

Sa Bohème

Beneath his personal mythy sky, in a fantasy
is our hero, his hands iced into his pockets,
the muse his one companion and confidante.

By day he saunters, his head a-brew with concoctions of poetry.
His sleep is full with love and amorousness, Oo là là!,
his very overcoat a mysterious magic garment.

A single pair of arse-out trousers has he,
the pauper prince, the revenant,
as from him tumble preposterous, unearthly lyrics.

The Zodiac is his gazebo whereunder pass nights of poesy;
there, possessed by every bohemian threnody,
the constellations dance rites and revels corybantic.

And on a September eve, the gossamer a-twinkle,
squatted by the roadside beneath the old lime trees
he listens with a cocked, purposeful ear,

his lovely forehead with a thin dew a-sparkle
like droplets of full, white Burgundy wine,
there he listens, yes, for the muse's gypsy-girl whisper.

It is then these lanes seem to him to thrum
with poems brought to him in a lunatic dance
by his supernatural counterpart,

as, with a hundred soft plucks and a tuneless hum,
he plays the bootlace of his burst *sabot* like a lyre,
his foot held close to his literal heart!

John Stammers