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Launcelot Running

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Additional Keywords

Michael Logan

Launcelot Runs

ROBERT·BOENICm logan me scripsit

Through dark wood, Launcelot runs with bent head and pushing feet away from solemn monody and elegant embroidery in Guenivere's court.

The wood perhaps is laced with millefleur like the Cloisters tapestries: stately herons and graceful squirrels brighten up the corners, and in the background a unicorn, white with sun, slashes at your eyes.

All color, no depth. But Launcelot runs deeper, using up fewer threads for each step, unravelling his mind. He runs as Nabogodnosser, away from Arthur as God. He runs as Lear, shaking unaged head at Guenivere as Cordelia.

But analogy breaks loose, and metaphor stalks you like hounds woven large with shining teeth: Guenivere's eyes are no daughter's, and the brightness in Arthur's face not enough to slash you mad with praise or blame.

So he runs, finally, as Malozu, caught in the end, and sewn up in prisoner's cloak, ready to beg his reader's prayer in the explicit to any book he happens to write.