Hezekiah

Hezekiah was the son of a slave who was the son of a slave.
Nevertheless, he was a good man, kind, generous, and brave.
And he always did his best, no matter what he was tasked to do.
I knew him when I was a lad, he was a good friend, this I know.
When he was an old man, the master gave him his liberty.
And now he was set free, a marvelous thing, don't you agree?
Hezekiah had never asked for that, it was not a thing he desired.
And so, at the age of sixty-three, Hezekiah laid down and died.
Why did he die, you ask? Well, I cannot say, I don't know.
Someone thought he was doing what good he should, so
The act was done, but the thing that strikes me as odd
Is that no one thought to ask Hezekiah if they should.

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