

Claws at perhaps  
With fingering think takes a chance  
Collars the maybe the way  
Makes  
For the outstretch of aim and idea  
Grasps  
The likely the truth  
Something at least  
The offered escape  
Slopes  
Off  
Through half light the faith heeled not what he seem  
The shade  
He grow rare but he grow God-green

### Saturnalia / Nigel Wells

For old uncle Cronus and barleycrow Bran  
This spirited lad  
Groomed to the throne of unreal  
As King of unreason got up in the guise  
Ass-eared for the reign of misrule

Made master of revels in elder tree time  
This jewel of the blood  
Picked of the many and more  
Decked in the garb for the seven day whirl  
This youth in the bloom for the fool

For the posture of God and the romp  
This sport of the locks  
Dolled in the holly green hue  
Draped as the keeper of festives and funs  
Daubed with the squeeze-berry blue

Oh lords of the sown and the sprouting seed  
In mime of your age  
This brightsome boy tread the dance  
Light steps tell the course and the briefness of rule  
Bright blood crowns the term of the prance