

# The King Beetle on a Coconut Estate

mewithoutYou

As the moon rose and the hour grew late,  
The day-help on the coconut estate  
Raked up the dried leaves that fell dead from the trees  
Which they burned in a pile by the lake.

The beetle king summoned his men  
And from the top of the rhododendron stem  
"Calling all volunteers who can carry back here,  
The great mystery's been lit once again."

One beetle emerged from the crowd  
In a fashionable abdomen shroud.  
Said, "I'm a professor, see, that's no mystery to me,  
I'll be back soon successful and proud."  
But when the beetle professor returned,  
He crawled on all six as his wings had been burned  
And described to the finest detail all he'd learned  
There was neither a light, nor a heat in his words

The deeply dissatisfied king  
Climbed the same stem to announce the same thing  
But in his second appeal sought to sweeten the deal  
With a silver padparadscha ring.

The lieutenant stepped out from the line  
As he lassoed his thorax with twine  
Thinking, "i'm stronger and braver and I'll earn the  
king's favor.  
One day all he has will be mine."

But for all the lieutenant's conceit,  
He too returned singed and admitting defeat.  
"I had no choice, please believe, but retreat  
It was bright as the sun, but with ten times the heat  
And it cracked like the thunder and bloodshot my eyes  
Though smothered with sticks, it advanced undeterred  
Carelessly cast an ash cloud to the sky, my lord,  
Like a flock of dark vanishing birds."

The beetle king slammed down his fist  
"your flowery descriptions no better than his!  
We sent for the great light and you bring us this!  
We didn't ask what it seems like, we asked what it is!"

His majesty's hour at last is drawn nigh  
The elegant queen took her leave from his side  
Without understanding, but without asking why  
Gathered their kids to come bid their goodbyes  
And the father explained, "you've been somewhat  
deceived,  
We've all called me your dad, but your true dad's not  
me  
I laid next to your mom and your forms were conceived  
Your Father's the light within all that you see.  
He fills up the ponds as he empties the clouds  
Holds without hands, and he speaks without sounds.  
He provides us with the cow's waste and coconuts to eat

Giving one that nice salt taste, and the other is  
sweet.

Sends the black carriage the day death shows its face  
Thinning our numbers with kindness and grace  
And just as a flower and its fragrance are one,  
So must each of you and your Father become.

Now distribute my scepter, my crown, and my throne  
And all we've known as wealth to the poor and alone  
Without further hesitation, without looking back home,  
The king flew headlong into the blazing unknown.

And as the smoke king curled higher and higher  
The troops flying loops round the telephone wires  
They said, "our beloved's not dead, but his highness  
instead,  
Has been utterly changed into fire."

Why not be utterly changed into fire?