

Women, women, where are your children,
Have you hidden them or got rid of them;
No! They have gone to the well to draw the water,
You should follow more carefully with your daughter.

Husband, husband, where are your sons,
Thy search for the grail among hills and plains;
Why do they not come when your wife does call,
They search till they drop and won't surrender at all.

Children of the wells and grail I see you now,
You have returned to your parents when you knew how;
You looked and looked to draw on the life,
The well spring of youth and the fountain of life.

The grail and its puzzle are answered in this,
The truth and imagination of the children of his;
They see and they saw and picture comes clear,
For in perfect love there really is no fear.

So as we stood to fill the cup from the water in the well,
The curses of evil and doom are cast into hell;
The water has properties when drunk from the grail,
Of everlasting life and the impossibility to fail.

Children of the well, our children of the well,
Are really where our kingdom stems and truth of the stories tale;
Adults in their maturity look and do not find,
For when a child says openly, they perceive what's real and kind.

Signed,

Parsifal