

Lou Allin

Tamburlaine in Northern Ontario

White for the shearing kid gauntlets,
Red for the roaring machine,
Black for the thinsulate armour:
Tamburlaine's colours for Mercy,
Justice,
Annihilation.

He could have lived here,
Would have savoured winter
Pomp and pageantry, panoply
Of warlike advertising:
Polaris
Bombardier
El Tigre
Bravo.

Slim pillaging, however, little booty
For the quizzical wolf at battened camps,
Stove-warmed ice huts or beaver traplines,
Scattered frigid jewels of lake and stream.

His time unreal now and his place two continents away,
The lame king of Samarkand was a hero fit for the North.