

Geoffrey Gatzka

Donna di Scalotta

1. The Gray Tower

In Scalotta's silvery mirror
Striving upwards, climbing

To meet the lordly gray sky.
The gray towers reflect life;

In reverse she sees Camelot
The castle projected in silver.

She sees the world make their way
To the glistening castles of Camelot.

Leather jerkins and dirty linen caps,
Trundle men in mule-driven carts.

Musicians in motley sing to ladies
in flowing white silks. They shadow

Dark knights following their fortunes.
The realm is paralleled within her hands.

Certain death waits beyond every doorway.
Back to her room

Back to her loom
And never from this place should she stray.

Spinning under a magic curse
She weaves yarns into images.

Her memories are knotted in suffering.
From shearlings came shivering words.

Tight knots coding and encoding red
fabrics, mythic incantations and chants.

Do not look out the window and do not dream;
Death means agony, yet death may bring peace.

Up the road and down the river she watched,
weaving her songs, into blossoms and roses.

To her all things are possible, for everything is impossible.
She is free to be playful in her paradoxical island of Shallot.

2. The Blue Knight

Beauty may be truth but she rarely speaks it.
We are all fascinated by the magic of the mirror.

We understand a way of life in reflection, as it passes away.
Just as Narcissus, bewitched by his own reflection in a pool

Drowned in his attempt to touch what was beyond his grasp.
Unable to be true to his own self fulfilling Tiresias' prophecy.

Only in hindsight
Can we feel loss.

She saw the knight in reverse.
A burning blue flame ignited.

Lancelot riding on horseback
Had come home to Camelot.

Without a moments hesitation
Her head spun out the window.

The mirror melted
Pooling on the floor.

The curse has come,
Cried Donna di Scalotta.

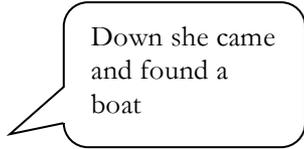
3. Down the River

An enclosed room occupied by a lone woman
a broomstick, and a black cat on a leash.

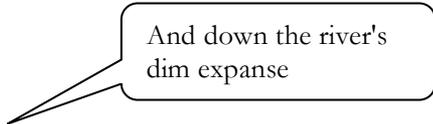
She pushed open the heavy wooden doors
And made her way down to the riverbanks.

Hurriedly, with a finger she wrote
In red ink a note onto her mantle

Blanketed herself and pushed the boat from shore.
She lay down, folded her arms across her chest and sang.



Down she came
and found a
boat



And down the river's
dim expanse

Isolated
into the wasteland
The ever-present
Movements of water

a single road cut
leading to the unknown
an echo of her presence
reflect upon

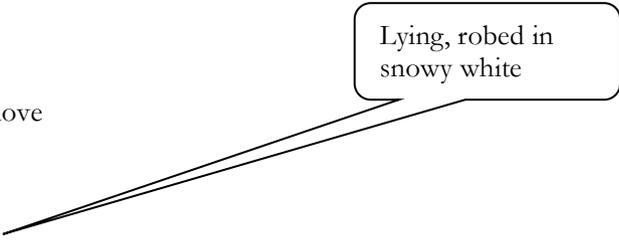
The nature of time
I want more flowers
An enchanted horse

Tuesdays
dirt
one not frightened of wraiths

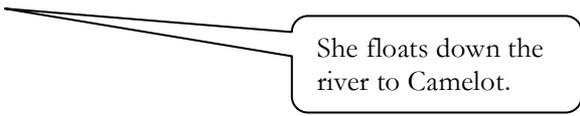
Sprinkle my body with rosemary; rosemary for remembrance.

Bury my body in
 The simple patterned lace I left on my bed.
I went to the window
 a single leaf fell, and so it is with whispers on the wind.
In pristine and haunting echoes, I fell too.

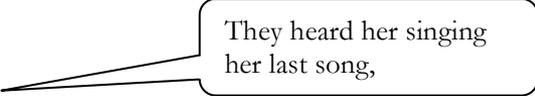
In mournful glory
 In an exhibition of joyous love
A jazz funeral trumpets without hesitation



Lying, robed in
snowy white



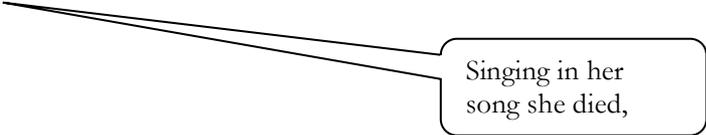
She floats down the
river to Camelot.



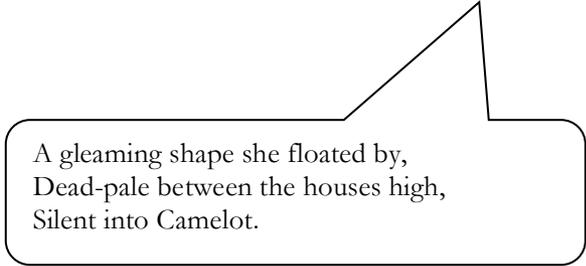
They heard her singing
her last song,

Hold up your blue garnets
And let every man drink his glass full
And here's to the health o' tha young lass.

I roamed and I rambled while all 'round me a voice did sounding
A voice was chanting, the sun came a shining and the wheat field
Was a waving the fog was a liftin'



Singing in her
song she died,



A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

The flame spoke
No words
But illuminated
All the same.

“Who is this? And what is here?” asked the courtiers of Camelot
As they made the sign of the cross to protect them from darkness
Frightened silent by the evil that destroyed this unknown voice.

Lancelot mused down from his staircase,
This fine lady has such a charming grace.