

Begorrah and Aghora

(for the Muses, ever-present, as always)

--"To redeem all sorrows

That ever I have felt..."

William Shakespeare, King Lear, V,iii

(Historical note: Celtic Britain, according to Gildas, in his "The Ruin of Britain," circa 550 A.D., around the time of the legendary King Arthur's death, was beset by the mysterious Plague of the Yellow Beast Vapors and subject to rule by a succession of petty tyrannos...)



Bow hear ye a tale sad and bitter,
of Camelaut's glory long ago;
as it waned good Queen Gueneviere
through treachery was laid low...

Her love for her great-hearted King
Arthur fine and pure indeed;
her noble heart giving rise to action as she beheld
their lands, newly-joined, fall prey to envy...(of even the King's steed!)

Master White Horse, as his warrior stallion was called,
guided our good king through twelve battles quite fierce;
as they "glutted black ravens" and vanquished the invading "hang-dogs,"
Arthur protected by the Shield of Madonna, which no spear could pierce

Four battles alone fought along the icy Black Stream
sheltering the barbarous Saxons of invading Colgrin;
that infernal puer and his Cold Grin of Death ravishing the lands,

as he pooh-poohed the "boy-King" Arthur with, *What, he'll kick me in the shin?*

Hollow words indeed when reed-thin (yet tall) Arthur thwarted the little beast--
Colgrin claiming somehow that Britain was responsible for his Continent's woes;
upon counsel Arthur permitted Colgrin safe departure, yet when the foolish "swine-devil"
relanded
down the coast, they were promptly routed, Arthur smiting 400 other foes...



Good King Arthur's great deeds in service to his people(s)
culminating most Christ-like at the Battle of Mount;
the Shroud as his raiment, his Shield bearing the Cross three war-long days...
(leading poor Gueneviere to bemoan, years later, "How is it that feat does not count?)



Untill, for now, look upon our hero, mired knee-deep in mud, far away from his dear sweet Queen, as he defends the homeland; clashing with such River Styx-cold barbarians--the Season of fading light, his warriors having such difficulties making a stand...

At home, a short while back, Camelaut of the Round had become besieged, from without and within, as emissaries from Rome arrived all purple-clad--as garishly offensive to Arthur's emerald-green court as their demands, to which he'd scoffed, *Tribute to Lucius, your "Emperor"? Why you must be mad!...*

You see, unbeknownst to Arthur, a collaboration was in the works-- due to Merdrawt, the cunningly forged off-spring of Morgan Le Fay, that *she-devil witch*, as both claimed relationship to Arthur, the orphaned King, and pretended to be his friend (saving him, understand, from Gueneviere, whom they 'd termed, "the stuck-up bitch")

Not only to Lucius but too the Saxons had spoiled little Merdrawt turned--*ala* that previous usurper, Vortigern of the Repulsive Lips, again promising these mercenaries prime lands and "plenty of loot and whores for your fleets of ships"

When Arthur's druid scouts gave warning he set out for Dover, determined to repel the invaders before their landing (remembering, too, how he'd bested their Plague of Preciousness as a lad, having vowed to never again let *interlopers* have any standing...)

Yet against our good king, in league with Merdrawt, were many brutes--
this brat, no true nephew like Gawain, but a *false accuser*, more like the *Antichrist* himself
most irksome was his sidekick, an over-grown lunk, Dagonet, whom Arthur'd termed *The Fool*,
at times a "jester" most melodramatically servile, but in no ways a mere "elf"...


Somehow this crescent-eyed, pasty-face knave
had knock-kneed his way upon Merlin the Druid's secret cottage;
the sacred texts discrediting Merantorio's alchemy thus pirated,
as the Fool loosed ghastly black magick "*mish-takes*" he swore he'd fix *inna smidge*.

In conjunction with Merdrawt and Le Fay the covetous witch,
this *shifty-footed* Fool turned sorcerer--just a wannabe druid,
under tutelage of Kundrie the crone as he played with *potions and powders and spellcasting*,
supposing, *If I can just find dat right fluid...*

So, with Arthur afield and not able to set all straight,
his true sweet Gueneviere was completely at a loss,
not able to end this plague loosed by the snot-nosed Fool--
as he spread ignorance throughout the Kingdom with his Judas-like dross...

Arthur's trusted knight Lancelot, left to protect the Queen,
thought to assist, yet the Fool *posed* such a problem--no warrior, but a hump-backed *geek*
vicious as a cur when terrorizing the farmers at field,
then, at the Court, dissembling himself as most humble and meek.



ow, with the people(s) conjoined sinking into the Fool's cosmic muck,
"Sir" Merdrawt, the connivingly forged *off-spring*,
invented a devilish parody mirroring the Round Table--
too, an ingenious scenario to *cuckold the King!*...


