

# "Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown..."

*by* Iain James Robb

*A Parody of Keats*

I stood at silent thought upon a clump  
Of nettles, swaying in the od'rous air-  
That blew from my own trousers, by the dump;  
That it had not blown more lent me despair.  
The dulcet horn gave melody, rare buglist,  
To the weeds, that flutter'd so, sweet clarion,  
Methought they were enraptured, by the gust  
That wrapt them there, and then away was gone;  
But friend, when you my feckless ears did greet,  
With trumpet-blast of more obnoxious breath,  
My greater powers fled, scourge so unmeet;  
The air seemed quail'd: it was as of a death;  
So now I feel my own airs were unkind,  
It makes me sham'd, to bray their evil wind.

