But over the twilight groves and dusky coves,
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 every flower, and darkens every 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, mecrulthinks Jack. By lamplight, her
Dunslee smile's now wrinkled into a parched scroll of perhappiness;
her novena's unsung, an old Whit-Goddess out to Eight 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
switten by the curse of her three-fold ways. Oh mercifull mother!
Her Earth is now a grave that hungerers, a bottomless eye socket crawling
with faceless maggots that cling to the soles of my seven League boots.)
Jack shrivelfroms, 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 upon 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 Nate 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 mummers, destined to live out their rhyme
of a sentience upon Mob Hill and wasted tower.