

A Medieval Love Story

Abelard, lover of Heloise.
Teacher, philosopher, man
to her woman. Do you know
their lover's story? It goes
like this: Comely Heloise,
student of Abelard—great
teacher and scholar—
catches his eye. Young,
virginal, he succumbs
to her charms, beds her;
secretly weds her.

Heloise's father, thinking
his daughter safe,
catches wind of Abelard's
transgression. Her father
sends emissaries
(today we call them Teamsters)
to make a solution
for this transgression.
The solution: castration.

They hold down poor Abelard,
screaming, weeping, at last
begging. They cut off
the parts of his body he used
to commit his transgression,
render him useless,
a eunuch to Heloise
and all other women, useless.

Was she worth it, Abelard?
Was her skin so silky smooth
that you just couldn't stop?
Did her hair feel like flaxen,
only to part and reveal
breasts nourishing your
everlasting meal?
Was her passage so
warm wet tight
to sustain you
for eternity?