

In the middle of time ,

History, poetry and rhyme;

Rode a knight in red armor,

Parsifal a lover and a charmer.

.

On his steed with his woman,

He followed the road interwoven;

Along both rivers and streams,

Until he came to the castle of his dreams.

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This is in the deep dark ages,

Where chivalry and life is in frozen pages;

A town or two would raise their bridge,

And he'd pass through and ride over the ridge.

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Lost in time and dwelling in space,

Knowing every man of the human race;

His sword well-worn from his opponents' death,

But still shining on in silvery breath.

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He rode for years and long lost days,

As he sought the grail through various ways;

His heart so strong, he desired only answers,

Of eternal truth but left only to chances.

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This myth came true, this point in time,

Lost in the world of mystery and prime;

Parsifal our hero now heaven bound,

He marries his damsel when the grail is found.

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Signed,

If we look back.