

Portraiture: A Known Citizen*

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When you are known and accolades laden,
historicising, are you reminiscing peer-pioneers
who slowly graft and craft a legacy
(*your eyes had once*)* and of literary patents?

Some might love your *moments of glad grace**
Some might loathe the exact same race
He knows the *pilgrim soul in you**
He knows the lines of changing cues.

When you are old and sigh (not resigned)
*"Remember me when I am gone away"**
how youth and hope are *feathers with wings**
pace upon pace, still apace, unconfined,
there's no question that you live in a ken,
still renown among known-citizens brand.

*With apologies to W H Auden, W B Yeats, Christina Rossetti, and Emily Dickinson.