

Deep within mind and imagination clan,
A commodity of solid gold so rare;
As must refined of metal precious,
But is it worth sand or sun delicious.

The even yellow colour not cold lemon sour,
Of which Christ's brilliant sun rays did allow;
But from the earth from which it did come,
The solid gold scullion sky billion sum.

But what of life a stack of it,
As if to die if not quite fit;
And in the misty bleek of mighty,
You wonder whether theft might strike.

As pen to paper is worth only a birds word,
And time is endless in an endless world;
What of water and just how sweet it is,
A life of torment but beauty his.

And as if I'd kill my mortal soul,
To take thins chance of solid gold;
That in the death of days gone in passing time,
Was God of old was solid gold in poem and rhyme.

As a backyard boy found the texas oil,
A solid gold fifty foot statue royal;
And in the misguided state of illusion,
The world of rainbows now clarified confusion.

Signed,

Too hard