

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

POPE

Eloisa to Abelard

"What be the matter Jack?"

(Tis a pity she's a whore, meercruelthinks Jack. By lamplight, her Lunalee smile's now wrinkled into a parched scroll of perhappiness; her novena's unsung, an old Whit-Goddess out to Night Mare pasture. The devilline had once the power to assume a pleasing shape. There was a time. An age for her. Lady of the Wild Things she was, a cloaked patroness of the Savage System. Her beasts of the Earth, her Sphinx-like riddles, her Dragons and their taint now upon my hands. yet I will not raise nor a hand against her, and thus fall smitten by the curse of her three-fold ways. Oh merciful mother! Her Earth is now a grave that hungers, a bottomless eye socket crawling with faceless maggots that cling to the soles of my seven league boots.) Jack shrivel-frowns. And with a mocking silence, lips drawn shut, he stumbles off back towards Lighthouse park, to its shorewise wreck of Moby Dick, still bone and wreck upon the heaving seas. To seek a coven of broken-tongues and ancient proverbs, free from moon and light, wherein Big Ender Golden Agers breed pentecost and secret doctrines of Fabian Fascism, wherein knots of perfection are debated in societies for pure English, and wate Magic Melodies play on upon wind and seaworn ribs of Ark-in-the-Breakers. perhaps, and then to rouse another dawn with Talontales of Evernight?

"And was it blue?" Jill calls out after him.

"No," wind laughing laps and dies.

This day has long since foreclosed upon our Royal Outcasts from Covenant Gardens, stageless summers, destined to live out their rhyme of a sentience upon Nob Hill and wasted tower.