

# Ajloun Castle

*by* Bill Yarrow

You, my little cat, are brisk and fluid  
I, like an owl, am stiff and staid  
You clambered up the rocks and held out your arms  
The wind in a swoosh came up behind you  
Incredulous, I watched you fall

You did not see me looking  
as you stood placid, impassive  
looking out over the cardamom hills  
but then the wind mistook your arms for wings  
and, helpless, I watched you fall

Horrified, I watched you fall  
through the future and into the past,  
past your family, past your accolades,  
past your handsome penchant for reconciliation  
into the universal solvent of your confidence

I saw you dashed upon low stones!  
I saw you bounce into the sea!  
I saw you sink into inky velvet!

My tragedy is that my imagination  
pictures all the facets of disaster

But you see only soaring  
and that is your invincible gift

