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

'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.

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'Know her, naive Parsifal; know her For what she's not, and flee. For she Never was and, worse, Is nevermore to be.

II

'They'll not be taken wholly, sanely— Either in battle or in bed.

Reach,
Instead, for me, brittle Parsifal:
Your present, imperfect lover,
Lost, like you, between the sky,
The next and yesterday.
For better or worse,
I am your Holy Grail.

'I cannot tease, abuse, Not lure to lose you, I Am here, now, to be Beloved and known"

She said.

