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C.S. Lewis's Meditation over "The Book of the Leoun"

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Abstract

One wonders what did Chaucer mean to make?! A version out of French, for versing's sake?

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Joe R. Christopher

A Poem by Joe R. Christopher

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One wonders what did Chaucer mean to make?
A version out of French, for versing's sake?

A bit of praise Prince Lionel to flatter,
Upon his wedding, with other praise to scatter?

Or neither these—a tossed-off bagatelle
To fill an idle hour with idler spell?

But no! not that! the king of every beast
Was surely called to roar at nobler feast.

The lion of the tribe of Judah's praised
For breaking seals, which angels all amazed.

But that's not Chaucer's style, nor choice of vision—
Except, at times, the Parson's—by decision.

And yet, a different role—still Leonine—
Would somehow fit, would with my thought align.

But not like Spenser's lion, whom Una saved—
Not quite, not quite, despite some foes outbraved.

For then Sansloy, the lion did defeat,
And pierced its heart by sword, to win their meet.

So not as Spenser wrote in his great tale—
No sword when met, the lion to impale.

But still, romance is right to entertain:
The lion could both die and rise again.