

The power of Parsifal is weak and strong in different ways,

Of physical determination and mental, spiritual discernment days;

Through years of anguish, torment and pain he does continue to ride on,

From valleys and mountains of highs and lows to rise above from below has shone.

An indestructible mind of will and purposed power and kind of hill,

For ups and downs are in his treasure to pursue the gift of loving pleasure;

Now fought though time of distant travel to unravel and climb up still,

And the ways of old of days gone by our paths to try from without measure.

For weights and lifting the purpose served for all things to wait in time,

Like muscle and bone of mule and horse Parsifal rises over resource in rhyme;

Of mixed emotions from tail and crime to fix the problem of power of prime,

And to each extent of highs and lows he rises high and rose is a ride of grime.

For across the dirty track and path of cobbled stone and rocky road,

His power is drained and falls in love again and again with lode;

Of troubled mind that's intertwined and twirled and twisted to decline,

The reassurance of distant shore of castle, lady and damsel to incline.

As weak a man is he as any other when he falls in lie with distant lover,

But rise again to the top of the hill and climb up mountain above;

To ride the crest of spur and vale to unravel yet another tale,

And he has to take wife to share his love of care in marriage to unveil.

Now the earth it turns with power of hell another world in which to yell,

For as each day does rise and fall to power of Parsifal in which to sell;

For powers perfection is paradise balanced of current style and awful while,

A hate, or care, or hurt and pain does push him to the vanity of brink and tile.

**Signed,**

**As home is house**