

THE STORY OF SIR YOHN

THE TOURNAMENT AND FESTIVAL

I shall relay this story of old;
a story that's been oft' times told
of a knight, Yohn, and the gallant three
lords who pursued fame. He,
Yohn, unlike the rest
went on a lonely quest
for the love of a lady, who you'll find
sought to bring him peace of mind.
It shouldn't take long to recognize
Yohn, his lady, and those other guys
who, with Yohn sought glory.
Now, let me present to you their story:

THE TOURNAMENT AND FESTIVAL

A tournament was held one day.
It attracted knights from far away
who had traveled many miles to duel
with the four young lads from Liddypool
who were known by all as the greatest band
of knights in all of Angleland.

Dusk brought end to the day of gore,
and I won't distress you any more
than I have to now with all the details
of severed limbs, scattered entrails,
and eyeballs rolling through blood and slime,
(I'll save that for another time),
for the festival that followed the fight
is where I'd like to direct your sight.
This was a time for gaiety, laughter
was shared by all. Every rafter
was filled by those of the noble class.
Streamers filled the air. Every glass
was filled and drained
of wine. Some spilled and stained
the garments of those nobles there
as maidens, lovely and so fair,
did strain to uncork
more bottles of wine for the Dukes of York,
Manchester, Birmingham and Stafford.
Then came the anxiously awaited word
from the king who'd announce the winners of the duel:

“Again,” said the king,
“the Lords of
Liddypool are
victorious.” The lords
appeared and greeted
the crowd then turned
to be seated before the
king who said, “You
band of knights are the
greatest in all of
Angleland.” The
knights arose and
bowed politely (to bow in unison they thought quite
knightly). Then off they went to assess their loot: horses,
lances, and jewels to boot.



THE FALSE QUEST

Now these four knights were in need of a name
for them to achieve even greater fame.
Besides, it was just so un-cool
to be known as “those lords from Liddypool.”
All four knew it would take a quest
beyond the shores of Angleland. They'd have to test
their courage against unknown forces.
The four were ready. They mounted their horses.
Then one knight from Kent spoke, I'm not sure which,
to tell of a wise man beyond the ditch,
over the field, through the woods where
only the brave of heart would dare
to go. The bravest Liddypudlian knight, Sir Yohn,
didn't allow him to ramble on.
He said, “You're,” and then paused to cough,
“speaking of the man with the beard cut off.”
A certain young knight from Sussex overheard
them mentioning the old man. His bowels stirred.
Then suddenly he let flee a fart,
for thought of the old man struck fear in his heart.
Yohn spoke up and said, “You cad,
your lack of manners is very bad!
Remember, you a knight and not a peasant;
besides, there are all these ladies present.”
Then off they went in search of the man
with the beard cut off. Of course, the plan
was to present to him their plight.
To be nameless knights was just not right.

Their journey took them years, still they did not yield,
 (I should have mentioned the size of the field).
 When, at the entrance of the woods
 they met a maiden, fair and good,
 who offered the four lords sugar cubes laden
 with a magic potion. Lucy, the maiden,
 claimed that upon ingestion
 the potion might give them indigestion.
 but it would protect them, make them strong,
 and aid them on their journey long.
 "Fair enough," they said together
 when suddenly the weather
 began to change. The skies turned gray.
 The lords flashed the "peace sign" and rode away.

Through the woods the knights did ride,
 then started to feel a bit queasy inside,
 but this soon passed. They leaned to kiss
 the sky. They were experiencing bliss.
 What's more, they never felt afraid
 and never had to raise the blade
 against the creatures they had passed
 (giant eggmen had amassed
 along the trail, but passed in peace).
 "We'll have to get some more of these
 sugar cubes," said Sir Yohn.
 The knights agreed and said, "Right on."

Finally, the knights beheld a tree
 that had been growing from antiquity.
 Inside the hollowed out tree there stood
 a man who was as old as the wood.
 Now, the knights had been riding so long on the road
 that when they dismounted their legs remained bowed.
 Then a voice bellowed, "Hark, what men are these
 who wear their balls in parentheses?!"
 Sir Yohn spoke to him on bended knee,
 trying to ignore his ill-mannered plea
 for the knights identity,
 "I think this beard belongs to thee."
 "Leave it where it lies!" howled the man like a storm,
 "that cut off beard keeps me feet warm."
 Yohn retorted, "I was only trying to be polite,
 "Courtesy's important," said the man, "courage, fame,
 and courtly love, but you're here in search of a name."
 Sir Yohn, amazed at the old man's insight
 replied, "Yes, we are a band of nameless knights."
 "Not any more," said the man "for from this day

you four shall be known as the Beetles (with an "a")."
 "Beatles, Beatles," they all shouted with glee,
 "we finally have an identity!"

"Rejoice this day," said the man, "but take to heart
 the code of chivalry before you start
 to fall prey to the deadly beast named 'Pride'
 who attacks his victims from inside."
 Back to Angleland they rode as one,
 with another trip through the woods just for fun.
 Yohn started thinking of what the old man said,
 then quickly dismissed it from his head.
 "Pride is what got me here," he thought.
 "Pride is nothing to fear, what rot!"

