

The Mead Vat

Jan 7
1961

Though once the cell was furnished only
With oak table and chair,
Two pegs in the wall, a goatskin rug, an inkwell,
A copper basin and an empty chest,
Now large sun tones and thin gay-jacketed children
Mount to the rafters on all sides of him
And look on window ledges.

But let some guard with this innovation:

The Queen of the Grove has visited him here
It has ruffled his thick hair
~~He~~ ^{He} draws the pen from his hand to blot
A verse, or half a page, ~~removing~~ ^{removing} something
Lirich ~~which~~ ^{disguising} ~~of~~ her beauty

And if one day he goes, perless or workless,
To where her mead-vat smokes in the crystal hall,
Where the tall eld elect forgetten
Royally shod, his blood brothers & sisters
Under the chieftain trees, where wild birds call
And salmon leap the weir,
Will she forget such love and sturdiness?