

1975

Saturnalia

Nigel Wells

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Claws at perhaps
With fingering think takes a chance
Collars the maybe the way
Makes
For the outstretch of aim and idea
Grasps
The likely the truth
Something at least
The offered escape
Slopes
Off
Through half light the faith heeled not what he seem
The shade
He grow rare but he grow God-green

Saturnalia / Nigel Wells

For old uncle Cronus and barleycrow Bran
This spirited lad
Groomed to the throne of unreal
As King of unreason got up in the guise
Ass-eared for the reign of misrule

Made master of revels in elder tree time
This jewel of the blood
Picked of the many and more
Decked in the garb for the seven day whirl
This youth in the bloom for the fool

For the posture of God and the romp
This sport of the locks
Dolled in the holly green hue
Draped as the keeper of festives and funs
Daubed with the squeeze-berry blue

Oh lords of the sown and the sprouting seed
In mime of your age
This brightsome boy tread the dance
Light steps tell the course and the briefness of rule
Bright blood crowns the term of the prance