Article 7

---

2014

## The Faye Will Come Out to Play

Court Cathers

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

---

### Recommended Citation

Cathers, Court (2014) "The Faye Will Come Out to Play," *The Oval*: Vol. 7 : Iss. 2 , Article 7.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol7/iss2/7>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Oval by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@mso.umt.edu](mailto:scholarworks@mso.umt.edu).

## THE FAYE WILL COME OUT TO PLAY

### Court Cathers

“Paint me a picture, Calciminer,”

Dressed in robes of rich color,  
Fabrics of velvet and silk,  
Dyed in deep purple with a red collar,  
Buttons and sashes as white as milk.

He wanders this place of danger,  
Filled with demons and ghosts,  
When emerges a gorgeous stranger,  
Pleading to be his gracious host.

Skin resembling the Blue Flower,  
Her eyes as vast and black as night,  
Elegant body raging with power,  
She begins to sway in the dim light.

While the beauty before him twirls,  
Endless pictures unfold.  
As hues and tones begin to swirl,  
He does not notice the creeping cold.

“Dance me a dance, Trouper,”

Her dance entices him from hiding,  
Luring him into her garden.  
He hears internal chiding,  
But he does not beg its pardon.

Stumbling through thorns and brush,  
Stomping through swamp and mud,  
Becoming clumsy in his rush,  
He does not notice his dripping blood.

Finally close enough to touch her skin,  
She grabs his hands to lead him in dance,  
Twirling through the air in one quick spin,  
She captures him in her deadly trance.

“Make the days pass, Sorcerer,”

They twirl and spin for hours,  
But he does not notice the pain,  
Unaware of her evil powers,  
He desires to be her swain.

Falling for her tricks and spells,  
He cannot see beyond her glamour,  
Creating mental images and smells,  
He begins praying to Amor.

The day begins to fade,  
And predators seek their prey.  
He is not one bit afraid,  
Much to his everlasting dismay.

The dancing comes to an end,  
As she leads him to her bed,

Onto soft sheets they descend,  
Only she knows he will soon be dead.

“Help the roses sing, Minstrel,”

The roses are blooming,  
As he rests his weary eyes.  
He does not feel her consuming,  
Nor does he hear her lies.

She promises days of joy,  
Never ending food and wine,  
He cannot see through her ploy,  
On his soul she continues to dine.

He believes her to be an angel,  
To him she can do no wrong,  
Powerful and ever so graceful,  
With her he shall forever belong.

Body is separated from soul,  
She enhances his everlasting bliss,  
As she turns him from human to troll,  
He shall be hers with one last kiss.

Soft lips graze his burning flesh,  
Shivers pulse up and down his spine,  
As body and soul cease to mesh,  
He feels as though he could shine.

“And the Faye will come out to play.”

Flopping onto bloody sheets,  
She wipes him off her mouth,  
As his heart no longer beats,  
He never should have come South.

On an adventure looking for glory,  
To defend the helpless elves,  
She made him into a lovely story,  
To be stored on one of her shelves.

He will soon be forgotten  
As he dances, sings, and paints.  
His body will become rotten,  
Yet his soul lives without complaints.