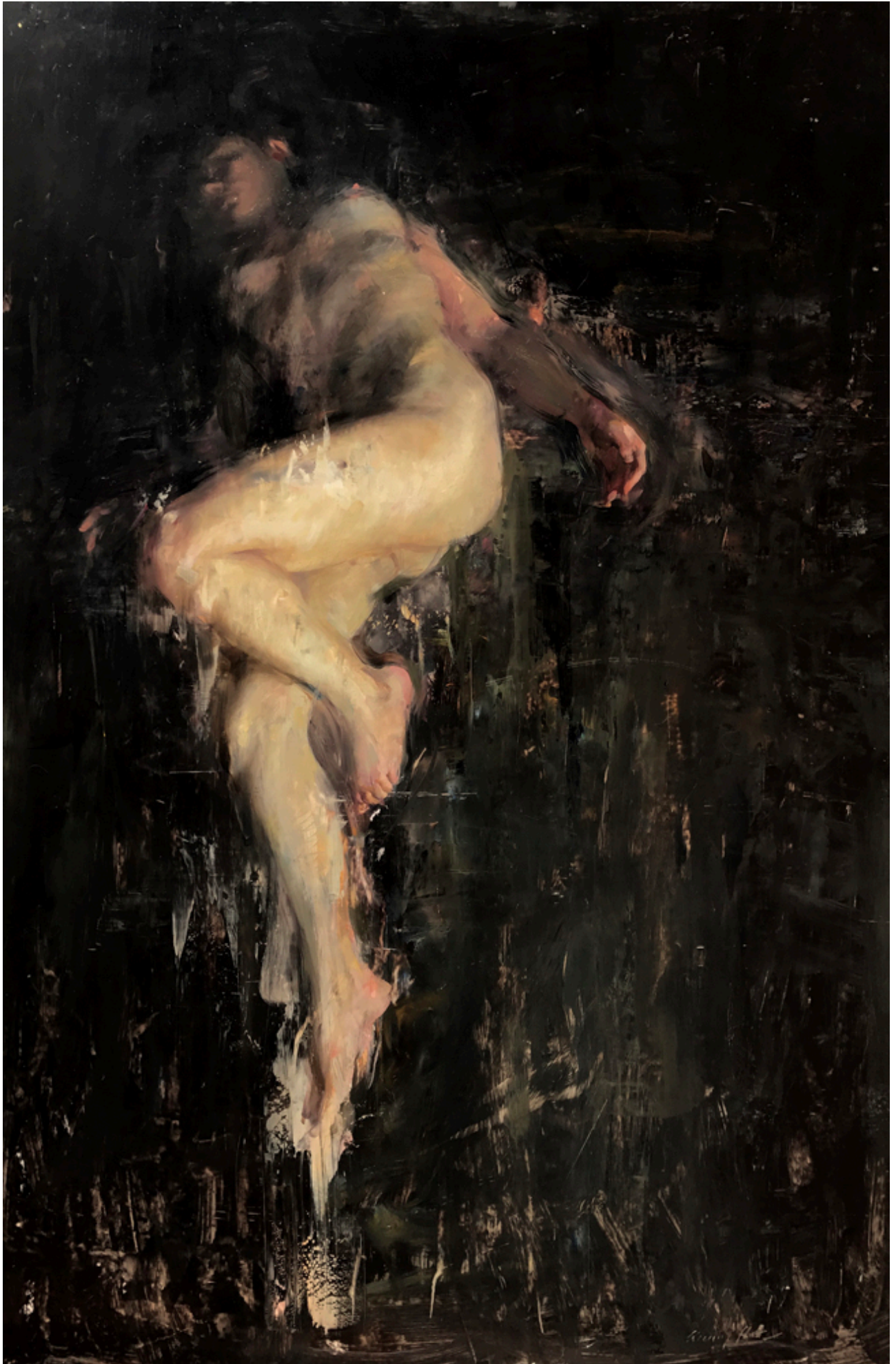


Untitled & The Lady Comes

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
joints
And make her agony divine, tasting the blood of tears. We too
We too, her subterranean worms, crawling in yellow brine,
Will find our bright decay.

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,

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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