

Parsifal in his schizophrenic state, slay dead,

The red knight himself inflicted wound in head;

After riding around the world on his passionate quest,

Becomes the silver knight of shining steel if guessed.

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With a sword in his hand and spear and shield,

Mounted on a steed of mighty power to yield;

Pierced right through to take a drink from the grail,

Finds the king and castle to cure his ill and aching ail.

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Amidst the fight of war and tear of turmoil in heart,

He needs to find the love in order to be smart;

And emotionally curious with the wisdom in his mind,

Must search his soul for sanity and peace within to find.

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All renewed and risen in victory he rides anew,

To the scenery of creation to see and search and view;

Of terror and peril he prevails and does overcome,

The experience of life in what and all he has done.

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The silver knight now renamed, has beaten the red knight,

Does search for truth in and of the one eternal light;

As is with blue skies, clouds now appear to have cleared,

The meaning of life is answered and marriage has neared.

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The wedding bells ring in the cathedral of honor,

With freedom and money in all exuberant colour;

And the wife of his life has all beauty of mind,

A brilliant ceremony in paradise to live in place and kind.

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Signed,

Next question.