

To Don of La Mancha, I Understand

Darren Michael

I trudged off to Queensland
With those oh so familiar preconceptions
From my meat-and-potato days,
Untouched for all these years, not by grace,
But nonetheless maturing
For the mere sake of maturing.

With landings and arrivals came questions from my
innards.

No dragons? No fair maidens?

No knights.

That gallant griffin led by Sir Toby himself,

Are they not to be found?

I'm sorry. No...

Though Harvington is haunted.

The priest hides no longer sought kept one man
monkishly busy.

That delightful soul who watched those halls

Trapped in his own fascination—

intoxicated.

Warmed by a steady refreshment—

intoxicated.

Probing volumes from that Lutheran age—

intoxicated.

Transcribing the persecution of yesterday's man—

intoxicated.

By the inventiveness from Inquisition to intolerance.

**For familiarity, his verse sang sweetest of all.
He robbed the past for present's sake
And reveled in the ancient booty.
What an impossible dream.**

**The facts finally conquered by his quixotic flair
And dually, his thoughts betrayed by the ticking clocks
Outside those brown brittle gates,
His seclusion was rewarded for the job undertaken.
Within those sheet-like walls,
Even the darkness knew not his name
For he froze in moving moments
And I envied him.**