

King Midas touched things that turned to gold,
Solomon was the grand king of Old;
Then there was Wenceslas and Henry the eighth,
Or good hearted Edward the Seventh the peacemaker who wasted.

Then there was the joker of poetry,
Who tried to rhyme words in symmetry;
He was the king that took on the world,
Like god is the king of the bible our word.

So why do you say it is the king in a verse?
Perhaps he is worrying he'd need to rehearse;
And if he can't be just king of it all,
The king sits down and writes poetry on this earth our world's ball.

So who is the king that writes all this poetry,
The king poetry all derived from the origin of knowing a tree;
That really old tree that might of been grafted or crossed,
From all the earth ages and all that were lost.

And perhaps there's a reason and meaning to it all,
The world turning around like paper screwed into a ball;
And thrown in the bin for no reason at all,
But something of a failure that could be beaten by all.

So perhaps theirs a signature and nature to this,
That the link might be established and eternally bliss;
For the king writes his poetry only when things go all wrong,
That the answers revealed in other ways than song.

Signed,

Anticipating waiting