

A zillion's a billion, billion, one with eighteen naughts,

Only to be used by idiots who sin and go to courts;

I know I could not count any things of this quantity,

It would spoil all the time relaxing and having quality.

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More in sand, atoms, cells, molecules or compounds,

Not all of every ones lifetimes would pay the grounds;

It sounds like a number that is really too hard to beat,

Leave it for the zillion ants that all have time to meet.

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A zillion in the air sky high and litres of water to use,

Or maybe in New Zealand phone numbers can amuse;

Don't get your wires crossed, you will be sent to hell,

Where it's red hot in the centre and no air to smell.

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The universe extremities are beyond the human mind,

A zillion in creation might never be possible or kind;

Brilliant sunbeams shining in total manifestation,

Which would not feed the starving of malnutrition.

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A zillion a number, that's dumb enough to play games,

Life is worth more in living than giving up your names;

A litre of air each breath would take a billion times,

Mililitres of oxygen would send you high in rhymes.

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I'm not trying to be smart and intelligent or clever,

It's not worth the waiting or effects of the weather;

The only obvious outcome is to leave it to the rest,

Not by outdoing myself or putting God to the test.

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Signed,

Do I Pass?