

## 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