The Last Moghul

Rubies and garnets lay strewn around,
Lustrous and regal they shone unfazed.
In that room such riches could be found,
Which left all men awe-struck and dazed.

Unlike him, their objective was sound,
Symbolize status, dazzle, amaze.
The throne to which by blood he was bound,
Was causing his mind to become crazed.

He inspired graceful thoughts profound,
Not the ferocity these men chased,
But his precious rooms did now abound
With rebels who fought and then there lazed.

His mind-set of fealty would astound
His forefathers, who would be amazed
At his great aversion to impound
And capture as they did all year round.

He loved his wealth, rose gardens and grounds,
But his future now seemed veiled in haze,
By the hammer of revolt being pound,
The dreamer into a leader phased.

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