

The Rogue

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By the sea did the rogue William ride,
Cloaked in darkness as a veil,
Flintlock pistol tucked into his belt –
Deadly foil of fine ground steel
In a scabbard by his side.

Black as night was his steed and steady,
Along the byways was he in rein –
This power William rode to secure
Possessions men sought to keep,
But, oft' give their lives in vain.

A Highway man by trade –
A rogue, this William, men would say,
Those whom he had lighten of their load
But, given chance to rise to see again,
The dawn of one more day.

But, Tempest oft' flies about with Fate
And doth stir up the winds of a future deed,
Such that rouge William, this William,
Would bend till near breaking for true Love –
As the Wind doth do the reed.

Emma, fair Emma traveled late
On the byways by the sea,
Forewarned of rouge William,
Highway man, this William –
But, given to a false conviction
That upon some hint of mortal danger,
She would merely flee.

But, shortly, without there being
Any faint suggestion that her coachman
And her able driver would face some harm -
The flintlock and the foil of rogue William,
The highway man, this William, was presented,
And, he bent down, restraining her, gently by her arm.

Moonlight, fair moonlight doth magic make,
Very oft' on the byways and waters of the bay,
Even to such a rogue as William,
This highway man William, this William –
That alit fair Emma's eyes to him,
By one solitary, soft, moonbeam's ray.

William, this rogue, William this thief,
William – one who feared not any man –
Grew weak in resolution for this deed,
Putting aside his lust for treasure,
Lost in Emma's moonlit eyes became
Lost - without a plan.

Then, as his heart leapt within his chest
From the sight of this – his love - the first,
He quickly lifted fair Emma to his steed,
Rogue William, highway man, this William,
And, took to byways, once dark and lonely, byways
For Emma's true love did he thirst.

Nar' has there been another since, this rogue,
This William, this highway man, this thief
To ride the darken byways, lonely roads by the sea –
From where he and the fair Emma did depart,
Alas, to be but legends now –
Spoken of only in most somber tones...
As are ghosts to many whom
Hold to such belief.

This William, this highway man –
This William, a thief,
Did steal away fair Emma well,
Treasuring her and keeping her
Till one day t'was Emma, fair Emma's heart
That filled with love for William –
T'was her heart for him, this rouge,
that within it true love did swell.

Judge not this William harshly,
Nor cast him final as the villain rogue –
For William, this highway man,
This William, a thief,
Did treasure Emma, fair Emma above all else,
As Fate and Tempest had flown
So well together that chilly, moon bathed night
To mend two hearts, on the dark and lonely road.