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Camelot Station

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We are very pleased to present a poem and story in our "Mythopoeic Youth" series - stories by authors under the age of 18. We remind our readers that young writers also need comments: advice and praise, but ask that you to be kind in your criticism.

Camelot Station

by Lawrence Schimel

By day

Camelot Station is an entourage of knights.

With its murals of knights
rescuing damsels tied to the tracks
and St. George slaying the dragon, whose white-hot
eyes

shine through its steamy breath, in a dark tunnel,
The Roundhouse makes all knights,
regardless of their station
of origion or classes of accomodation,
equal.

Lancelot pulls in, a silver streak
with stainless steel fittings, every hour on the hour
"You're never late," Merlin's voice says
over the intercom, his talisman of control.
Lancelot's metal expression forms a smile of pride.

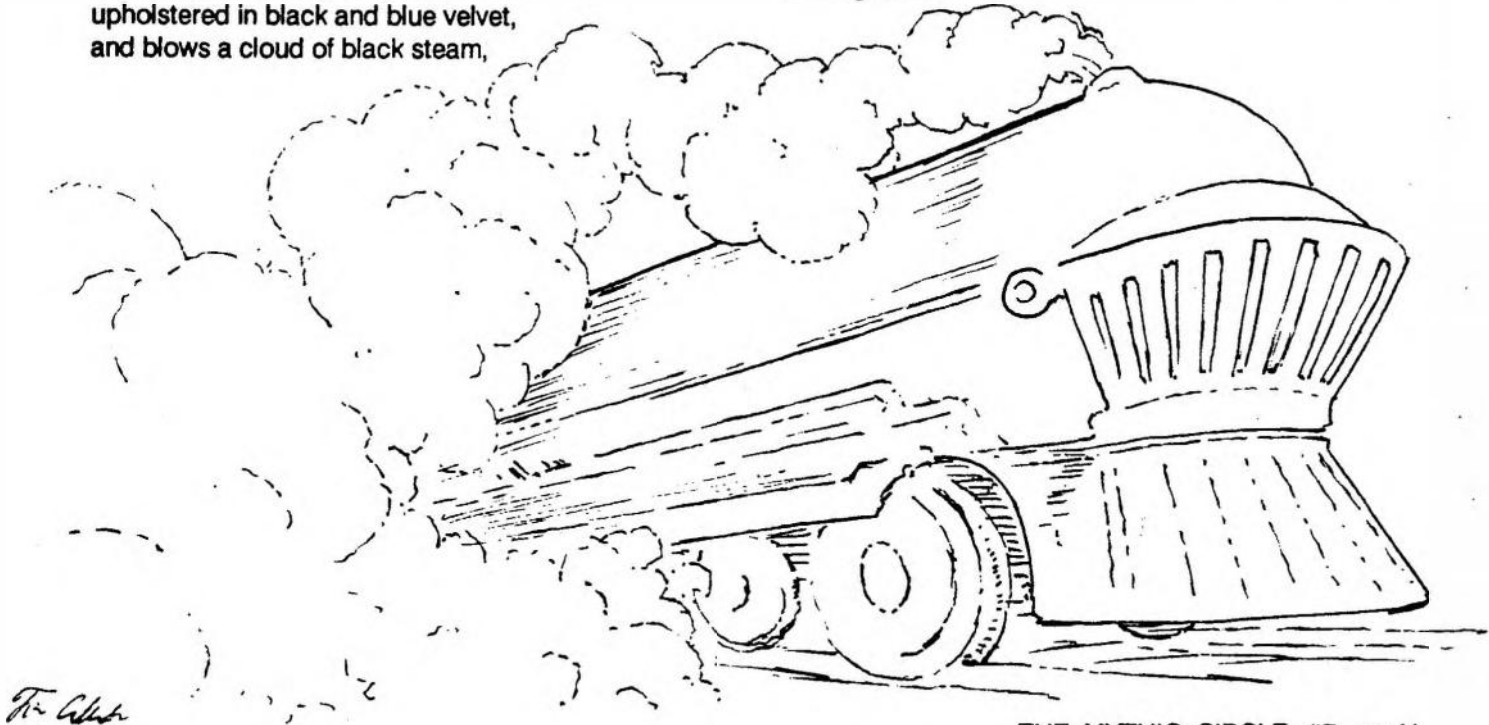
Around noon Percival wakes
and steams out;
Questing.

Over on the business track,
Modred pulls in, all glossy black iron
upholstered in black and blue velvet,
and blows a cloud of black steam,

in hatred and impatience, watching
Arthur, a sleek car in royal blue, pull away
from the station proper on his electric track.
Goaded by jealousy he races Arthur
to Avalon and back
and loses.

Two knights speed towards each other
siderod lances at the ready and pumping.
To an onlooker the jousters collide,
but one disappears behind the other,
on a parallel track running into Camelot Station.

At night the station is quiet.
An army of footmen and pages.
clad in the court livery, emerge
and advance on the armored hulks.
Bearings fall and stainless steel corrodes.
With a glare of the sun a shining shield,
a knight can hide behind his image
But at night
in Camelot Station,
the trains lie in a row
sleeping knights bared of armor,
waiting to be.



The Camelot