

It's such a long time from such a long time ago,

When knights sought castles and now are like parcels on the go;

And courier is like disease who flies the coup for children soup,

And the pigeon sits on the roof as proof of schizophrenia to troop.

So the proof of Parsifal is like just a legend of a man to be real,

When the city is ideal and it's sitting pretty for the perfect feel;

The ideas are on the table and where talking turkey to be deserved,

When thanksgiving in the states and liberty is taken as well diseased.

So the statues are a resemblance of back in that then period of time,

When all the words were plants and medicine was now sin a crime;

For the parallel of the parable is Parsifal's paradise as proof,

And histories in the making for hundreds of years people sit on the roof.

And as money in now currency in all the lands and places worth,

As Parsifal seems like he's on detention for comprehension of the world;

And the one who's seeking attention is locked up to write his verse,

As the words go down in poetry and it seems the answer is a curse.

So the proof is cure for cancer and the memory off with the birds,

As figures being written account for as it seems other peoples words;

And God will have the victory as time goes on from now to here and then,

For all these words I've written are the proof of Parsifal in the pen.

So the butcher and the baker are mean and bread for the meal,

And the million words I've written, are they ink or blood or real;

For the idea of the making is faith in poetry and that takes it's time,

As the beauty is in the answer of whether the pictures is words or rhyme.

Signed,

Judge For Yourself