

The Tempest

by Linda Greiner

Prospero, did you spare your daughter pain?
Your fantasy became reality.
Miranda, full of wonder, from your reign,
The storms without, within, then finally sees.

The youths now offer hope to reconcile
And brothers; lessons learned, can heal their pain.
Prospero used his arts to shape with guile
To end rebellion and his throne regain.

In just one day, the past is swept away.
Prospero now aware of his neglect
Returns to unify without delay.
All thoughts of vengeance he will now reject.

The brave new world, not gauzy ideal isle,
Is full of love and not the past so vile.