

Aye whatever is sickness a crime,
Or can a pill live on air in a verse or a rhyme;
Can fluff in a vacuum make people mad,
Or take the little thing without being sad.

Come what may you must pick up the pieces,
Of crumbs or pills which God has excreted;
A pillionaire a word to the twenty forth degree,
Of money and messages and naughts that are free.

Take them and make them and watch how they work,
Through the act of a script and doctors word;
It's an illness of error to the magnitude of earth,
Of Aliens and planets and the search for true worth.

And if the problem is not only trouble enough,
It goes down the toilet or into the trough;
Or if those who ride tandem on pillion bicycle,
You must realise how cells reproduce in their lifecycle.

Pillionaire like green peas and pills of world,
Which people and trees and skies are all worth;
You put it down on paper which is just made of pulp,
And the ingredients circulate in the blood as the heart pumps.

So if you must and have to follow the doctor's orders,
God will turn things around and in the end will reward you;
The limit in the lemon with juice of the sunshine,
And you have to buy linement to finish the last line.

Signed,

Mind or Mine