

Christopher Middleton

The Gnats

Surely our lawn will please the monkey-ghost.
Not in this epoch of epochs only
did more and more come to be forgotten.

Our monkey-ghost treads on the lawn nimbly.
Earth grows crusts that crack and clash,
the river carries grannies and good loam away.

Next thing our monkey-ghost dreams in a hammock.
How sweet our moonlight pulls on a velvet glove.
Would that Vega were conspicuous overhead.

Watching for Vega our monkey-ghost thirsts,
she will not forget the lemon-scented beverage,
but whatever she'd forgotten we forgot it.

Oh, I mean how serious our monkey-ghost is to us,
an hour to go and we are temporarily revised.
Watch well, never let her run foul of the dark.

Show us the horse that does not shudder
catching a whiff of us. Hear our voice,
one and all, drown the growl of the jaguar.

Let us refresh ourself like our monkey-ghost
in depths and varieties of dear life; in the fervour,
the begonia, the badger warren, let us ingest

ichor as yet untasted which toughens its construct,
and always did so while lucidity lasted.
Let our monkey-ghost share with us her lawn.