

Well if you afraid of the note in verse to coin a phrase,

And if you have a boat as big as a ship and you're on a craze;

Or if you have months of time and the world seems like a daze,

Then you have a day of the year for the date of the money to laze.

Really it's like pick fruit in words of rhyme where parallels pass and prime,

Like Parsifal's parallels are paradise in some form of poetic written crime;

Or birds and fish are kings and plants for the long of a Guinea Fig,

Which means the bird of paradise was the fisher king with a New Guinea Pig.

So there's cash for the catch of the kingfish which is the Marlin on a dish,

For all those schools with the net so big you ought to server it with a plant and wish;

For eating the better bigger fish is a whale of a tail in the story tale,

Of Parsifal's parallels when the Holy Grail is for the mercy of the Glory ail.

And the grace of the trace is the faith of the ace, who must have love above all else,

Now the glorified is the pacified in parallel for money to tell me itself;

Twisted in tales of stories told to manifest poems of hellish times of old,

When God reigned supreme with all the cream the greatness of the book of gold.

Of ancient times far told of old where island paradises New Guinea tells,

Like the south pacific and tastes of food and drinks and Parsifal smells;

Where king is dead and queen is well of going off and going to hell,

For things are nice in Parsifal's paradise which mean the parallels to sell.

God help me lord, I'm taken to test to ride around on Parsifal's Quest,

To be the knight and invited guessed, the question of who is the best;

The work to be done to earn the pay to turn and provide for another day,

And this is all when said and done of what's to come under the sun to say.

Signed,

Passed Perfectly