

The lion is proud of his den and cubs,

As the lionesses courage frightens men with clubs;

The pride of the lion is the family from a pen,

Who understands the safety and protection of the den.

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To write with power and strength and might,

Is like the lion who is king of the beasts in his mind;

So it is right to follow, to seek and to serve,

The life of the lion whose den it is, of a raw nerve.

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The lion has the right to sit on each side of the thrown,

Who throws his nose at the head of the king to dispose;

And who has the right to sit down and think and compose,

The lines of the lion's den, is the pen of the person's prose.

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So superior is the lion to be king of the jungle and rule over the lioness,

Whose heart is to protect her cubs in the way best for me;

As I grow and I learn of the mum who has taught and said,

The words of wisdom bringing me up, wisely to live and not dread.

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As she gracefully accepts second place to her superior male,

Who has the courage and strength to protect her when she would fail;

For her strength is strong for the children she does bring up,

Who to perfect the lion cub is the selfish ambition in a teacup.

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The lion's den is now written and down for you to read,

So I hope you will pursue and endeavor to follow the lions lead;

For those who are on top must fight to stay where they are,

Where the king and queen are on the loose and the lines main is mean.

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Signed,

The Lions mane.