

In the beginning was the very thought of conception,
Then in the act of love there was intrepid deception;
A baby is born and considered gladly accepted,
But in my case I was born and rightly rejected.

You see I was born as a bastard child,
But gladly adopted by two kind and mild;
It may not worry you but it did worry me,
For where was the love of God made for me.

Never the less I've ended up great,
For all to dispute and all to debate;
For parents have a way of passing you by,
But mean well in their hearts by letting you try.

In Christ's name I know, I was born to be king,
To reign with Him, like some heavenly thing;
When God gave me life, he created Himself again,
And He gave me a hope, when he gave me a pen.

But now as I've read and worked out for myself,
I consider important, all the books on the shelf;
As some will now call me, a name called Parsifal,
I'll sit back and watch, all try to pass or fail.

Signed,

Darel Robert McAllister