

Torrid Nature Scene: by Andrew Robbie

I

In verdure tressed, the rouged Salopian copse
regorged its April candour. Downed anew,
the swallows dodge the coup-de-foudre and through
their song chastise the ardent ram who stops
for breath, while wattle sprays and nacreous snowdrops
bow their heads and, reluquescent, view
the Attic stallions cut a caper through
a blue ballet de rue et daddy's milksops

which, their fragrant shoots contused imbue
the stains of beauty's canker. Tucked away,
the smaller gods lorgnet: what fine display
their hides make, prurient, veiled in morning dew.
Perdie that we to such blind idols pray,
That many a buck might verteth and tringleth; verite!

II

Against a blushing orb, in gold berimmed,
a nide of geese, aquiver from the scent
of fabulous approaches, make ascent
into the canopy. All overbrimmed
with feigned enravishment, their bellies, skimmed
by tangled boscage, leave the ground besprent
with plumes. Her eyes amused by this event
a vixen laughs; what deity has whimmed

that birds whose quills can write their own portent
would quaker at a sallow catkin! Used
to sating brash coquins, her virtue loosed,
she savours this aspersion, quite content
to relish others' clymes; ourselves, seduced,
make chase and find pursuit both foxed and goosed.

III

Forsaking twilight, forfeiting the cold
remembrance of too gauche and honest days
a vernal firefly scours the noctuid haze
for succour. Soon aroused, his arcs of gold
encrust a monkshood, whose perfumes unfold
a Hecatine entreaty; he obeys,
alights, and fuelled with fervent ardour splays
the laquered surplice. Vespertines behold

in awe the sweet grotesque: No pollen sprays
sprang forth; instead two lips in gold-smear'd glee
embrace. Appalled, the fly elicits but we,
astride a newly broken bough ablaze
with incandescent honey, bite and see
that love can harbour in what seemed deformity.

IV

As suns diffuse, illuminating rings
on fragrant blooms at dusk, so too a yeast
engorged full fruit once from its branch released
attracts a host of suppers, who, their stings
awash with early wine, fan fast bright wings
and thus a halo make. Not in the least
distracted by the sudden bounteous feast
a jackdaw, ever poised, unfurls its wings

and rends in twain a succulent form. Triste,
perhaps, but watch the spectre slink aside;
we find his banquet swiftly multiplied
as other insects join the new deceased
to feed. How happy that like this they died
with too sweet nectar brewing fear inside.

V

Dishevelled, slashed by moonlight, glazed with sweat,
some undiscovered dells and hems entwine,
all ravaged by bacchant regales. Supine,
one dozy hoydon, smirched with orchanet,
half-watched her ordinand, his coronet
a prize for proffering the most hircine
mettle. Another, pillowed by her fine
beau's lap who, tumid, dreams his carcanet

might be her nubbing, bathes in bliss. Nardine
masquers, uncertain who observes this night's
array, all spent, but pleased perchance these rites
were potent, nonetheless incarnadine
their sacrifice; whatever tithes our sprites
and satyrs pay, we shroud our acolytes.

VI

Their fleece half felted, soothed by thoughts of furze
and distant ululating wolves, the flock
coralled themselves to sleep. In dream the shock
of seasonal attentions still recurs
untempered by experience and blurs
with tastes of clover, hyssop bruised to mock
desire. Ensheathed in his most pastoral cassock,
kissed pink by the sun, their shepherd stirs

to hear cherubic voices droused with Hock
-amore extol some local Venus. Wrapped
in woollen shrouds his idol slumbers, chapped
by thieved dulias. From atop our hummock
we bless all, and salve all, deeming apt
that staff and charge both share this jeu de rapt.

VII

Although waxed lures embalmed a modicum
of modesty, your fleer's shadows are fixed
below you, your rent tharm roughshod unfixed,
your body reeks from fears that, overcome,
it recreates anew, your tears become
lysate, your armature a crucifix
to greater harm inured. For you, transfixed,
asphyxiated, through the years have come

to know that death will always never come,
that spring will never thaw the chillsome thrill
that sears your endless torpor, fierce, until
its ever surging pleasure leaves you numb.

Be not afeared, for pleasures darker still
Appear to pierce you. Lover, draw your fill.