

# Camelot

*by* Iain James Robb

“Oh, where are you going to, O tow-haired rover?”

Though my sight turns nowhere homeward, and my mouth's run numb,

I can hear a leaflet sifting through the walls of clover;  
Though I stay, I 'm going forth and o'er to Camelot, come-  
On a four winged float no sluggish wind will ship and shiver.  
Though it's found, I'm searching for its brother, turned, I run  
To the mounds down by the shallows that are shields forever:  
Past the stark walled river gullies, that the sun's spears shun.

“Say where are you going now? The clouds are over,  
But the twilight strides to you, O fair-browed child.”  
I am sweeping always-eastward on a four-limbed clover-  
To cross the dusk-line quadrant compass of the western wild.  
Though my glide of sight be sluggard, and my touch a tremor,  
Let the scents I savour make my tideless tongue turn numb:  
For my bowstring's strung out, touchless, to a different quiver-  
And I'm brought to motion, forth once more to Camelot; come

To where blank banners crest like crescents, ever sliding  
Their virgin skirts out sail-ways, with the gales as  
toy:

Across the maiden mated cedars that the leaves leave, riding-  
Where I am prone to going to. “Oh, sloe-eyed boy-  
Are there no willows here, for window-winds to glide in:  
The currents of your flights to upward brace and buoy?”  
No, none, my sill-less window frames the beige horizon:  
Like a gaze that's left reflectionless of frights, or joy...

Devoid of peace comes after either, neither tranquil-  
As a broken rowboat learns again bare lights to ride:  
A wring-wash drifting downwards on the dappled anvil-

Of the currents' coverlét, wherein the dead sights hide:  
Though I have caught a new dream now, at weightless ankle...  
Floating dayward-wayward, as white riders drum-  
Upon a ghost-laned throughfare no grey courts there  
rankle:  
A fresher Camelót, some fresh Elysium?

