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A Creature, Bathed In Marigold

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A Creature, Bathed In Marigold

Author Bio

Archer Castle is a sophomore at Gettysburg College, double majoring in History and English. He currently resides in Gettysburg, PA, with one disgruntled roommate and altogether not enough air conditioning.

A Creature, Bathed in Marigold

ARCHER A. CASTLE

A creature, bathed in marigold. The dappled sun did shine
Upon its fur, its flaming hair, a colored scene divine.
Its dress was stilted, foreign, so far gone from what I knew
That I was thoughtless in the face of fabrics flecked with rue.
It gazed across a flaxen field, so still within the air
That just my breath might catch on wind and speak that I was there.
A moment, thus idealized in straw and light and gold
That I was awed to merely have the privilege to behold.

It looked at me- surprise, for I believed that I was hid!
It turned, and thus I panic, I know this is all forbid.
This kind of seeing, imaging, these frames within the mind
Are not allowed, are yoked by shame, are lost and undefined.
My cheeks, they rose, I turn and run, my damnéd feet do fail
And I am locked stock-still in this idyllic side of hell.
This cursed eladrin, fairy-formed, and dreamed as vision pure
Approaches me, arms, vines, outstretched, and goes to touch the mirr'r.

I fast recoil, avert my eyes from this demanding sight
That reaches, wild, insidious, through dawn and day and night.
I find myself alone, and breathe, and sink into the floor
And close my eyes until it's dead—the creature breathes no more.
I then return and see the face that's chained to baser form.
The simple creature, anchored here, and well within the norm.
He looks, and looks, and looks, until by might of dull routine
The razor scrapes and cuts in vain to fix his chin unclean.