

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?

