

A king, who dreamed he was a beggar,
Forgot completely that he's fabulously rich.
Hunched over, in his sleep he wandered,
Between the market lots, begging for food.
He asked, looked into people's eyes, endured -
The rudeness and cruelty of soulless townspeople -
No one was glad to see a beggar.
Until he asked for crumbs from the old man,
Who sat in the shade of an old cherry tree:
"Have mercy, honorable Sir, please spare
At least a handful of your crumbs..."
Without looking, the old man said:
"It doesn't suit a king to beg!"
Stunned, the poor man replied:
"You are confusing something, I am a prisoner
Of a cruel fate. Hunger and suffering -
This is my miserable lot! "
"Your word is law - one order,
And all of your desires are fulfilled!"
"To whom would I give orders?
I only tolerate unkindness from everyone! "
The old man looked the beggar in the eye:
"Until you decide to remember that you're King,
While you are certain that your fate is your prison,
She will continue to toss you around.
Everyone will see a beggar before them,
Taking this humiliating role at face value.
And, though your pretense is an eye sore,
A beggar always gets a beggar's treatment."
The poor man looked around at the merchants:
"Did you hear this, peasants? I am King!" -
Only their laughter in response; the beggar became silent.
Not daring to raise his eyes, he sat down beside the old man.
"The King does not humiliate or boast.
He honors Majesty in himself and in others,
Because he knows that everything in Creation is priceless.
The King's wealth is not in his gold,
His wealth is in his virtues: confidence, honesty and justice.
A King is not a mask, and not a role.
To become one, you must be your real self.
The others will recognize your Majesty only
When you truly will be King."
"Prepare my carriage," King gave the order,
Waking up in his gold-embroidered chambers.
This time - though he had given orders a thousand times before -
Immersed in thought. "To the market - hurry."
But he did not find the elder under the old cherry tree,
Only a poor man, begging merchants for food.