

*The Lady of Shalott, by Rachel*

Lancelot falls,  
For the sapphire blue eyes,  
Of the delicate shell,  
Where a kind soul lies.

Her name is unknown,  
But through a glance,  
Her love is shown,  
And takes place...A trance.

On a bewitching morn,  
His fixed gaze shone,  
At the elegant rise,  
Of the dawning sun.

“What a beautiful day!”  
As the couple made way,  
Down a winding pathway,  
Where cherry blossom lay.

But one known as Gayle,  
A jealous nightingale,  
Was determined to steal,  
Her love Lancelot away.

But she plays unfairly,  
As within her lurks...  
A secret!  
That ensure control is hers.  
The secret is magic!  
Black as pitch  
Unknown to all...  
Gayle is a witch!

Jealous of Lancelot's love,  
Her anger smoulders,  
She casts her spell,  
No guilt on her shoulders.

The loving couple were distracted,  
Not even time to blink,  
Then Gayle does her dirty work,  
Dropped a few drops in a drink!

Lancelot's love took a sip,  
The magic brew did the trick!  
She woke in a tower no memory at all,  
And gazed at a forever, bare, cobbled wall.

The curse made her view,  
All she'd ever see,  
In reflections of a mirror,

She would never be free.

If she tried to look,

Through the window at all...

The magic would happen!

The curse would fall!

So for the whole of her life,

She never could leave...

Had nothing to do but gaze and...

Weave...

Weave...

Weave!

The Lady of Shalott, A Prequel, by Michelle

Skies so blue with clouds of white,  
The day was warm as the sun shone bright,  
Enchanting, green grass gleamed in the light,  
Trees upraised like mountains of height,  
A beautiful day in Camelot.  
Willows whiten aspens quiver,  
The sonorous church bells made her shiver,  
She would abide by the peaceful river,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Not far away from Camelot,  
Dwelted a brave, young man named Sir Lancelot,  
Who surely would win any maiden's ballot,

But was profoundly in love with The Lady of Shalott,  
Sir Lancelot no one dared to replace.  
Gallant words he would proudly deliver,  
From the bank and from the river,  
He liked to gaze in to the crystal mirror,  
To admire The Lady of Shalott's resplendent face.

Contentedly engaged was Sir Lancelot,  
With the most elegant bride..... The Lady of Shalott,  
All seemed joyous in the land of Camelot,  
But let me tell you my friend, it was not!  
The evil forces were furtively at work.  
The couple lived happily together ruling the land,  
But something was being cunningly planned,  
Let's not forget the story on the other hand,  
The wicked villain of the tale began to lurk.

The witch envied and despised The Lady of Shalott,  
For even she was in love with Sir Lancelot,  
She desired to poison and leave her to rot,  
For that she needed a clever, clever plot,  
Determined to achieve her dream.  
She tried to think of a sly plan,  
To get her one and only man,  
The form of her idea had finally begun,  
The witch had at last found the impeccable scheme!

Brewing and burning,  
Mixing and turning,  
Chilling and churning,  
Cursing the Lady of Shalott was what she was yearning,  
Everything was about to change in the land of Camelot!

This time she had herself outdone,  
The potent potion could destroy anyone,  
Finally the arduous task was done,  
Oh poor, poor Lady of Shalott.

Hence the day being fine and merry,  
The Lady of Shalott went to pick some berries,  
Suddenly a kind, sweet lady offered her a cranberry.  
The Lady of Shalott said "Thank you," and ate the juicy berry.  
This action was perhaps the worst!  
Thunder angered and lightning swirled,  
Grey heavy clouds sat on top of the world,  
The witch maliciously laughed and twirled,  
She had won; The Lady of Shalott was cursed!