



## Arthur in Meditation

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Margaret Lloyd

We think we have driven  
all our demons out to sea.  
We watch them floating  
to the horizon in little baskets.  
We think we have mastered  
what reduces us.  
But it is what we conceive  
that breaks us in the end,  
usurps our power,  
corrupts what we love.  
Then leaves us to falter,  
our horse lying dead beneath us.