

# 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.

