By Albert @ Allpoetry.com

reign of might and men

      after miscalculation

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Battlefield of Life

I make this pledge to you alone,

that I shall serve your royal throne.

My silver sword, I gladly wield.

Squares eight times eight the battlefield.

With knights upon their mighty steed

the front line pawns have vowed to bleed

and neither Queen shall ever yield.

Squares eight times eight the battlefield.

The castle walls protect our back

and Bishops plan for their attack;

a master plan that is concealed.

Squares eight times eight the battlefield.

For chess is but a game of life

and I your Queen, a loving wife

shall guard my liege and raise my shield.

Squares eight times eight the battlefield.

***by Amera M. Andersen***

2008

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