

Fruits of Beltane (also known as Bastards of the Wood)

Let us have a little fun,
With the surname 'Robinson'.
In a book I unearthed recently,
Was revealed some family history.

To appreciate, we must turn the pages,
To Europe during the middle ages.
There still survived some Pagan ways,
In the celebrations of those days.

One that promises to be interesting,
Has to do with the rites of spring,
With the Maypole and its decorations,
Which had phallic implications.

By now this story is getting good.
As we learn of activities in the wood.
For the young, sweet maids were led,
To visit a soft, warm forest bed.

Greeting the Green Knight whose name,
Was Robin - with his special game.
The maidens received their initiation,
Into spring rites and procreation.

I'm not aware if they put up a fight,
Or were willing players in this rite.
Perhaps their primal urges released,
And led them into the carnal feast.

Hence in the cold days of February,
Before the girls had a chance to marry,
The arrival of the bastards had begun,
And were named the 'sons of Robin' - or Robinson.

Blue blood I guess was not to be,
Coursing veins of our family tree.
Now when I encounter a forest scene,
I feel red blooded - with a touch of green.

T. A. J.

Inspired 2002. Modified Feb 2006

Source: <http://web.ncf.ca/co848/oldsh1t/reviews/review-elixirstone.pdf>

Thank you for enduring my poetry, influenced by my dear old Dad's love of - and persistent recitals from - the works of Robert Service.

Drop by www.yearoftherabbit.ca to discover The Year of the Rabbit – A novel about Fate, Family and Forgiveness.