

Tintagel Revisited Pantoum

By Kristine Y. Snow

I walk in magic and illusion
Gray peaks tower o'er my head
Mists hiding doubt and confusion
Though these many long years dead.

Gray peaks tower o'er my head
Choices made with good intent
Though these many long years dead
Fill me now with discontent.

Choices made with good intent
Waves crashing far below
Fill me now with discontent
The mystery starts to grow.

Waves crashing far below
Affecting days in Camelot
The mystery starts to grow.

As changes they are wrought.
Affecting days in Camelot
Mists hiding doubt and confusion
As changes they are wrought
I walk in magic and illusion.

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