

The financial gain of capitalism,
Stirring kind to story clear of prison;
To beat the statutory decelerations of law,
And win the world of money sure.

An empire builds caution my mind,
Of what endeavour is worth and kind;
Of multimillions from days gone poor,
Of which in anticipation I'd pay God more.

And in the Marxist mind of material wealth,
I step outside to consider to moon and my own health;
But life a dream of only of what might be,
Without the management planning that mistral up me.

The interpretation to some the death of wind,
Of sponges boards and buffets sinned;
The beauty of the undetected perfect lie,
Of good times coming ad dismal one die.

But the fundamental war of the money world,
I've building standing as if each worth its word.
Though my heart goes to dinner and clocklier,
Or to the love of a lock in The Grand Chancellor.

Perhaps a prayer for what else might be,
As the world goes on and I'm called to be;
That this entrepreneur expresses himself in poetry,
The French word so perfectly died eternity.

Signed,

Parsifal's Paris