

## ***How Hard Is It to Keep from Being King When It's in You and in the Situation***

The King said to his son: "Enough of this!  
The Kingdom's your to finish as you please.  
I'm getting out tonight. Here, take the crown."

But the Prince drew away his hand in time  
To avoid what he wasn't sure he waited.  
So the crown fell and the crown jewels scattered.  
And the Prince answered, picking up the pieces,

"Sire, I've been looking on, and I don't like  
The looks of empire here. I'm leaving with you."  
So the two making good their abdication  
Fled from the palace in the guise of men.  
But they had not walked far into the night  
Before they sat down weary on a bank  
Of dusty weeds to take a drink of stars.  
And eyeing one he only wished were his,  
Rigel, Bellatrix, or else Betelgeuse,  
The ex-King said, "Yon star's indifference  
Fills me with fear I'll be left to my fate:  
I needn't think I have escaped my duty,  
For hard it is to keep from being King  
When it's in you and in the situation.  
Witness how hard it was for Julius Caesar.  
He couldn't help himself from being King.  
He had to be stopped by the sword of Brutus.  
Only less hard it was for Washington.  
My crown shall overtake me, you will see:  
It will come rolling after us like a hoop.

"Let's not be superstitions, Sire." the Prince said.  
"We should have brought the crown along to pawn."