FEIGNING LANCELOT

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FEIGNING LANCELOT

Life loomed large in childhood,  
an acre, easily a mile,  
the apple tree,  
a spectacle of gigantic dimensions,  
germinating fruit the size of melons  
amid grass and wildflowers  
higher than a house  
and alive with as much mystery  
as the imagination allowed,  
infested with long legged creatures  
and flying predators,  
confronted by a brave soldier,  
possessing stout heartiness,  
armed with broken branch sword,  
thrash lid shield and brown bagged helmet gear  
precisely slit for covert surveillance  
against an enemy constantly plotting  
to overthrow the king, to rule the kingdom,  
were it not for the worthy defender  
daily engaging danger to insure security  
and safe passage for those nesting  
within the domain,  
though the threat diminished  
with passing years  
as did the proportions  
to a mediocre backyard,  
displaying a frail fruit tree  
in grass no taller than ankle height,  
no visible reminders of intense conflicts.  
The enemy had disappeared,  
deployed, no doubt, to younger battlefields,  
accompanied by the imagination  
now desperately clinging to creative output  
to preserve a degree of youthful enthusiasm  
for an aging warrior.

Michael M. Keshigian