

Sestina for a Seeker of the Prism's Course

by Iain James Robb

Did Isaac see, his mirror in the fronds
Of apple-orbs that let their ripeness stay
No more than supplication of the wands
The sweet tornados in one drizzle's wings betray?
The tree that greets them is not ruled by iron bands
Whose light's lines were not brindled by this ray

That scoops all usual apple-carts. If ray
Or life-unreigned Fall forfeits for the friends
Of cirrus-windows, be within our bands
Our wonted freedom or accepted stay-
'Tis only unacceptants *those* betray...
Dark glitterings of the glamour of Thor's wands.

The colour-vortex shuttles and absconds
All conflict in its love for temperate fray:
No mirror of our temperants that betray
The ache submerged below their feathers' fronds.
Yet, Newton, from your lapis window, stay
Within that land that rules by cyan bands.

I saw a couple once whose withdrawn hands
Were helden by the conches of the *condes*-
The earls of the air that nary stray
From distance — just the perfect tropes defray
The tones that join as distant as due friends,
The green and red of either, and betray

Contrasting clothes of both as neither's grey,
And once again dismissively hold hands;
All others, yet pretend to stalk as friends,
In company with the atoms of your bonds.
The prism only lingers through your fray,
Accepted denizen of manured lawns and stray

Of hanging garden, turner and the tray
That platters star-length: white and dark are never grey
As life is: but devolve ourselves from fray,
Though shore and sea-weep hold much closer hands...
Content then to revolve against our bands,
Unenvious of the garnet apple's bonds.

I too have bonds to take my place and stray;
Though light has been unbanded from my hands,
The grate of fraying place is great and grey...

By which I brand the shallows, at my hands.

