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The Prince of Nine

The Prince of Nine

said to the Lady of Eight

"I thought that you would

be on time but I see that

you are quite late".

Arrogant building masters sift through

the falling plaster as

the the Duke of Seven calmly

contemplates the sky blue heavens.

Meanwhile the Lord of Six is charged

with a a daring wager.

Thousands gather in the

Castle's square and streets

to see if he can come up

with a winning way and satisfy

the bet collectors eagerly

waiting for their pay.

The odds are set.

The dice are thrown,

the damsels moan

the horses rear, the end to our tale is

closing near.

The Prince of Nine says

to his companion the Lady of Eight

"Hurry, let's leave this place

through the garden gate

and it's been a merry twist to leave the

the dice unto our fate.

So come, let us repair to our fine home

and upon soft cushions recline and count

our lucky share of the plate

my fine and fortunate Lady of Eight".

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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