

## Sad but convenient

When two are three  
and one is not happy with the deal,  
what do you do?  
Subtracting the one from the three  
will always give you two,  
but it would be the wrong two,  
and most certainly not the safe arrangement  
protocol had planned and desired,  
a mother for a future monarch  
unthreatened by potential salacious gossip  
from former beaux with an eye on media loot  
because none had been there:  
the doctors will have confirmed  
before the solemn blessing of the union  
(and to royally great relief,  
for the stable from which to select the brood mare  
was almost empty)  
the lass was as untouched as she was  
the day she was born.  
But two and one never made a happy three,  
and none of the three took any joy in twisting life  
to suit the royal myths.  
And the fourth, the cuckolded,

other half of the other woman

who became the third, how did he feel?

Was he bought off by promises of future baubles,

a gong perhaps, a sinecure?

Or had his love already died, a convenience for the straying prince?

The end, though unforeseen in kind, was predictable,

and — let's be frank — also quite convenient.

When two are three and one is not happy with the deal, what do you do?

Well, certainly not arrange a crash in a foreign city

(we don't do things like that any more,

subtler means these days are favoured)

whatever the conspiracy clowns proclaim.

Perhaps all we can take from the sorry tale is: first do your sums.

This one could and never would add up.