

Business goes on everywhere around about to sell,

In markets and shops making money for themselves;

To buy things of constant worth, all around the world,

Where the whole purpose of being is to live and work.

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The word in doing business is simply to make a profit,

As companies rely on margin by a salesman prophet;

Business goes on making right around the globe,

Aiming for a kingship with crown and flowing robe.

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But the reality is an effort and need of constant work,

Where the writing and reading wait for every word;

The paper serves a purpose from the life of trees,

Sitting on the toilet, my pants down past my knees.

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The water will wash away, flushing it down the drain,

And life will be renewed by God who sends the rain;

The beauty is believable in the beating of the self,

Where books go on amounting sitting on the shelf.

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It's hard to be in business being brilliant all the time,

When meaning is in poetry and reading of the rhyme;

Is the answer giving or getting, spending all we earn,

Not living in the awareness of so much still to learn.

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I hope you might of seen some money in this scene,

Of business going everywhere and anywhere it's been;

You might see some of truth in trying to compete,

Knowing whether to hang onto or keep the receipt.

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Signed,

What do you really want?