

Paul Muldoon

**WAYSIDE
SHRINES**

*Paintings and drawings
by Keith Wilson*



Gallery Books



MAGGOT

I

I used to wait on a motorcade
to stretch to the world-rim.
Now I've been left in the shade
with only this slim jim.

I used to wait for a moonless night
before parachuting in.
Now it's come to light
I've spread myself too thin

where I'm waiting for some lover
to kick me out of bed
for having acted on a whim

when the yarrow opened its two-page spread
and the trout stirred from its hover
under a brook-brim.

II

I used to wait for the dawn-raid
where gloom gave way to glim
and packed the parachute I'd paid
out like the flim-

flammable box-kite
of a wild boar's intestine.
Often an acolyte
will be taking it on the chin

where I'm waiting for some lover
to kick me out of bed
for having acted on a whim

in the scriptorium I fled
when a limestone coffer
was let slip by two seraphim.

III

I used to wait, undaunted, undismayed,
where one trout held on like grim
death to a frayed
leader while another would skim

the Personals in the hope she might ignite
the fire within.
Now I've taken the fight
to an identical twin

where I'm waiting for some lover
to kick me out of bed
for having acted on a whim

with the aforesaid
trout who was all in a pother
while pretending to be prissy-prim.