

The King Provides

by David Ackley

Oh dear, Oh God, the mothers wept
Our sons do nothing but drink and roar
Smoke their pot and rave and whore.
So the king in his wisdom made them a war.

Oh no, not that, was the mothers' lament
You could not think this what we meant.
No matter, my dears, his majesty said,
We'll have our peace, now they're dead.

