

In frame of mind and constant wait for people and food digest,

The implications to imply is what's reasonable to eat or suggest;

The food of time of days gone by is never coming back again,

But with the psychology of Parsifal his prayer goes out in pain.

The understanding of the heart is from and to the brain,

When trouble comes and trouble goes of compare from rain to reign;

I wonder why I don't know why when everything is right,

And seems such a logical, lonely possible thing for Parsifal to write.

As statues seem to be the weight of earth of things unto God,

Where roads to Rome to lead to buildings to find which mustn't be odd;

For straight and narrow are the ways of Parsifal and his quest,

And it's not as easy as it looks or as it seems to be guessed.

For beauty has a way of failure and brilliance taken to fest,

When the dullness of the money denies the right of time at best;

Now the magic cent of sense to know is a rose unto the nose,

As all the relevant reading material seems easy to grow it knows.

Now what is eaten is gone and past and business holiness,

For all the people that studied psychology are well and truly blessed;

As Parsifal continues his search for the grail another goes to grave,

Where the psychology of Parsifal is to pass and fail to save.

And why the perfect is in dispute is because women want it all,

That they might have the men in heart on the spinning ball;

Now as the psychology alluded him is working hard to earn.

Signed,

Who is she