

Stephen Robertson

Yellow wood

*With his four dromedaries
Don Pedro Alfaroubeiro
Roamed the world and marvelled.
He did what I would like to do
if I had four dromedaries.*

Guillaume Apollinaire, The Bestiary

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood.

Robert Frost, The Road Not Taken

I can see, on his roamings, Don Pedro
reaching a fork in the road
and pondering, while his quattro
of camels nibble at the hedgerow,
yellow, in the yellow wood.

But how does he ever get
a decision agreed by all?
How can he persuade the quartet
on which brave new course to set
to let them proceed at all?