



*Wednesday, March 16, 1485, the day of a total solar eclipse.
Enter Queen Anne, coughing into a bloody kerchief.
She is dying, probably of TB, which already killed her sister.*

Q. Anne: Although Death touch me ay more nearly,
in my latter days his mandate fears me less.
Percase else had I fear'd also to live,
for death the only pain is, due upon mortality.
This sickly form was, in th'event,
a pallid intermedium whence quiddity flows on.
On! Almost on! To sleep,
and sleeping to forsake this earthly pains!
Hold! Make stay of death a moment still!
My peace with God is fast.
Needs now must I until the king, to claim his love,
which then, my essence dying hence, I'll let alone.
Why keeps he from my fatal-boding bed?
If so he shuns me, not by reason he would void my life,
but rather knows not how to take my yet-life to the best,
then I shall send, to let the king to know me needs his love.



*Dark Sovereign Act 5.6. @ Robert Fripp
Footnote reference numbers removed
Photo: A section of the stained glass
windows in Cardiff Castle*

