

I write and I write and wonder if I am successful,

I think I am going to hell and that's the end to it;

Money is a blessing and a curse and a gift to profit by,

No matter how much I earn and how much I try.

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Success is to be considered a kind of achievement,

In the eyes of others or myself with management;

It's nice to be praised but better to praise others,

For success is a measure of worth achieved by sellers.

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It all matters how much money you have in the bank,

With real estate or from the dead you will come back;

Must you be a millionaire or enough for a billionaire?

Or are you content to be happy or focus on prayer?

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Is studying stupid or being silly enough to be dumb?

With plenty of things to do and plenty I have done;

Success could be a goal to be finally going to heaven,

But really it's the way of the world with things eleven.

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Is a drink and a smoke a reason for being successful?

Or being healthy and wealthy and not that stressful?

The seasons and hemispheres in turn have to endure,

With time on your hands and the century to ensure.

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Success is in the mind of the person bearing thought,

Of all of the treasures to be found and to be bought;

Urinating down the toilet and having a good business,

Or keeping it clean and people seeing the holiness.

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Signed,

I guess I am.