

I fell into a trance one day,  
It was along the path and way;  
The road was life yes full of strife,  
But I chanced that I would find a wife.

I was looking for a deeper memory,  
I thought I'd be ok and it really stemmed from me;  
I could not find but I winded and dined,  
And felt that it was in a soul realigned.

Anyway a drink or two settled me down,  
And I began to fall deeper and deeper into a frown;  
I looked for some meaning, in soul and mind or purpose,  
But alas I only found the meaning and resurfaced.

I wanted more of it as much as I could have,  
But all I got I returned and gave;  
Because we always want that extra bit of something,  
And yet we fight for selfish needs instead of right thinking.

Now the price of all our freedom is such an earthly cost,  
That none would die needlessly ad preferably none be lost;  
If something would be come of it the fighting and the war,  
Maybe all would turn to writing and the rest be happy more.

Is there an answer, is there a ploy,  
To stop such self destruction and all to enjoy the day;  
War and the fighting have one eternal home,  
Where God is reigning sovereignly and no one remains alone.

Signed,

Parsifal