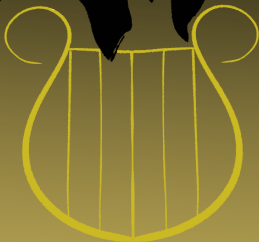


# Inheritance

— On popular romance  
through time  
by Julia Allen



Our tales now, and our tales then,  
are as tales have always been,  
ancient clerks wrote and minstrels sung,  
and all our stories are only one.



Across little points they share their fame,  
with few small changes, of which one is name,  
it always goes one of two ways,



in movies, books, and songs, and plays,  
with my thanks to your eyes and ears,  
it is as this through all the years



The Hero,

or was he

King with  
Crown?

Or  
nephew-  
knight,

A  
handsome  
thing,

and  
gentle  
handed  
too,

All  
gentlemen

and the  
ensemble  
crew



Where we lay our scene,  
he held his court,

A city or  
or town,  
or away  
And with from port,  
him was his  
Lady Fair

His destined love,  
beyond compare



Yet as they were together free,  
a matter great did trouble she,



Straight to her love  
she brought the word,  
the sorriest news he ever heard

He looked on her right woefully, and spake:

"You must away from me!



Was ever wont to be so still,



Be safe for me, against the chill,



What heartbreak then reached you by post?



And from my eyes



you yet are lost."



Then spake she  
with sorrowed  
grace:

"Alas loved sir,  
we have no place"

And heart of one split twain in two,  
and callous hearts rejoiced anew,



and seasons passed in sorrow twin,  
two lovers with grand space between

Till mind alight, indignant flame,  
he called his dear beloved's name,  
and rose against the bitter stone,  
that kept him from his rightful one,



He traveled far  
to clasp  
her hand,  
and by her  
side,

Forever  
Stand



"One word from you,"  
said the proud lord,  
"Bright star,"  
says he,  
slain by the sword,  
"Here's to my love!"  
he cries,  
young in his haste,  
"Break my heart,"  
a king weeps,  
it all a waste,  
"You're not asleep."  
he answers all her dread,  
"Promise me,"  
He asks,  
soon departed  
and

Dead.

And  
so it  
goes.

our  
hero,

Our  
King,

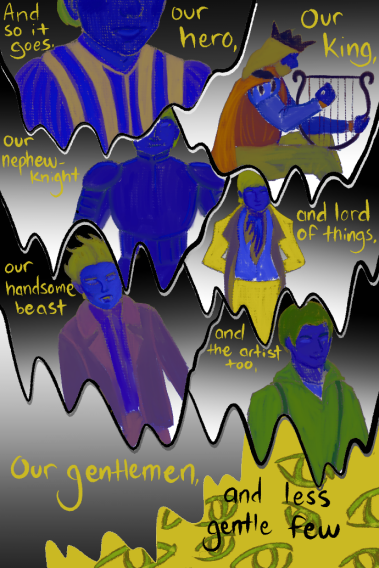
our  
nephew-  
knight

our  
handsome  
beast

and  
the artist  
too.

Our gentlemen,

and less  
gentle few



Our  
Sovereign  
queen,



and  
gentle  
girl,



the  
sharp-  
tongued  
wife,



and  
dying  
pearl,



the girl  
who  
lived,  
but did  
not  
breathe,



the  
lover  
left  
alone to  
grieve



These tales  
are one and share their fame,  
with few small changes-  
one is name,

and endings mostly just the  
same,

death and marriage, joy and blame,

It always ends one of two ways,  
in movies, books, and songs and plays,  
with my thanks  
to your eyes and ears,  
it ends like this  
through all the years.

He kissed her fevered brow and cried,  
and then together, lovers died,



and her, whom he loved beyond his life,  
Dame lady-love,  
his own sweet wife.



Fin.



With reference to-

Jane Austen

Marie de France

Tristan  
and  
Isolde

Pride  
and  
Prejudice

William Shakespeare

James Cameron

Titanic

Romeo  
and  
Juliet

Once-known poets

Stephanie Meyer

The  
Twilight  
Saga

Sir  
Orfeo