

The Young Pretender in London

How was it to at last see the places
long-heard of, not even remembered by

your exiled father? Seeing palaces
that should or might be your residences,

mingling with the crowds under an alias,
recognized by a dwindling remnant

as you urged them once again to rise up?
You changed faiths as effortlessly as one

changes clothes for dinner. I wonder if
as you surveyed the Tower, concocting

another desperate try for the crown,
you remembered Culloden's dead, exiles

you refused to receive, months spent hiding,
unheeded, the Highlands' flower fading?