

LIVING WITH THE KING

That offensive thing of him.
But *she* knows best that self,
as the end of mercy had come,
and brats and Mama's boys found their lesson one.
Gathered rights of polite society to learn,
and lad experiments awful wrong to pay the sum.
All phenomena with him do not begin and end he found.
A fright to know you are one of many.
Notice also as do, the large ganglia w/ head-sized palm
and what hours of labour fumed, wanting rest, can, if concerted.

The many loose bolt, less plenty she had slogged,
some measure had been taken; a lesson stirred to waken.
Soon empty nest with runny nose and scuffed knee
when was the prince. He's out at elbows
and flight, and night in elm's upper arms invite
ease, promise relief, silly sanctuary!

Fatherhood that keeps the safety, corrects the errancy
is the most accepted tyranny when pure.
Nor here shame old Lear who *only slenderly knew himself*,
and *usurped his life*, or 'gray Denmark'. No! Ago,
a man, each in his setting, nay estate! was king.
Each a very Shaka, Great Dane, Otho,
hands heavy in true Gotha going tens of thousands back.
There, a sonny, a junior advanced as father,
his queen, keen to notice children count clouds the air.

But 'Bob's your uncle!' if living course dare:
Roof erect, fished rivulet. Books bright.
Out of the house weather flocks in this dream,
to boot bad chaos, its effluents there.
Oranus, Kronos, fathers killing sons, fathers.
Sons son'd and hating it. What? Usurped, driven.
This the king will not! So, him killing him, father, son.

Man's mad story havocs defense and razes round.
Defense is an act of war! And Two things equal to a third,
are all equal to each other. Which may be our best reared yet sergeant!

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Notes: Gotha: Europe's Royal Book of royalty. Bob's ...! Aussie –right you are!
Euclid's first rule: *If two things are equal to a third thing,*
then they are all equal to each other.