Those of Heaven's Round Table saw the sacred circle mocked--
as Camelaut, through obeisance to Merdrawt's *Over-lords of the Directions*, fell prey to *Lucifer*;

Lugh's pure Light turned quagmires ill-lit, Camelaut and her people turned parodies,
as those true still could only pray for the return of Arthur.

Through Cabal and other canine warrior-scouts,
thus fortunate Arthur learned the whole treacherous plan;
all knew not to question as they double-marched home--as an enraged
Arthur told Merdrawt, *Now you'll learn the measure of this man!*

And too the mealy-mouthed Fool's deceit had managed to convince the "common voice"
that Arthur's dear Queen was actually a fake;
high and low swore to the *falseness* of Gueneviere as a *black-magick-enchantress*,
You see, the Fool lisped, *the real Queen's in hiding, this one's a snake ...*

Merdrawt in his perfidiousness had indeed been busy--



not content with his brazen theft of Sovereignty's Round Table,
he had all swear to Arthur's dear sweet Queen's *infidelity*...
Why, said one churl, *wid me own eyes I once seen her do it with Cabal!*

Preposterous! thundered Arthur, when told all this lunacy--perplexed as well by this Kult
of Kundrie, as all toasted these hellish, joyous "Overlords" in a sad new *Wasteland*;
drinking strange brews (too bitter) that mudsucked one as further rape of Sovereignty--
Arthur left fuming as to how he'd defend his good Queen, *Why, there I'll make my last stand!*

Refusing to believe that Guenevier and Lancelot had betrayed him,
Arthur, at dinner table, found himself alone against drawn swords one night;
Merdrawt, the witch Le Fay and the Fool, through wolfish cunning,
put Arthur at such disadvantage he yielded without a fight.

Then, enroute to conference, the Fool grew brash--
prancingly nervous, he struck with brandished sword the captive King on back of head;
Arthur was sent tumbling, the knaves dragged him to the dungeon then seized open his
mouth,
pouring in Kundrie's *potions* and readying a lookalike in his Queen's stead.

Despite this induced groggy daze, Arthur awoke in full-eyed rage--
paying scant attention to the phony Queen's (no Fair White Apparition) confession of lust
sin,
yet wary and aware of black-cloaked Le Fay, the dagger-eyed coven of haggardly-bent crones,
mumbling spellcastings in search of his *secrets* that made his head *pound with din*...

While treason most *foul* thus dimmed fair Camelaut,
Lancelot, good Queen Gueneviere and loyal (too) Gawain took flight;
Bedevier and Lucan the Butler were left to keep watch,
discreet as can be 'till Gawain regrouped the Warrior Circle under cover of night.


Though Gawain found the country gloomy and war torn with strife,
Arthur's true knights joined back up, as Gawain's dire predictions weighed heavily on all
together again they sped back towards Edinburgh, Camelaut's Winter Seat, in such haste
that Merdrawt--tipped off, took flight, seeing the handwriting on the wall.

As Arthur was freed he was told grave news--
to the south the Saxons, with doltish Visigoths as *muscle*, had been striking at will;
Merdrawt's collaboration having corrupted so-called nobles,
as Colgrin's accursed *malaise* again was making his people so ill...

With word coming from Lancelot and Gueneviere that they were now safe,
Arthur assembled the Warrior Circle and those still loyal;
in grim terse tones he organized an expedition,
proving, once again, his love for his people most royal.

Seeking to cut off the invader's provisions at the source, the expedition set out for the coast
Arthur raising a fleet, readying his ship Prydwen, then crossing the sea;
mid-voyage one storm-tossed night gave rise to a dream most strange,
himself a huge fiery dragon giving fight...*How can that be me!*

Pendragon the Mighty, his father Uther's lineage, swooping from Heaven,



laying talons to the tallowed back of a weasel-eyed bear;
then, with a great lift of beating wings, throwing the fatted bulk
to the *sea-beasts* of deep...*There, now see how you fare!*

Thus encouraged Arthur awoke at first light,
his foresight of the Saxons a mere transition to Lucius and Rome;
this early mood more usual as he brimmed with mirth--downplaying, too, the long trek ahead
shouting, *We'll reclaim our throne, then just as quickly march home!*

Setting forth in France, the shape-shifter Menw and the other scouts
quickly spotted the Saxons encamped--standards of Roman legions, and others, too:
Saracens of Mongolian suits of mail, the rulers and armies of Libya, Ethiopia...
ogres huger than Visigoths, one-eyed giants with monstrous heads purplish-blue...

