

## LADY PERCY'S LAMENT

The valedictories are long.

Patience runs short.

Not many words are exchanged.

There are no more bones left to pick.

He will leave in the morning, the stentorian  
roaring of warriors still ringing in his ears -- merely  
dregs from dreams of victory.

Pipe dreams, if you'll hear me out.  
Hotspur, as they call him, is destined to fall.

With the irascible, scalding temper of a wild dog, he  
will come to forget any tenderness.

His heart will become acrimonious in barricades of  
thorns, the edges sharpened with keen blades.

He will be impenetrable.

I will not try to reach him.

He will lose his greatest gift of all;

His { l o v e. }