

# Kings

We were not three.  
And not kings.  
At least not when we arrived.  
And really more curious than wise.  
Craning for truth in starlit skies.  
But least looking,  
At least checking  
What we through we knew:  
A king born for the Jews.

No we were not wise.  
More stupid than wise,  
Asking another king  
To point us to a rival's cradle.  
But at least asking,  
And finding truth in the old scroll,  
Truth a murderer would not recognise,  
But wary still to ply us with winsome lies  
And play a deferential role.

No, we were not so wise.  
More blind than wise,  
Searching for a king  
For someone else.  
But at least searching,  
And finding, in someone else's king,  
Our end, the end of lifeless ways,  
The rule for all our days.

Later they fancied us kings.  
In that, there was only this truth:  
He who would wear a crown,  
Must first bow low,  
Must first bow down.

*By Mark Greene from 'Opening Night'*