

Lancelot Meets Goya Meets Cortázar Meets Mowat

by Morgan Harlow

Of course we'd laughed
about it, the little owl
with jagged teeth

our Lance had drawn
beneath the note
that he had writ

to say that he was
doing fine

and not to worry
if he coughed

up mice sometimes,

though he could not
shake it,

this melancholia
and the ache

of knowing
it was much too late

to start anew.

