

The cup was the grail and you needed to look through,

To see through the crystal ball to crystal clear due;

The cup was what made life suffering in water like glass,

Like the grave was a breath of life under the dying grass.

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The cup was for tea or mug the coffee in the water,

It was served like royalty for the family, by son or daughter;

And the difference you could see was whether cloudy or clear,

Because the meaning was given by its use and how clean.

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You see the clear glass and the cup clearly through glasses,

The secret mystery of the mist is mixed, missed and passes;

If the glass was the grail and the grave was the cup,

Then the dog and the cat were the kitten and the pup.

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Well I'll have tea or coffee in my own little cup,

And the glass could be filled with beer, wine or spirit up;

If the alcohols air then ink has a smell of the water,

Which washed, watched and drunk from rain down the what.

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The sink and the drain were like systems and toilets,

They all were a waste and you didn't want to spoil it;

The cup and the glass were made clean by a machine,

Which people had done in helping doing all the meaning.

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So where is the cup now, can you see it true through glass,

Is the glass half empty or half full, do you see in the cup?

For in earth clearly the cup is seen like the sea sees the lake,

Then if you think the cup is a glass you have made a mistake.

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**Signed,**

**The Optometrist Knows Where.**