

Hello Darling, Chivalry is Dead

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Prologue:

The poem depicts an adventure that is based on a true story. It is told using metaphors and is succinctly written in abab rhyme scheme and 4 line stanzas throughout.

The protagonist takes the reader on a quest to escape suburban disillusionment. It is only after many trials and tribulations in the wilderness that the protagonist has an encounter with a female spirit that personifies true beauty. At the behest of the female spirit the author uses ancient lore to intricately define both true beauty and true love in poetic form and it eventually leads to the death of chivalry and the discovery of a vast new world.

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Part I: Disillusionment

The media is a lovely tool
that is so sickly sweet
Creating such a pungent gruel
the theatre floor sticks to my feet

To the senses of a fool
this smells like a treat
That pompous swine is drooling
next to me in my seat!

It becomes their new Zen
love on the silver screen
So warm and fuzzy in their pens
dynamic couples or so they seem

A honeymoon cruise into the sunset
with your new blonde wig
Credit card consumer debt
more lipstick on a pig

A new family on the quay
low hanging fruit from a weary tree
Easy money paved the way
in the land of the free

The joy of life is now blown
and their every penny spent
Through the golden arches flown
where all good consumers went

Part II The Escape

The bourgeois horror exposed
from this lie I must break free
I dashed away between the rows
sprinting under the marquee

Through the streets I ran
leaping over latte pails
Dodging mini vans
a ray of hope was my trail

The bitter flock left behind
that followed the easy way
They will be an easy find
politicians will save the day

Within our terrestrial bounds
true beauty has always been
Indeed it will again be found
outside the dreams of men

A renaissance of the truth
is not only found in death
An archaic belief is uncouth
that requires your last breath!

It rises above the abyss
of blasphemy on high heels
As they emerge from commercial mist
spewing banal appeals

Who will heed our call
and save the world today?
So pleads this enlightened doll
that sings above the fray

Freedom and justice for all
who believe in our ways
Means cheap stuff in our shopping mall
or we put you in your graves!

Around this wall of disbelief
from this drudgery I must get clear
Flee this suburban grief
true beauty does not dwell here

There is a secret place
I always held so dear
Where I can find true beauty's grace
a grand mountain range lies near

For this wilderness I yearn
to strive and to seek
Here I will relearn
to be free from cheap intrigue!

Part III: The Quest

Following the faint mountain trail
many months, now another year did turn
All the while I still fail
to find true beauty among the ferns

A thousand nights had passed before
the morning finally came
The dawn arrived at the horizon door
peeking through I saw the flame

The sunlight shot forth
onto the landscape's familiar form
The twilight chill was no more
as the new day began to warm

Under the grand blue sky
where the eagles glide
It is here that the angels fly
on their wings true beauty rides

I crossed the valley and began my daily task
of lumbering up the mountain's side
From the highest craggy peak I ask
true beauty, where do you hide?

I wondered aloud with a sigh
could an angel take female form?
Only the creator knows why
such beauty has not been born

Many great sculptors of old
Used chisels to conceive this image true
A vain effort so very bold
still no man can imbue

Quietly the sculptors utter
that beauty can be seen all around
Green envy does flutter
when a new rose breaks the ground

When has the sun ever let
the clouds hide the painted dawn?
Why not let the composer beget
this new beautiful song?

Only heaven holds the power
to reveal the immortal glow
So I pray, release heaven's flower
let true beauty lighten my woe

So futile was this prayer of mine
the heavens would never comply
My hopes had met the end of their climb
as I stood on the mountain high

Part IV: The Discovery

Suddenly from cloudless heights
a single raindrop did splash
It landed at my feet with such might
that I felt a thunderous crash

Braced for an angry God's wrath
I shook with a terrible fear
If thrown down to the valley path
there my bones would be seared

I took a knee and bowed down low
if only heaven would forgive the words I said
Yet the mountain trembled harder below
and I believed I would soon be dead

Then a sudden silence decreed
and I saw that a rose did grow
A flower of female form was freed
from a crack in the rock below

So wonderful was the glow
of her lovely skin so fair
The purest white fresh fallen snow
on her shoulders bare

Down her shoulders fell the flames
warm splendours of flickering hair
Beautiful contrast, much the same
as the fires from a dragon's lair

The parting flames revealed her eyes
that adorned a crown of mid-evil lore
Like stars from the night skies
fallen upon the heaven's floor

The spirit broke the silence, this is what she told...
A knave knows not a ruby from any other stone
The tales of true beauty were buried in the fables of old
So you see the truth you seek has been forever known

To have the true beauty held in me
tell me what these tales hold
Speak now, show me you hold the key
or my love will stay forever cold

Part V: The Three Fables

My answer:

It is my desire that you shall see
a man both wise and bold
I am not afraid to set free
the ancient wisdom that I hold

The secret of your crimson hair
was in the vault of history stored
But now the origin of its novel flair
in this poem will unfold

Part Vi: The Sunrise

Long ago the Gods spilled wine
and they told us of their glory
We came to know of a time
courage bloomed in a battle story

