

The problem of Parsifal is he has schizophrenia,

Which means he thinks or wants to be rich but electricity;

He only needs enough for himself and forgets everyone else,

Unless he can win over another one for his identity.

He'd like all the property on earth but only needs the one,

For himself he thinks get more things will make him happy as son,

As he is adopted by the fisher king he knows his sin has sun,

Which burns him on the nose for the enjoyment and the fun.

He's quite a little smarty because no one knows what he's doing,

Unless you meet him in your travels or read his book on how he's going;

He wants to fuel the earth but the fool need food himself,

And the money is hard to come by so he must read what's on the shelf.

For kings and queens have places called castles for their home,

And places are too rich for him because he won't sit on the thrown;

He wanders to many places and keeps fit to live a long time,

But dies daily to the nations and is only found in words at rhyme.

So the myth of the whole idea and quest for the holy grail,

Is his whole ambition and works like a fool at school to fail;

For he wants all his time looking for what he always knew,

But to put his hand upon it means that all his dreams come true.

Now the problem of Parsifal is down in words of poetry right,

As I search and seek the treasure of you reading what I write;

And he loves all the beautiful damsels but only one will do,

For his true love and salutation is in the wife who really knew him.

Signed,

To see clearly