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

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