

Parable for Frustrated Knights

*A parable is terrible for folks who like it straight.
If a riddle is unbearable, then a parable you'd hate.
But stories are from experience, to illumine the divine
So,
if you're not feeling scarable, here's a parable from mine...*

In days of yore and yonder, there lived a certain knight.
Of none the King was fonder—he kept his armour bright,
his sword was clean, he wasn't mean, he understood a fight...
But tramping through the gorse bush became a problem quite...

The King, in all his wisdom, had equipped him with a horse,
but our foolish knight dismounted so's to lead it through the Gorse.
It hampered him most horribly, it grazed and pulled and turned
and caused him such frustration his chivalric temper burned.

“I wonder what the creature’s for?” he wondered (not out loud).
“I’m very glad to have it as it’s by the King endowed,
but what does it mean by vexing me and pulling me off course?”
These were his ruminations as he wandered through the Gorse.

And so his Quest continued (though for what he was not sure)
and our knight remained a gentleman whose heart was true and pure,
and he muscled through the brambles working every good deed
and struggled vainly at the leader rope attached to Noble Steed.

And if his days sound easy then you've heard the tale wrong.
He only grew more tired, though he fancied he was strong.
His armour chaffed, his broadsword dragged, enthusiasm shifted
to galls galore, till he was sore with all he had been gifted.

Finally, a message came, and not in Greek or Morse—
it simply read, in simple ink: “Why don’t you use the horse?”
The knight stood still...and then he laughed...and noted who had signed...
and then mounted the capricious nag, and left the Gorse behind.