

At this the angels hide
Their proud heads, mortified; 30
 Being deep in love with Janet
And jealous, too, for Alexander's pride.

Queen Janet softly goes
Treading on her tip toes
 To the bright table head; 35
She lays before her man a damask rose.

'Is it still your desire
To shiver at my fire?
 Then come now, Alexander,
Or stay and be a monk, or else a friar.' 40

'My lambkin, my sweet,
I have dined on angels' meat,
 And in you I had trusted
To attend their call and make my joy complete.'

'Do you come? Do you stay? 45
Alexander, say!
 For if you will not come
This gift rose I must surely snatch away.'

'Janet, how can I come?
Eat only a crumb 50
 Of bread, essay this wine!
In God's name sit beside me; or be dumb.'

Her back Janet turns,
Dumbly she spurns
 The red rose with her shoe; 55
But in each cheek another red rose burns.

The twelve angels, alas,
Are brought to a sad pass:
 Their lucent plumage pales,
Their glittering sapphire eyes go dull as glass. 60

Now Alexander's soul

Flies up from the brain hole,
 To circle like a bat
Above his body threshing past control.

It was Queen Janet's power
Turned the sweet wine sour,
 Shrivelled the apples' bloom,
And the bread crumbled into dusty flour.

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