

Bacon-Shake-Spear

Shake the spear
And what falls out
A lot of mystery
And much doubt
Who wrote those plays
Along Ley lines
The truth is hidden
With heavy fines
Pull back the curtain
See the hand
A genius headed
To new land
A mind so deep
As yet un-probed
Of royal purple
Laced with gold
No tale could ever
First unwind
The truth of all
That's left behind
Some plays and many
New used words
That cut the heart
Like sweet song birds
With many tales
All based on truth
Of which remains
Some clever proof
From who's scriptorium
Words and worlds did flow
To fill the Isle with mistletoe

That all be equal
The sum and the part
To speak one language
From the start
With notebooks filled and piled
high
New words and questions
Answer why
The acting bard from down the
stream
Was but another poet's scheme
A name that spears no waste or
wake
But only has a name to shake
A Stratford name
That is a fake
The cipher's sign says
Only one
The hand of Sir Francis
Bacon
Could with thought and deed
And things he heard
Write every play and every word
Somewhat hidden
And yet
with verse
and rhyme
He wrote
His story
For all time

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