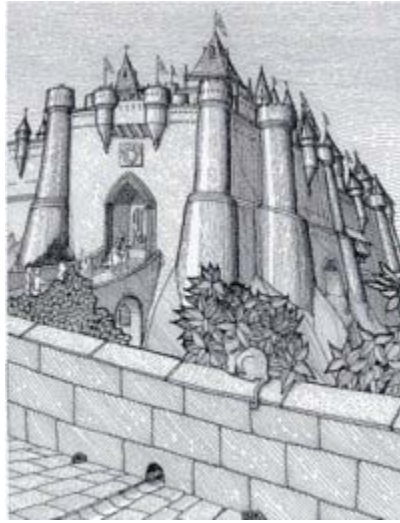


*Rosetti was our Camelot,
The golden age of our golden age,*



*with rough Sir Henry and good Lady Ann,
sneaky Morgan le Fay's, a few scaly dragons,
with us going a-round the English table,
as damsels - somewhat in distress,
as knights - somewhat in uniform,
taking turns at wearing Merlin's hat
that we knew precious little about,
but played with, nevertheless,
for finding the Holy Grail was a joyful game
that could always wait, just a little bit more...*

*And many different other stories
just might have weaved themselves down the Avalon road,
if we could only go back and twitch a few, puny details then,
making the whole thing so much different now,*

*and so on, and again, in a sickening but wonderfully addictive
imaginary round-robin dress rehearsal for a play that actually
saw its last curtain fall in the 5th century, say 475...*

*still, I could have played Galahad and Serban Sir Pellinore, see,
and maybe Lancelot would have been sick with fever that day,
with his mom sending Arthur a parental note,
instead of riding his mini-Honda, just when Guinevere,
mind you, just when Guinevere was casually
watering her flowers, up in the tower of her daddy's power...*

*so the rest could finally become stone-written history,
so Alec would have a job fifteen hundred years later,
and work his curly-haired cake-making wizardry
on a bunch of blossoming young ladies, in mild tobacco panic.*