Coda

By Basil Bunting

A strong song tows us, long earsick.
Blind, we follow rain slant, spray flick
to fields we do not know.

Night, float us.
Offshore wind, shout,
ask the sea what’s lost, what’s left,
what horn sunk, what crown adrift.

Where we are who knows of kings who sup
while day fails? Who, swinging his axe
to fell kings, guesses where we go?


Source: Collected Poems (Bloodaxe Books, 1968)