

The parallel of Parsifal is like two lines of writing times,

When it's like a train on a track and really rhyming rhymes;

For like sowing a seed or needle and thread something coming back,

To the fruit of the tree or material clothing God keeps things on track.

The twisting two days of double ways and memory where he's been,

Is all created in the poetry of the reservations daily seen scene;

For like the schizophrenic memory of Parsifal's crazy double life,

Of time and money for memory when the holy grails like his wife.

And a pill and a drink and food for sleep and work hard to beat the death,

But when heart is kind and heavenly Parsifal's self is to take breath;

Now the parallel of Parsifal is one like his quest for the holy grail,

Where the only parable paralleled is the prodigal as in life he'll fail.

But look not down on Parsifal for Parsifal is parallel coming back,

Like the return to the adventure of riding and touring writing black;

For the interesting part about it when it's down on paper to read,

Is that the lightning is lightning brightly for electrically him to lead.

The sword and steed are ready for him to ride off over mountain,

Where the castle and weary traveler rest to live and guide accounting;

And the thoughtless self is worried completely, simply about somebody else,

As he looks to shape and see whose what and who is what himself.

And it's a beautiful painted picture how God would love his son,

Of all the sin and failure and just how brilliantly forgiveness of one,

For down the line of generations hereditary hierarchy find a way,

For like Christ is the son of God, Sun and ice for Parsifal is paralleled away.

**Signed,**

**He spoke in meaningful poetry**