

HRH (His Royal Hopelessness)

Guinevere was in a strop,
King Arthur was driving her barmy.
If only there was a war,
Then he'd clear off with his army.

Why did he misunderstand,
Everything that she said?
What he'd come up with next,
Was for her a daily dread.

Worries about his state of mind,
Also were a burden.
Tales of swords set in stone?
And a weirdo wizard called Merlin?

She shared it all with Lancelot,
For we know she had his ear.
(Legend says she had more than that,
But we won't go into that here!).

He got it wrong again yesterday,
She ranted as loud as she might.
Throughout Tintagel and Camelot,
We're many sleepless Knights.

Whilst walking through the halls,
She heard voices, oh so loud.
And as she followed that racket,
She could tell it must be a crowd.

It lead her to her own private room,
Packed full with Arthur's men!
And straight away she knew,
He had got it all wrong again.

During that room's refurbishment,
A new table was top of her needs.
He offered to get that for her,
Unfortunately she did concede.

Her specifications had been exact,
Large, round and of knotty oak.
What he had now come up with,
Really was no joke.

"Aaaaarthuuuur!" She screamed,
Silence fell upon the Sirs.
One or two Knights fainted,
But most quickly dispersed.

" I told you exactly what table to buy,
But you never get it right!
I said it had to have knots all over.
That's Knots! Not flamin' Knights!!"