5-2013

ARCTUS

Robert Kelly
Bard College

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A R C T U S

I was a boy to begin with
just like you or girl or pilgrim
I never knew my father though
every day he sat at table
leafing through my venial sins
till I learned the skill of silence
I who had been all high discourse—
the trick I’m trying to reclaim
so I can spell the dragons in my blood

white in red and red in white, tell
you what it is to be the king.
The only one, no matter who
comes to trifle with my old crown
I am the one true king and so
are you when you learn to hear me.

(I was a boy to begin with
And now i’m everyone

Morgan was my true secret wife
she breathed into her opened hands

we went to where the world leaves off
she poured her warm breath out and down
And there it was a lake, the vast
Sea round Avalon the Uttermost)

(9/11 May 2013)