Onto a chosen sunrise their fine
drops of precious nectar
Splashed across the clouds sublime
and painted Achilles felling Hector

During that sunrise it rained
onto the blossoming flowers
The dawn's colours they gained
in the twilight hours

Your hair became a glorious red
When the festive gods of fable
Spilled their wine upon your head
From the heaven's table

Spirit reply:

This is not enough to win
the high beauty of the land
You must once again
mine with legend's gold pan

Part VII: The Fleece

Me:

Please let me take your hand
and feel the glow within
A flower petal held by sand
is the softness of your skin

It holds the colour of the moon
from the night sky above
The lily field's bloom
does illuminate heaven's dove

The touch of fine silk
feels this way
A heavenly milk
like warm clouds in May

Such a special cloth
was not made from clay
This angel's broth
was cooked on a Spring day

Left to cool in the breeze
then pulled over your figure
A White marble fleece
put on Earth to linger

Your robe was made on Aphrodite's loom
by the goddess of love it was blessed
I have described your lovely plume
have I satisfied your request?

The Spirit speaks:

True beauty has long been
within tales of lore caressed
Indeed your eyes have now seen
my hair and skin are so blessed

In my chest you must find more
than a greedy fiend would expect
True wealth is not found in ore
as fables of old reflect

For you I will remain a dream
unless upon me you can impress
Your desires are not based in schemes
of which desperate men obsess

Your love for me must be put first
beyond what money can obtain
I will quench your thirst
only if true love can be explained

Part Viii: The Blue Eyed Rose

I speak:

Anyone can dig a hole
and true love is never found
The tunnels that fools bore
in circles they go around

A fiend believes that its shine
is kept hidden safe and sound
Buried deep and hard to find
so very far beneath the ground

In tales of old the dwarfs toiled
and searched for these gems
Deep in the mines moving soil
greedily digging for them

Looking for a precious star
in the cold, damp and dim
Such fools they are
for risking life and limb

I will wait warm in our bed
as we awake from dreamy slumber
The sapphire's shine I find instead
when your blue eyes flutter

A secret mine in ivory thighs
where lie your ruby studded treasures
That become mine when your sighs
fill my vaults with pleasures

This apparition of your angel mind
is revealed and no longer hidden
Love is no longer blind
and the answer has been given

Spirit speaks:

With your words you have defined
the meaning of true love
Infinite beauty the drop confined
sent from the gods above

To earth below through heaven's gate
within a capsule of mortal form
Your words released my earthly fate
and with you I will now roam

Part VI: The New World

I speak:

Now that you have been reborn
to our mortal earthly kingdom
The true beauty in your earthly form
shall take heed when beckoned Freedom

Woman speaks:

Yes, my love, so it shall be
as I appear in front of you
I am always what you want to see
and your illusion will be true

I speak:

Come with me and take my hand
reveal the darkness to the light
We will tread the path to understand
should another find our fire bright

Cowering, vanity always weeps
under eternal beauty of sunlight
The Eastern star never sleeps
always returning to erase the night

Tithonus wished for immortality and bade
farewell Eos who watched him forever die
A pale dream born to fade
so quickly beneath eternal sky

The charging knights kept
the virgin's glory as their light
A false dawn that swept
away reality from sight

Gentle smile between decadent lips
a glance from suggestive eyes
Bid you follow her swaying hips
to where your honour and duty lies

Your lust, passion, vanity dismiss
what those tender features hide
Look behind smoke, mirrors and mist
to see an age that has already died

These withered archaic expectations
hidden under the warm spring dress
Romance and tyrannical aspirations?
So perplexed is the neo-princess

The cliché of opposite attraction
fizzles within a split personality
Make your choice, embrace one faction
and escape this vain triviality

Alas, it was a noble concept
into which so much was read
An ideal grown inept,
farewell darling, chivalry is dead

From the embers the new dawn did rise
to emerge from the dying blaze
Patiently watching are her eyes
peering through the smokey haze

Faintly I became aware
of a voice rising in the mist
Leaning closer, looking there
I now see the streaking wisp

Like the thunder being born
when first it's just a flash
From the horizon within the storm
suddenly comes the revealing crash

Of the veil falling down
that covered past absurdity
An illusion hiding the frown
of a lie hidden so perfectly

Who are you? I dared to ask
what has again come to be
It is my spirit from the past
my lost soul beckoning me!

Long neglected and left for dead
I can still hear its pleas
To freedom I have now fled
and embraced the light I see

Seek the truth and believe
that to dream is for the bold
Be strong and achieve
what a New World holds.

Let vanity drift on the breeze
and settle beneath the sand
Embrace the horizon and flee
into the Promised Land.

About the Author:

I have lived and travelled outside the US since 2010 and I have been heavily influenced by different cultures, religions and political perspectives. As a result, I have enthusiastically funded charity programs in Honduras, Laos and Cambodia between 2013-2015 and hope to remain active in the future. Additionally, I successfully renounced my US citizenship in 2016 and the path ahead continues to get brighter. I sincerely encourage you to find the means and courage to join me in this new land. This is my first publication.

Sincerely yours,
J.K. Freeman

