Ezra Pound in Mareuil

Adam Aitken

He judged his descent from the turret,
walked and saw, unburdened by abstraction,
hints of life 500 years forgotten,
to note the proud thing & the practical:
a poet's name upon a wall,
tower, drawbridge, high slate gables.

Wrote of the town
the ‘centuries written upon it’,
unnumbered the towers he’d seen on-route
and recalled the place
Arnaut the troubadour
‘saw daylight,’

then a church transformed
by and after mutilation,
a courtyard full of straw.

Finding an approach,
saw dogs - one with a middle-aged expression -
laid low, hiding in patches of rose and violet
and long grass

the violets an 'anachronism'
in a town of winding fallen stairs,
mostly chimneys
and roses to compensate

& moats now drained
of mill-stream

filled with rabbits.