



THE TIGER OF CASTLETON BAY

by

JOHN WHYLLIE

The Tiger of Castleton came down from the sky,
Silver his face and sapphire his eye.
The Tiger of Castleton, guard of the void,
Beyond birth and death, the earth he has toyed,
His are the claws that cling to the broom;
His are the thoughts in the ruined room;
His are the eyes the brain cannot tame;
His are the teeth cutting stone in their flame;
But warm and furry, succulent and still,
He is the yellow fire bushes on the hill,
He is the rice ascent, the sand and the brine,
He made these paths when he prowled through time,
The Tiger of Castleton lifts his wings to the sky,
Silver his face and sapphire his eye.
The Tiger of Cosmos, and guard of the Id,
When shall he rise from where he is hid.

EPILOGUE (for tourists)

Please hold onto your horse, and have no fear,
And what ever you do, don't choke on your beer,
This tiger is not really anywhere near,
It's only seen by a poet (who's a bit queer),
And an imaginative little boy, poor dear.

