

# ***Hello Darling, Chivalry is Dead***

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Published by J.K. Freeman at *Global Travel Press*

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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.

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***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