Emboldened by his vision the night before in battle Arthur was most brave,
as he chopped an ogre off at the knees, saying, "You bare-legged churl!
Now you're more of a size!"... (Then beheading the brute).
Wheeling Master White Horse about, Arthur next chose to give Lucius a whirl...

Though pike-armed the bodyguard proved no match,
as Arthur drew a lance thrust to his left cheek,
before Caliburn his broadsword struck quick to the ruler's helmet,
shattering tiara and skull alike in a mighty blow--making even the giant's knees weak.

Perhaps thus inspired, pretty boy Galeheut dashed through the Saracens--
spilling the brains of the Libyan leader with one blow;
thus Galeheut struck awe and terror all the way to Paris,
where, with Arthur *et al*, he sipped the finest wines...(all enemies laid low).

The Warriors of the Sacred Circle now marched straight into Rome,
word having gone before they were given the Key to the City, as all bowed down;
Arthur's true title as Emperor thus reclaimed--
and, more importantly, his beloved Celts *never again to be misjudged as clown...*

Still, as they turned weary heads towards home none could know
what dark treachery lay yet in store;
Merdrawt the treasonous brat had indeed been bitten with ambition,
this taste of power in Arthur's absence having induced *craving* for more.

Letters were drawn up as if they came from the Continent,
reporting Arthur dead in battle and Lancelot now a "turncoat";
flunkies were dispatched far and wide through the lands announcing the end of "Arthur's
strife,"
then contrasted with Kundrie *et al's* coven--a *new deal* of "joy and bliss" (schmirking in *fi
gloat*)

At Canterbury Merdrawt's "parliament" of stooges crowned the brat "king,"
and he, certain the "common voice" deceived, began a "fifteen day glut";
when word of Arthur's imminent return reached Merdrawt he cackled,
Not to worry, we'll oppose him at Dover and tell him the how's of his Queen the slut...



ow see how Arthur was made a mere foil for that foul wretch Merdrawt, who burned with hate about Guenevier (Arthur's joy and bliss); Merdrawt, too, managed to slander Arthur's good true friend Sir Lancelot, as the brat claimed that Lancelot had fallen prey to the *snake-bitch-queen's* every hiss.

To greet Arthur upon his return landing at Dover,
Merdrawt assembled many cohorts to oppose;
though the cool calm fury of Arthur disembarking slew "barons and nobles" alike,
as Arthur's knights, too, with great courage, each repelled droves.

Beaten back, Merdrawt and his remnants took flight to Barham Down...As Arthur,
scanning the meadow left ruined, found Gawain, his true nephew, of whom he was most proud;
in great haste Arthur stumbled across many other friends laying wounded or dead--
then our Arthur, "the most famous knight in the worlds," finally wept long and loud...

Further search turned up wounded knights in nearby towns,
along the way in trailing that coward Merdrawt to Canterbury;
to each knight thus found he worked "soft salves" into the wounds,
humming soothing bardic hymns, assuring each, *Why, there's no hurry...*

Called to council at Salisbury by the seaside,
a severe and stern Arthur refused Merdrawt's *cockatrice* overtures;
as war the Monday after Trinity Sunday was agreed upon by all--
then Arthur, departing, intoned, "Now you'll pay for calling my Queen a *hoo-uer...*"

Come Trinity Sunday, that night gave rise to another wondrous dream:
Arthur astride a throne, beneath a Great Wheel;
teeming below was "hideous deep black water," with "all manner of serpents
and worms, wild beasts, and most foul and horrible," some deformed *snail-eel*.

Upon billows of cloud shimmered Gawain, all around him radiant Ladies,
"By the grace of their great prayer," said he,
"and my righteous quarrels on their behalf, through leave of God, I must say:
to battle you must await good Lancelot--without him your death is a certainty"...



nbeknownst to Arthur his dear Queen Guenevier had the same dream,
as she, in the Tower of London, besieged by the machiavel Le Fay, was about to fall;
so she urged pure Lancelot to speed through the night to join Arthur,
taking enough knights with him to ensure, as they'd sworn, *Justice for all!*...

The next day at the treaty meeting Arthur was wisely astute--
as he'd been told by his tracking scouts he face 100,000, a "grim host";
Arthur thus conceded Cornwall and Kent, and (after his death) "all England" too--

thinking the deal a bargain, thanking Heaven for his true nephew's ghost.

