

"Merlin's Herpesviridae"

(By the Old Goat Had Style)

By Robin B Lipinski

Ages past, magic masked, Merlin's beard hid the smile.
 Ages past, magic marked, Merlin's dalliance with the girls.
 Ages past, magic made music to sweep the young to bed.

King Arthur warned his sage. Warning led to show the reason.
 King Arthur, young himself, aged until the table died.
 King Arthur, dusts of his own warning, or was it Merlin casting rage?

Ages past, the story is told.
 Ages past, Lady of the Lake did hold, Merlin's life bewitched?

No.

No.

No.

Again, for the record, no.

Poppycock.

Balderdash.

Folly.

Old wives tale.

Can you understand what's said?

Merlin met his fate, his wench; it is no fiction or fable.
 With his passion sated, his friends warning came to haunt his head.
 This Lady of the Lake did hold, a magical herpesviridae.

Ashamed of what history would show, Merlin turned to stone.
 Hiding in the English Isles, contemplating the cure, he simmers at edge of sea, watching a
 sunrise, set.
 There is no cure yet, none will avail, only through magic and time will Merlin learn the true
 meaning of venereal.

The End