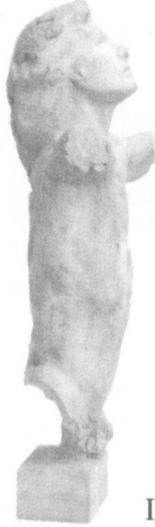


Parsifal

(a prothalamium for John and Libby,
after the sculpture of the same title
by her brother, William Feez)



arma virumque cano
Virgil

for the lovers, their arms
Round the griefs of the ages
Dylan Thomas

I

'Reach for it, unarmed Parsifal. No,
Not for the sky, you unfledged fool.
That's for the sunlight's groping gold:
Tactless, and evermore about to touch.

'Nor for the future, questing Parsifal,
Prancing and gesturing just
Out of reach of appetite, and time:
Inconsummate, and evermore about to be.

'Not for her sister, either; not for the past,
That is, nostalgic Parsifal: that strange
Kundry, across the primitive stirring
Of the sea. For she will press
And whisper; from within each moment,
Each awkward movement, goad
And cripple glory, and your dream.

