Mère d'Arthur

Taut as a bowstring, gloved fingers fumbling
To notch the waiting arrow, all at once
She took in what it was her roving hands
Had barely glimpsed. Too late to check the stumbling
Rush of her emotions out through grumbling
Gates to greet — her body bridged to speed
His rightful entry — their returning lord,
She knew him for another.

What dissembling
Art had grafted husband's bloom on lover's
Stem she could not know, nor guess, moreover,
With no annunciation beyond a dull
Sense of being used for ends other
Than the usual ones, what heights, the bow at full
Stretch, her shame would soar to, one with Arthur's.

James Harrison