

Esmeralda

by Iain James Robb

Being an uncredited bonus composition, written in the sublimest access of divine afflatus this poet believes his lyric verse has ever known.

“In olden times, dark was not counted fair”:
Those were the words, I think, of some old poet.
Some maid have faint moustache but would not grow it.
My lady's face is covered in black hair.
Not just beard or moustache she sports, but over
All her head and body grows soft furs.
A weird attraction holding me is hers.
Heed well my words; fear not, they'll soon be over.
Not until I say this night, this awesome June,
Though we go out and children cry in jest,
“He walks his wolf — they go to howl at the moon”,
I think it best
To tell the truth; in truth I do not gonk,
Though sable flowers trail from out her conk,
Yet with flagons of desire she makes me ‘dronk’:
A wise man may cross deserts on a donk-
ey, to behold a child manger-born-
I yell it, yea, all my wise words adorn
Themselves in her; I follow her through fennel,
Weeds, and rotten reeds to reach her kennel,
Though she be human, and may pop a sprog
Of mine, dog-furred like her, but not a dog.

“Beware the girl whose eyebrows middle-meet”,
They said to me, my brothers, when at school.
Achtung! If words of Fate, Fate, you're a fool:
Her floundering-most footsteps fleet so meet.

Nothing indeed there is of any pain,
When I rub her sleek cheek's frontal mane.
Most happy I am when I walk her home:
More happy she is than starved pooch with bone.
Her meeting eyebrows meet on face so furry
That both their contours, black in black, are blurry,
But still to me she is my darling honey,
My bee-queen making me her merest drone.
Oh, why do they think thoughts of you most foulest-
As gentle as some cat that scratch and yowleth?
When I hear these, I rage indoors and howleth:
And I would think they think you in turn growleth,
But respect for them and theirs, I grant you, none!

Break down their bones, O Judgement-time, make wince:
I'll boil their brains, and stick them in the mince!
O direspecters of my hairy maid well may you flout:
I hate you all, and hope you get the gout!
'But forget it all', I tell myself, 'lose troubles':
For life indeed is full of frothy bubbles.
My God in Heavies, by the saints and Mary
Do not despair that Nature made you hairy,
For I proclaim all sway held in your hair,
And do not, though some smirk, write this for a dare.
If you are not - and may I eat my hat
If it prove otherwise - the queen for me-
Then all this verse indeed is lost at sea,
And laughing-stock 'tis not, I'll tell you that!

'Forget it all,' I tell your self, 'lose troubles':
For life indeed is full of frothy bubbles-
And with your furren foot kick all backheel,
For, babe, you know my love for you is real.
Though with your skirt hitched up and all acrouch,
They might indeed mistake thee for a couch,

Yelp out in song and raise the upward roof,
And break out in your voice's happy woof-
O readers ye, join hands and not afeard,
To sport with me along the gloomy wood,
And make the joyous birds sing for her beard,
My lady's, then to twine in braids with good
Flowers and ribbons strewn all between.
I tell you now: "Achtung! She is my queen."
She is the loveliest I have ever seen!
Agreeing not, you'll be a silly bean,
To hold her a nightmare who but does me dream.
So I hope she will be forever brave
To taunts, and not have her a sorry shave.
A greater candle held of me could not have held a
Light to touch her named the Esmerelda.
It would be prosaic ox I would not geld: a
Sister she has named the fair Griselda.
When she was born her parents may have yelled, "A
Furry thing is ours," yet make this plain-
I would not change a curl of her facial mane:
Fair sister of the hairless-faced Griselda-
My darling Esmerelda.

Though we go out, and children laugh like loon,
Do not think God gave you the wooden spoon-
Though they should say that you and I shall soon
"Go off abroad, to howl at the moon,"
I do not think of you a sweaty Betty,
Though turned up outdoors just like Tibetan yeti:
I'd think it crass to cut short just one tress
Of all that hair you hide under your dress,
E'en if your facial forest hints, alack,
Black mattresses that grow, across your back.
Indeed a passing poor man or a peasant
Held to your fur might even find it pleasant.

He'd be rewarded well and feel no fright,
Warmed up in cold as I'm warmed through the night.
O starry stars and moony moons behold
My maiden's smile — yellow it is, as gold!
O bright beneath the stars and moondrops fair
Let down your slip, and heave your happy hair.
So keep your beard — meingott, I jump about
And like a yowling youth I shout about,
“YES, SHE IS MINE AND THOUGH SHE BE SO HAIRY,
I FEEL SHE CAPERS LIKE A LITTLE FAIRY!”
So, little birds, be not afeard,
And come and plant things in her beard.
Eeh, by gum, and oh my golly,
Each hank of all her hair is holy.
Mama mia, she's a goodie:
She makes me all get down and boogie;
Her face so smooth, lip-curls so pretty,
My little heart goes “Doo wahdiddy”-
And all I raise my arms in shout,
And shake and shout it all about-
In the night-streets, in the city,
And that is why I do ‘dis ditty:

And raise this wall of rhythmic rhyming
I trust will not be found a crime in,
And peoples claim, “‘Tis misbegotten”-
If — God forbids — my lines be rotten,
Yet, now I tell ye how I feel,
I shall put conclusion to my spiel;
Yes, in the woodlands, in the forests,
There's none to touch your facial forest:
Wear ribbons down your chin, strange imp,
As child mistaken for a chimp.
The ungentle mooings of the dullard dove,
When I touch your cup of furry love,

Are not as murmurs, my oh my, so pretty,
That doth inspire things in this ditty.
When will those mockers of our love yet learn?
I think the dames they cling to do but gurn,
And your ways they make me as cat prance:
So clap your hands, and do a happy dance!
For I would think it foolish and not brave,
My hair faced angel, shouldst thou have a shave-
For I for one shall laugh and dance the frug,
With joy to see and stroke thy furry mug.

