

CHOICES

Once I thought if this land were mine,
The laws I'd make, the rules refine,
To make great the good, and evil decline;
The choices narrow 'till there is but one.

A man was hung for poaching today,
Another, richer, got clean away,
Call this justice, that money can sway?
The choices narrow 'till there is but one.

By happenstance it came to me,
A fortune of war, a small duchy,
Now at last, a ruler, free;
The choices narrow 'till there is but one.

Two men were brought to me this morn,
A charge of poaching on each was sworn,
One a Duke's son, the other base-born;
The choices narrow 'till there is but one.

Across the years I'd been tangled deep,
Alliances, a peace to keep,
So many mothers should never weep;
The choices narrow 'till there is but one.

Hang them both, old justice said,
Or ransom the rich, leave the peasant dead,
Thus keep the peace, and save your head;
The choices narrow 'till there is but one.

I walked the shore, stared out to sea,
The waves came crashing onto my knee,
Like toddlers when they their father see;
The choices narrow 'till there is but one.

It always was, one won, one lost,
They call it fair, but what a cost,
In mistakes on honor's shield embossed;
The choices narrow 'till there is but one.

So it came to this, I'd break the rules,
Both would win, and no-one lose,
Gamekeepers for me, this doom I'll choose;
The choices narrowed, and this the one!

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