Yet the blackness of Merdrawt's being lusted after far more than a treaty--per plan, he had a minion loose an adder, and, as it bit one of Arthur's knights, swords drew all around, "beamons trumpets" were sounded far and wide... With gloomy dismay Arthur saw there was nothing left but *to fight*...

In battle, as the war horses grew mired in blood and mud, many were slew... Late in the day, Arthur stood nearly alone; left with just Lucan the Butler, his brother Bedevier, both "full sore wounded"--twas then Merdrawt finally rode forth (his drawn sword all shiny and freshly honed)

Catching sight of the pasty-faced puff of Merdrawt's cheeks, Arthur rode full bore--seeking to end "this wicked day of destiny" he struck straight to the heart with his cured-ash lance (suffering a head wound from Merdrawt's blade, but ending the accursed usurper's luck).

From over a crest of hill Lancelot and knights then arrived to assist...Charging afresh, despite having ridden through the night, they laid waste to what remained; when Lancelot distinguished Arthur lying wounded he spurred his steed to him, easing his King's pain with, "Good Sir, each eve your true Queen's pillow is tear-stained.."

Lancelot's warriors gathered the injured--many wandering, crying like children. Camp was made while Lancelot healed Arthur and the others most brave; Arthur drifted between Life and Death, trying to *rise and save my Queen*, muttering, too, "Humph, at least now Merdrawt's exposed as a knave..."



On the third morning Arthur arose as if nothing amiss. Though greatly bloodied, he mounted Master White Horse as if to head home; when Lancelot and all discovered his absence they gave chase--to Merdrawt's annexed castle, from whose gate flew Le Fay--*Medusa!* turning Arthur's heart *to stone*...

"You're too late Arthur!" the alchemically-befouled hag screeched, "Your sweetness is gone!" Faint from the blood loss Arthur fell, toppled from Master White Horse, as Le Fay and entourage flew... Then, as Arthur gained height, his spirit collapsed...*Why that she-beast from Hell*...

A few farmers faithful still gathered around, saying, Good King take heart--Le Fay and her knaves threw poor Queen Gueneviere into the Pit" (an earthen tomb filled with imported snakes, an invention of Merdrawt's, of which Arthur'd heard, cursing *Just like the spoiled little shit*).

Unable to bear the sight of Gueneviere's lifeless form, he staggered towards the Castle's gate, glaring at all in *full fury*; tossing his ruby and pearl-ringed battle helmet behind, he spat an Eternal Curse, *come to your rescue? Why, of course, not to worry*...

Lancelot arriving had witnessed the fearful news,

and he too slumped to the ground, all overcome with grief;
Arthur turned to his dear friend, said, "Nothing can we do,
yet you must accompany me...I've one more task 'ere I seek relief..."

Together they journeyed back to Edinburgh, Winter Seat of Camelaut,
and rode to the Springs of Mystery, the Lake of the Oak Grove--where both prayed
that God be merciful on Gueneviere, their good true Queen,
and, too, through the Fair Lady of the Lake, a special peace be made...

Then Arthur drew Caliburn one last time, and knelt, bended knee,
touching the begrimed and nicked blade to his bowed, furrowed-brow head;
rising, with a mighty heave, he tossed the great broadsword far,
swearing *Never again* would he fight for another, a vow he kept until dead...

Splaying end over end the sword flew far--then was snatched, suddenly, mid-air
by a long white arm and smooth hand surging forth from ripples on the Lake;
as mysteriously as her hand appeared all vanished beneath--*still*, save rustlings of leaves...
Then Arthur told his good friend, *All done now, from here your own way must you make.*



Though this tale happened long ago, some from the Olde Land declare to this day
that Arthur, great and gloomy, still roams, muttering, through the countryside,
thundering again at the weasel-eyed knaves, *Do you know who I am!*
Eternally a question, *aye, one for all times*, in which all must abide...



[Some material, in quotes, comes from *Le morte d'Arthur*, by Sir Thomas Malory,
additional story material from Geoffrey of Monmouth; research from the
aforementioned Gildas, along with the
Book of Leinster, the *Book of Invasions* (Celts have been invaded,
though, until recently, never successfully, more times than any other culture
in History), the *Black Book of Carmarthan*, the *Vita Gildae*, *Coutes
Ossiaiques*, by R. Chauvre, *Celtic Folklore* by John Rhys, the sbustantial
works of R.S. Loomis, and, last but not least, the court lore of Eleanor of
Aquitaine and Marie de Champagne...T.F.N., written 1993-4,
original revision 5/16/94, updates 12/6-10/96;12/8/97]



John Mullaster Carrick's *Morte de Arthur* (1862)