

## **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?

<https://lothlorienpoetryjournal.blogspot.com/2023/05/three-poems-by-arthur-turfa.html>