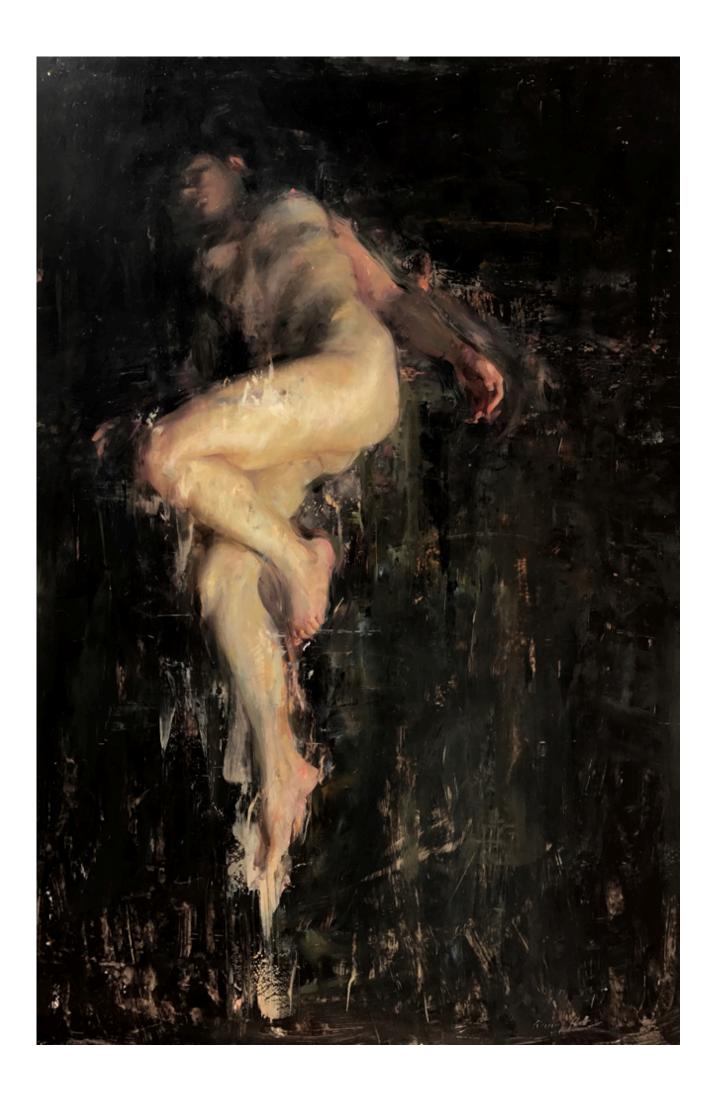
Untitled & The Lady Comes

by David P. Gontar (November 2020)



Untitled

Too loud for dull report The bowels of great Beshemoth growl Beneath the brittle land, Crushing relentlessly our dim hours, Massive flanks combing the crust of time Between death and stones, As though its restless womb would get and give. See or not, she stretches in devastation And sightless birds rise once more in the blindness of noon, Her black breath seeping into the sky, Poisoning the rain. We cry, we cry, from our twisted beds To see the tusks of fate, To gaze in molten eyes that melt our bones And choke the roots of memory. Alas, it is too late for luxury and hate. At last, at last, there is nothing left but to creep into her ioints And make her agony divine, tasting the blood of tears. We too We too, her subterranean worms, crawling in yellow brine,

The Lady Comes

The Lady comes, Sir Eglamour,

Thy fever to allay

Then let her cure thy will unsure

And make a better way

No troubadour, good Eglamour,

Will find our bright decay.

Shall have this she of thine
Let her amour thy soul endure
Her tears become thy wine
Then sigh no more, my Eglamour
Our life is but a breath
Thy love impure in heart immure
Until the day of death

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David Gontar has been writing for *New English Review* since 2011. Through New English Review Press he has brought out two books on Shakespeare. David is now retired, living abroad and teaching English.

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