

Lucy Kaplansky, Guinevere

Guinevere:
in my castle in Normandy,
make a new home with me,
come follow me down.

Guinevere:
all my honor and glory
will just be a story
of the fall of the crown.

Am I some dancing Lancelot who only falls in love
with the woman who belongs to someone else?
Is it just the blood of Paris running through my veins
that sees a taken woman, and myself I can't restrain?
Is this knight of cups is his noble stance
just a jack of clubs with an eye askance
at the queen of hearts in her royal blue?
I may shield the poor, but I can't save you.

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Golden apples on the mountain this one fell to me,
we are planets in a heartless gravity.
I never chose to make a choice, it felt like someone else's voice
saying all those crazy things down on one knee.
Cassandra never cast a shadow, now it's heading to the shore.
Oh the face that launched a thousand ships is sailing one more.

Guinevere [etc.]