

Quixotic Roar: A Non-Epic

By Cynthia Kuhn

These ivy-covered walls invite
serene contemplation; calm figures
glide hither and yon with books.
A sudden roar sweeps the stone
halls, and quiet scholars flee.
The elder, vicious in wild voice,
charges at the younger, who is
surprised to find herself
drawing a sword. She confronts
the violent stabs without flinching;
no tilting at windmills, this.
The sword is heavy, but she
is willing to use it. Invokes first
a verbal balm, a necessary
and temporary truce.
The elder retreats, tail twitching,
to wait for another victim.
The younger vows to remain
armed and dangerous.
It's medieval in here.