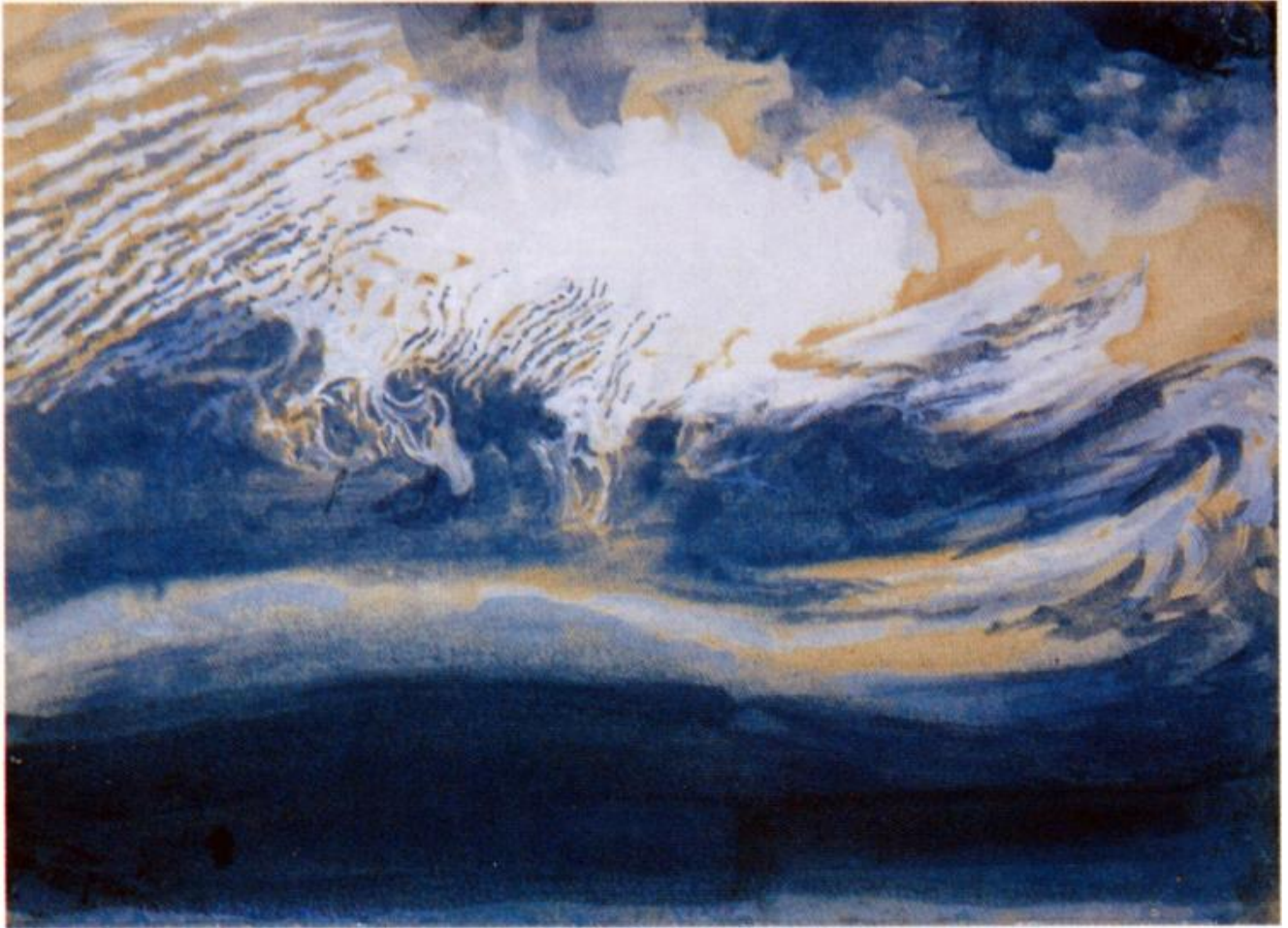


# 0, a King

by [Michael Shindler](#) (December 2019)



*Ice Clouds over Coniston Old Man*, John Ruskin, 1880

0, a King in a firelit ring  
Rang a bell in a field of ice,  
But 0, the King was sleeping  
When the bell rang thrice:

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!

O, that King in the firelit ring  
Woke at last in the field of ice,  
But O, there was no ringing  
So, the King cried thrice:

“O-woe, o-woe, o-woe!”

O, gone was the bell’s firelit ring  
And dark was all that field of ice,  
But O, the King stopped weeping  
When all echoed thrice:

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!

«[Previous Article](#) [Table of Contents](#) [Next Article](#)»

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Michael Shindler is a writer living in Washington, DC. His work has appeared in publications including *The American Conservative*, *The American Spectator*, *National Review Online*, *New English Review*, *University Bookman*, and *Providence*. Follow him on Twitter