THE RETURN TO ANGLELAND

Upon the knights, I mean "Beatles," return,
 a crowd was awaiting to hear what they'd learned.
 The king addressed them and said, "Welcome home,"
 but they didn't hear him. They were all chanting "Om."
 The crowd rushed upon them. They wanted
 to touch them. Granted,
 the Beatles at first were surprised,
 but after a bit they realized
 that they had gained what they had sought:
 fame and glory. An old woman said, "I forgot
 their names." A man said, "Sir Yohn, Sir Pall,..."
 "No," said a maiden, "that's not right at all;
 they are the Beatles." "Beatles!" the crowd joined in,
 then three of the young men started to grin,
 but not Yohn. He was losing his "self."
 He turned to the court fool who was dressed as an elf
 and said, "Who am I?" The fool's tongue unfurled,
 "Sir Yohn of the Beatles, greatest knight in the world."

LADY YONO

When Yohn peered into the crowd he caught
 glimpse of a maiden, a mistress. He thought
 of her beauty for a moment, and then realized
 she was looking at him. Lady Yono, whose eyes
 were ghosts; they hypnotized
 him. They penetrated his disguise.

He fell in love, man.
 He ran
 to her and gave
 his oath to be her slave:
 “For your love m’lady, and for your hand,
 what must I do?” “First, quit the band,”
 said Lady Yono, “not for me,

but for yourself, then you’ll be free.
 Second, you must set out on a quest
 to find the truth: a test
 of true courage, for you’ll go alone
 into the woods. Before coming home
 you must remain
 one year. You must also refrain
 from seeking Lucy’s help in this.
 You must see the world as it really is.”

SIR YOHN’S LONELY QUEST

And so Sir Yohn rode away
 towards the woods. He’d stay
 a year there, that was his lady’s order.
 When he arrived at the border
 of the field
 he did not yeild
 to temptation. He passed Lucy by,
 got off his horse and said, “Good-bye
 faithful steed. Meet me here
 same time, same place, next year.
 What I must do I’ve to do alone,
 and when the year passes we’ll ride home
 together.” The faithful steed
 agreed.

Sir Yohn
 walked on
 alone into the woods
 to meet his fate. He could
 see a cave in the distance. It was plain
 that he could stay there, safe from the rain
 that fell and the wind that screamed
 at night. He dreamed
 of the year’s end
 when he could ride back home again.

Two months passed, then three, then four.
 Sir Yohn sat cross-legged on the floor
 of the cave in front of a fire
 that he kept burning. He began to tire
 of the loneliness. What’s more,
 as the rain began to pour
 outside, he was angered by his lady’s request
 that sent him on this lonely quest.
 He thought, “I’ve always been free.
 I don’t need this misery.
 Besides, I know who I am.
 I’m Yohn of the Beatles, greatest knight in the land.”
 Just then a pain struck him
 in his brain. The light became dim
 all around.
 He quivered on the ground.
 To his hands and knees he struggled,
 while his insides juggled
 a foul sledge to his throat.
 He began to bleat like a goat.
 He gagged, and then he did expel
 from his own mouth a demon from Hell.
 The demon hovered over the knight.
 Sir Yohn, who strained to regain his sight
 said, “What is your name? Tell
 me quickly demon from Hell!”
 The demon replied, “Some call me ‘Pride.’”
 Then he let out a hissssss
 and said, “What little man is thissssss
 I see
 kneeling here in front of me?”
 “Don’t you know who I am?” said Yohn.
 The demon pressed on,

“No, who are you?
 Tell me true.”
 Yohn spoke, as the beast twisted and twirled,
 “Sir Yohn of the Beatles, greatest knight in the world!”
 The demon erupted, “Who told you this drool?”
 Then “Alas,” Yohn thought, “it was the court fool.”
 At this recognition Yohn was angered inside.
 Belief in his greatness made him victim to Pride.
 He closed his eyes
 and saw through his own disguise.
 Thoughts of fame he did banish.
 When he opened his eyes the demon had vanished.

Sir Yohn collected himself up from the floor

and saw he was a single knight, not four.
Sword in hand,
he walked alone without his former band
of knights. Into the woods
he went. He knew that now he could
see the world as it truly existed:
sometimes lovely, sometimes twisted.

He came upon the Eggmen.
They gave him the “peace sign.” He didn’t buy it when
he saw that they were really thieves
who carried knives in their boots and sleeves.
They had stolen treasure,
and maidens captured for the Eggmen’s pleasure.
Sir Yohn could not stand the thought of it.
He said, “Release those maidens, bandit!”
The leader of the Eggmen, Jagger,
reached into his boot to grab his dagger.
Jagger hurled
the dagger at Yohn who whirled
‘round. The dagger missed,
but now Sir Yohn was really pissed.
He drew his sword and thrust it deep
into Jagger’s heart. His blood did seep
onto the ground.
All around
Eggmen tried to run,
but Sir Yohn slew them one by one.
And when he set the prisoners free
he discovered generosity.
He had fought for others’ needs, not his own.
Yohn knew now that he could go home.

He knew now that he was truly free,
for he knew the meaning of chivalry.

The End.