

WEAPONS AT THE DOOR

by Joe Bethancourt

As I roved out to Western lands to take the Western air
I went into a revel hall and saw a Twelfth Night there
But I was halted at the door by a Privy Counselor
And told that I would have to leave my weapons at the door

As I, in my astonishment, stood hung on tenter-pegs
A knight came in whose prowess hung down between his legs
The doorman grabbed a greatsword and he struck the knight full sore
And gave him a receipt; he left his weapon at the door

A bard was next whose goodly voice has entertained us all
But he, too, was prevented from entering the hall
When told he must refrain from taking weapons on the floor
He left his voice and harp among the weapons at the door

A master entered graciously, a man we all know well
Who holds a 3rd dan black belt, tho this he'd never tell
It was a valiant struggle, the Master cursed and swore
But he left his hands and feet behind as weapons at the door

The company was jovial, although a bit dismayed
For lack of proper cutlery, down to the smallest blade
For even teeth and fingernails, both can be used in War
Were cut, and pulled, and left behind, as weapons at the door!

And has their King not loyal knights that He must be afraid
Of brawling in his Hall, of the Assassin's bloody blade
The rights of men to carry arms at least we've not foreswore
A pox on him who made the rule of Weapons at the Door!