

Poem, 'Robin Hood's Tower', from York Walls Walk Work

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2 Robin Hood's Tower

Up on the rampart then, let's head out along the allure, but none of your *agger* swagger here; hold on to your hats, careful for cat-ice, tracking the rampart deasil parallel to the sloppy line of Gillygate backs By crenel-and-merlon, defence and attack doubling, begin the broken rondure, taking the corporate liberty of walking on the Walls, towards a corner that was called Frost, then Bawing as *bowing*, base coignage to crook them SE A Roman right angle where Angles are elided Bishop Eborius known at Arles 314 CE now just a term for void and the church built to dip in Edwin with his folk as part of Pope Gregory's master-plan all gone Where did Alcuin's lofty walls and shining Alma Sophia surge from our brief Northumbrian dawn? None knows or will ever *Hrofas sind gehrorene, hreorge torras* Too-torn heart of a fitful see, see; where no-one is free from fear Respect, RIP Paulinus and Egbert and Ælberht's library under Wand that wonder of the West Some matter ought to remain stuck in the muck 18' of black sponge, archaeology's Dark Ages Dark Matter between our level and the basilica where Constantine was proclaimed emperor once attributed to flood and dire apocalypse is now a cumulative humbler oblivion: skin eggshells parasite eggs worms seeds faeces chitin fish- flesh- fowl-bone leaf-mould dead dogs sodden timber beetle elytra rotten a democratic detritus Not even palimpsest, just much of a mulchness: as *dreg* is ON for sedimentary my dear detectorist mire from *myrr* for bog dirt from *drit* for shit anagramatised and we know what they ate who did the dumping Precious little or nowt of Lindum green at the turn into Janus' month, shivering

Ingram's brave garden	idionyning
a 2nd Paradise	spacious & curious
the highe walkes statues	Fish-Ponds pleasant
to all sences	& alsoe ye Connys

Distinctions dissolve; jumbled dreck is a lens to focus their dailiness, not incoherent exactly but well shy of grandeur narratives The archbishop's palace waits under it all and the Dean's grass apron withers Loose your bow-string twang toward the greensward ho ho ho let's up and go