

Calmly Passing Monument

Nest

An old king sits upon an oaken throne.
His posture noble, regardless of the toll of times.
Now weary, but once a mighty warrior.
Strong by form, just by heart.

He has sailed the myriad seas.
Fought the elements at the barren north.
Life's misfortunes were just new challenges
to experience and to learn from.

In his reign there was no blame,
nor did he evade his duties.
But to rule was never his passion,
though a task he had to honour.

The old king sits upon an oaken throne.
A grin still visible on his weathered face.
When they come to carry him away
to a rest well-deserved