

## **Castle-spotting**

There are those that figure in  
old tales of history and romance,  
in which the dashing knight rides by,  
sweeps up a young girl in his strong  
but gentle arms, and whisking her  
onto his horse's shimmering back,  
gallops off into the sunset where  
a castle's many shining turrets  
glow pink with promise of eternal married bliss

Then there are those whose toothlike castellations  
imprison anyone within, while keeping strangers out,  
turning impenetrable fortress walls  
on innocent and enemy alike.

Some castles nestle in the folds of hills,  
or crown high peaks by day and then,  
when mist or darkness smother lake and shore,  
rise up in mysterious illumination  
to float free in air,

reminding us of those that float across  
our dreams and fantasies  
as we lie under a lazy summer's sky  
tracing creative lines of clouds  
that billow with hopes, and in a glow  
of everlasting sun-soaked magic  
we build castles in the air.

**Alwyn Marriage**