

AN ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY  
**BLAKE**

P O E M

Lock / Luck

Warren Stevenson

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## POETRY

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### LOCK/LUCK

(for Barry Lord)

Landing in the rain  
at north-of-London Stanstead  
taking a gander  
seeing the ripoff  
car-rental man  
holding up my name

Driving the almost  
new Renault  
sleepy-eyed to Cambridge  
stumbling gratefully  
into the first B & B,  
dreaming of the local ghost

Betimes next morning  
noticing the faulty boot-lock,  
asking the courteous  
B & B man  
who tries and almost—  
then swears in elegant Spanish

On to Nottingham—  
race-riot country—  
Byron and Bertie Lawrence—  
then southwest to dripping  
ripoff Bath  
(those thatchy buggers)

Thence to Wells  
and fabled Glastonbury—  
the ruined Abbey—  
the hippies guarding  
snake-like, portentous  
the Arthurian exhibit  
(Vivien, Merlin, Mordred)

Always the faulty boot-lock—  
it would open, but you know—  
trying not to get uptight.  
On to Coleridge country:  
standing in the rain  
outside the old church  
at Ottery St. Mary:  
seeing the bride hike her dress  
and gulp champagne  
just before being transported.

North to Nether Stowey—the Conference—  
Coleridge's playful ghost—  
baffling the best minds  
of Britain with my damned boot-lock—  
doubling back on a dare  
to Glastonbury, hill of glass—  
climbing at long last  
the legendary Tor  
at 9 a.m. — just the two of us—  
being passed twice by the same jogger

Standing on the summit  
seeing—was it Cornwall?—the Channel—  
being whipped by the bardic wind  
feeling somehow purified

Descending expeditiously  
retrieving near the base  
a non-essential (throwaway)  
piece of rubble,  
then spontaneously singing

“And did those feet in Ancient Time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?”

—and so forth and so on, in my serviceable baritone.

Approaching the car  
parked at the base of the Tor,  
trying to lock the boot-lock  
just once more, for the hell of it:  
finding the blessed thing  
work like a Celtic charm.

Then and thereafter.

Warren Stevenson