

SAMUEL BARTON
NOCTURNA FABULA

“... and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture.”

—Lord Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

The boy, still, stands transfixed
Under summer night sky.
Enraptured by displays
For the nose, ears, and eyes:

Flow'ry sirens unfurl
To meet wand'ring lovers' probing embraces.
Their sweet perfumes, breeze-borne,
Care the child's face;

A distant frog chorus,
An implacable choir, never bored;
Mingled with insect melody
Of humming harpsichords;

And upward with a glance—
His gaze, it does ascend—
To a boundless black cloak,
That piercing starlight rends.

Welling with wonder, and
Under greatest of joy.
Behold! Nix's spectacle,
As she delights the boy.