

MARVIN BELL

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*The Castle*

There is a house being moved uphill.  
They start again and again.  
There are trumpets attacking, and drums  
hammering the approach. There are jesters  
and a man who runs ahead and kneels  
to do close-up magic. Maybe it's just late  
and I have gone into the past by slumping  
into a doze over these Prague rooftops.  
When I wake, the castle is still lit  
beyond a forest studded with statuary.  
The next afternoon we hike up to see  
the watery curves of stone lovers  
and the high chins and boots of poets.  
The castle is hidden from us by brush,  
but I can hear the fanfares and the wheels  
as they push it higher up the hill  
toward a later time, the last moments,  
the last picture in the mind  
of the child holding its mother's hand  
as they run from the tanks.  
When I wake again, the castle is dark.