

The ink in my pen is not the mint made of money,

The mint that you eat is not a jar full of honey;

The honey and the money is not always the ink runny,

But the mint tastes like life when the days are all sunny.

The pen and the day depends on the deepness of the day,

When it is raining or sunny or high time and what you say;

So whether the mint is the money or the sweet taste of life,

Depends on the ink and what you say to your wife.

The pepper and pen is a different taste to the peppermint,

And the speed of the money is like the pen giving the ink a hint;

And the distance it runs is like a sprint to the mint,

Which grows in the ground and is like a mine with a dirt.

So the pen and the mint can and still must make all the money,

When the seconds tick by and the sex is not in the sunny,;

For the reproduction of life is like the production of things,

And the year and the life is minted for what's meant to think.

Now it's tragic and magic if there is a sudden loss of life,

Then the money doesn't matter and there is a hell of a strife;

If there is a sudden loss of money there is not really loss of life,

But the tragedy is that they can't both be your wife.

For the year on the coin is printed and stamped in the mint,

And the pen and the computer just give a subtle hint;

For the making and taking is to eat the food at the table,

Where the salt and the pepper are like the pen and mint stable.

Signed,

The mint sauce and the meat.