

I remember what I write and recognize it at sight,

I sometimes forget it all but the memory is always right;

I remember bits and pieces which might be poetry or things,

And the best of my recollection it is money upon which you think.

So if you sneeze please remember the coffee not coffin,

And have a cup of tea instead and a croissant or with a muffin;

And if Jesus answers yes you had better remember what it was,

For you are better off with God if life says it's not so odd.

So I try and parallel the difference between what's good and bad,

And the food and drink on the table can be sweet or sour and sad;

If you're never get enough remember there's other people when you die,

For the pain of paying water is who and which when then you try.

Now you had better get a hanker chief and cover up your mouth,

For when you're nose begins to run you must be heading north to south;

And if you're in a dilldrum and down and out then choose to go up,

For the tea or coffee by now is not hot but cooling in your cup.

And if you're in the wash and the machine and surf are dry,

Then run along the sand or get your board and learn to try;

Like a cheese a biscuit weathers whether they're fresh or stale;

And the cup or mug of drink might be water in the Grail.

So if you sneeze please are you better off in heaven or hell,

Where the cough and sneeze are annoying until again you're well;

And if you want the answer to the question of why I wrote,

Is because I've written so much and will sneeze without a note.

Signed,

Cash and Coin