



Royal Vintage

A court of princes froths from the school gate
each one is crowned, lord of delight,
in gold card, glitter gems, foil sapphires
clear as eyes. Fresh from nativity and tight
with cake and games and lemonade
they light the street's too-early night
bubbling, fermented, sun-drenched crop
fizz towards Christmas, bauble-bright.

Hand-held adults, wholly in their thrall
will store this vintage in the cellars of the mind
to uncork radiance when the prince is tall.

Maggie Butt