

QUATRAINS

Phillip A. Ellis

Peace were in the woods, perchance,
where the knight, with sundered lance,
lay within a grove, and death
lay with still and silent breath.

How the tourney ended, now,
blood upon his broken brow,
and a silence, holy, wise,
lies before his silent eyes.

Note: Line 1 from Brennan's Poems #45.

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