

Cotton and wool and things of the cloth,

All the money in a month and March a dead moth!

A year is a long time and riches take a lifetime,

All the glory and treasure in a line of a poems rhyme.

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Shirts, shorts, shoes and socks are all successful,

Long trousers and coats are suits not so stressful;

The car and the boat and the house and the land,

Are all beautiful things to be taken hand in hand.

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The lounge and the television, necklace and ring,

Are materialistic treasures of a thing that will bring;

Happiness might be as simple as a cup of coffee or tea,

And the dinner set means China is competing with me.

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The American dream of a family house and home,

Is shadowed by buildings and rubble to comb;

The Australian dream time is all lay back and sweet,

In the black lines of verse or a psychiatrists suite.

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The Marx revolution is now nearly at an end,

Where capitalism dwarfs communism as socialists' friend

And the materialism of the future is a past ruin,

That's passed to dust and oblivion to figure out a prune,

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The reason it all lasts and takes so very long,

Is that God must return, not prolong or belong.

And the very next though is how much cash in the bank,

Or which bank and what bank am I going to thank.

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Signed,

They're all very nice things.