The Castles of Novara

The castles of Novara have eyes -
hooded they stare over poplar lined rivers,
battalions of maize in the meadows,
limpid waters of the dreaming lakes
and green and rising mountains.

The Castles of Novara claim their space
and guard it. They have done so for centuries.
Now a new world spins around them
with its drones and roars, its climbing towers,
it's sinuous and twisting roads.

The Castles of Novara still watch for invaders,
from over high passes, down hidden valleys,
along ancient marches and through the thick forests -
but now, over bartizan and merlon,
barbican and bailey there's only

a babble and squabble
from sparrows and starlings.

Christopher North