

You're barking up the wrong tree with the dog, the cat wants the mat,

The parable of Parsifal is a bit like the prodigal and the good Samaritan and that;

You see Parsifal had schizophrenia so the parallel is of that to me,

So this is the parable of Parsifal so like that is why the grail is for he.

From a crazy state of mind to one of intelligence and rational sanity,

To establish his own mind for certainty forge right individual good identity;

From dark goes and medieval myths and takes of many a story told,

To ages past from years ago to now more modern stages of steps of gold.

A babies born to live and die to pass through time of many ages and try,

From babies first, breath to child and teens must mean adulthood lest he die;

And she's a girl to be a pair of growing up with the match to care,

That through the school of work to do they write it all to comes true through prayer.

And people come and go and pass in time from written word in rhyme,

Who read and write and lead it right to delight the middle of the poem in time;

For language is a gift of God through seed and tree and lonely pod,

To entire in to home and hold and own the pen of old work odd.

Now fridge and stove of cook and ridge where snow cap peaks live,

To eat the game of pen and verse and challenge one to simply give;

For wisdom comes and wisdoms sweet to stand upon your own two feet,

For nothing surer in the world is to walk and talk and find people meet.

And now I ask you, Do you accept? The change of times and idol threat,

For to the door underneath mat sweaty the keys are there to better bet;

As love is answer only in time to kiss the bride and answer in rhyme,

For to own and keep but all you get you must pay the price of pain in time.

**Signed,**

**Tax the money**