

FROM HERE

She took the waters in the evening
and care laid on, the lightest presence.
I fed, we were wed, Eros wore his newest clothes.
Surely that glow, in decline, would take eons to detect.
But resentment is an ease-stealer with an hundred hands.

Falter shoals, navigable now that I know
where the bars and banks are respect,
where this little boat holding in its binnacle
not lamp and compass, but light and season,
shows, as in dream, my small and great treasons,
how I am the very cut of man.

As, in shinnery with the "moving muse"
I will prance when weather is in meet to advance,
and thank she and these ladies hence
that *my* M. de LaVernaye, newly made,
was never so false to much attack a woman,
though I had shameful foray.

"To excuse is to accuse," the Marquis said to himself.
All children are false
if raised on the meat of adult nonsense,
less effective for avoid;
less affected in this void,
I've gone from gold and dove to lead and owl;
and that has been the way of it.

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