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## Love's Laborius Lunacies

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J.R. KEATING

## Love's Laborious Lunacies

A romance gone awry, with epic conventions, told through verse

Oh Muses help relate my story well  
 So this young man will not make the mistake  
 I had in youth, and in Camelot dwell,  
 Putting my knighthood and my life at stake.

A woman unequal did there reside;  
 Cupid's arrow struck me when her I spied.  
 A happy life for her with me at side-  
 In endless longing of this I had cried.

In contests of war, I thought by proving  
 Through my deeds I was brave, strong, quick, and smart.  
 I had won. --But her heart was unmoving  
 She did not care for my swordsmanship art.

How was I to know her choice had been made,  
 And nothing I could do would make it fade?



I pleaded with my love to change her mind.  
 Said my love would be forever to her,  
 And no matter the course, my love be kind.  
 But nothing I promised would deter her.

I offered her jewels as big as her head,  
 More money than any kingdom could spend.  
 She would have the most illustrious bed.  
 But none of these things would make her mind bend.

I told her I could make her dreams come true.  
 She simply sat, staring away, and mute.  
 I promised to obey: once said, I'll do-  
 So she told me to give up my pursuit.

This was the final request from my belle  
 That tossed me through the gates into deep Hell.



Once there I was haunted by shades of life,

Of all who would win love from friend's lover.  
 Lancelot, my friend, with King Arthur's wife!  
 How *he* did it I could not discover.

All throughout time were there to laugh at me,  
 Possessed of the love that I could not win.  
 I fell into despair that wouldn't flee  
 And burned with jealous rage hotter than sin.

I challenged him to a duel for her hand,  
 Thinking with him gone, she'll be easy prey.  
 The date set, we met in forsaken land.  
 As master swordsman, I kept him at bay.

But she had discovered my evil plot  
 And informed Arthur, who came to the lot.



Arthur had much disappointment in me,  
 For I was a high knight, one of the round.  
 Dueling is against Camelot's laws, see?  
 And so trial for me at court was bound.

Arthur said my lady's parents agree  
 To her choice, and gave the young man her hand.  
 I was acting in ways that shouldn't be,  
 Punishment could be banishment from land.

But Arthur, being a kind and wise lord,  
 Decreed that if I should give up my quest  
 I would remain a knight and keep my sword,  
 For I had served him well, and filled his chest.

I thanked Arthur for his leniency,  
 But I knew a new service was for me.



I felt in my heart love for no other,

So I decided to change my life's course.  
I told them I would become a brother,  
Take up the good book, and teach of the force.

I begged God's forgiveness because I let  
The Devil ruin my soul with desire.  
Devotion to Him would show my regret  
Teach that love can be wonderful or dire.

Now you have sought me out in a whirlwind  
Of passion for a young, beautiful belle,  
Without regard for seeing if her wind  
Blows the same way. So heed my warning well:

Love can be joyous when it is returned,  
Or jealous hell to be forever burned.