

*Lost Arthurian Fragments*

*By Katherine Moss*

*So they rode til they came to a lake*

She rests beneath Château de Pierrefonds  
a moment destined to become a fragment  
of manuscript authored by another hand.  
How can she, immortal, halt the next word  
before the day has passed into myth.

*So the Lady was there three days*

Parchment lost on a bookbinder's floor  
her story illuminated by dusty shafts of sun  
warming the nape of his neck as he stitches  
her into the binding of another man's story.

*and when they hear of her adventures*

Six hundred years she lay undiscoverable  
a single generation away from the origin,  
just one cycle of royal birth and death  
between our imagination and the truth.

*How she would jeopard her person*

Sir Malory would have given away his fortune  
just to blacken the whorls of his fingertips  
on the iron gall ink of high-Gothic script,

to rest his hand upon the true amanuensis

*and then were her wounds well amended.*

giving wordless thanks to the scribe of Viviane.

(Lines in italics from *Le Morte d'Arthur*. Vol I. Ch. XXV. by Sir Thomas Malory)