The multitude of melancholy leads to multiplication,

Multiplication of complexes to complete the computation;

The complexion of the problem multiplies in its time,

As the words of compilation give complication in rhyme.

The multiplication of the people is just a number of digits,

Ten out of ten each time the fingers and toes are all figits;

The multiplication within the mind likes time to calculate,

As the times of tables answers and adjusts to evaluate.

The multiplication of the multitude advances in many years,

Over centuries and decades when multiplying people appears;

To advanced both normally and formally we will have obey the law,

Of which over all the generations have been kind producing much more.

The melancholy problem of doings properly for the property,

Produces endless production for the future of the product;

The product of multiplication is the answer at the very end,

When times of calculations are products to be your every friend.

The number of times you do it is the multiplication you need,

As the times of multiplication are what you read and lead;

The problem in the production is the produce of the times,

When people multiply production for the product in their primes.

The complexity of the problem is the problem of the point,

When all the properties multiply putting pressure on the joint;

So the manifestation of multiplication is a multifaceted stone,

When the marriage and multiplication go deeply to the bone.

## Signed

## The phone rings.

