

The Swallowtail

Not for nothing do you fly and see
Beyond the lanes of corn
Or avenues of myrtle simpleness
The form and beauty of your kingdom
Lit by arms so wide so full of sky
You play on sunbeams rest and die

If so much colour grace and light
Enclosed a sign of insight
It would be an ideal of itself
Perfect in its unconsciousness
Then you are the lovely lens
Who sees for me the darkening side
The mocking noise by sea by land
Grinding toward the shining trees
The flint filled towns
The towers and flags above the river
Crowded by the busy boats
Among the silent reeds where resting
You have been transformed
In a final attempt at memory
Before all is lost
Like the quanting of the hay.