

The Albatross

by Iain James Robb

Gigantically heaping past the dawn,
White rider, swinging circles into light,
Do you cross the spar-lengths of meridians,
O albatross, conspirant of the thought
The sea dreams of its relic mastery?
Rainbowed reliquary of songs of this the leap...
Cognizant of our chorus, O prowed sun,
Cognizant of our pain and orchestra,
Orgasmic chorus of our penitence-

Drowned absolution of our bitter prayers
Swing desolation on our finitude,
Sprite sun, adjourn to satelliting heaps,
We choristers of blanchening majesty.
And albatross, "Are you through shrieking speech-
Thou art the prophet of my tyranny."
The vultures cross my radiance, screaming "Yell."
Is this the prophet of my parody?

The yellow bursts in orgiastic swell
But does not feign my rapture's radiance,
Olympic seabird swinging into knell;
That profligates the coast's wan prescience,
Ejaculating tumours of this tide
Atlantic seabirds wave upon their crest;
We do not seek or see, we have no rest;
Is this the passion of our liberty?

