

The Wise King and The Teacup

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Act One

Once upon a time, a wise king ruled over a grand court
yes, indeed, of the Shakespearean sort.

The king did call a bright scholar to his domain,
who sought wisdom in great measure but was a touch too vain.

"Dear sir," said the king, "I shall pour thee some tea
and perhaps a lesson or two, if patient thou shalt be."

The king did pour, and pour, and pour some more,
till the tea did spill right onto the floor!

"Whoa, your Highness! The cup, it runneth o'er!"
quoth the scholar, his shoes soaked galore.

The king smiled with a twinkle in his eye,
"Full thou art, dear scholar, though not of tea—aye?"

For like this very cup, thou art brimmed, too full,
with notions and clamor, all rather dull.

Empty thyself, let go, clear out the space!
Only then may wisdom find its rightful place.

For a mind too filled, with thoughts afire,
cannot absorb what the heart doth desire."

The scholar then bowed, head low and meek,
"Thy lesson, dear king, is the knowledge I seek."

With a smile, the king then set down the kettle,
and left the scholar pondering and unsettled.

Act Two

Once more to the grand court, the scholar returned,
For wisdom and grace were what he still yearned.

The king, with his crown, sat calm on his throne,
And the scholar approached, a little more grown.

"Dear King," quoth the scholar, bowing his head low,
"I've emptied my cup, I've let some things go.
But still, there's a gap, a longing, a hole,
How do I find grace, to truly feel whole?"

The wise king nodded, his eyes filled with light,
He rose from his throne, with a smile warm and bright.
"To the garden, dear scholar, come now, come through,
For grace, my dear friend, is in everything you do."

They walked through the roses, the lilies, the trees,
The scent of the flowers afloat on the breeze.
The king took a rose, its petals soft and red,
"See this bloom, dear scholar? It never did dread."

"The rose grows and blossoms, then sheds in due time,
It clings not to beauty, nor fears life's decline.
It opens its petals, surrendering in trust,
To life, to the seasons, to the wind's gentle gust."

The scholar smiled, eyes misty and clear,
For he knew in that moment what grace meant, sincere.
He knelt to the earth, his heart feeling light,
"Thank thee, dear King, for gifting me sight."

The king laughed aloud, his joy warm and deep,
"Dear scholar, the secret was yours to keep.
Let go of thy clamor, thy worries, thy pride,
And know that grace grows, when you open wide."

So, they stood in the garden, with roses in bloom,
And the scholar felt gratitude dispelling his gloom.
The wise king had shown him that grace was the key,
To let go, to trust, and to simply just be.