

MY PLACE ON THE TAPESTRY
(after William Morris)

I just want to be by myself,
That's the proclamation.
I tie my shoelace proudly,
Buckle armor on.
And go out to have that knight's
Meal all by myself
Unless a crow or two land nearby.
In the clearing, girls in peasant smocks
Pass by, over at woods' edge.
And knowing I am unapproachable,
Lonely, austere,
They say nothing
As they come near,
To lay before me new delicacies,
Fresh delights,
The hamburger, the frenchfries,
The chipped mug.