One guy's motto;
"If you've,
Got a lot,
Keep a lot in reserve."

```
A new business idea,
I ran across;
A guy wants to franchise,
Neighborhood,
"Mini-Mental Warehouses",
Where the slogan will be;
"You Thought It - You Store It."
```

Whoa now,
Not so fast;
If you don't,

<u>Have</u> a fighting weight,
You got nothing,
To get down <u>to</u>.

You can't rise above,

The level of energy and intelligence,

You react to.

The civilized,
Listening to the,
Less civilized telling them how to live,
Is the height,
Of being civilized.

"What's The Hardest Thing In The World To Do?; Response Number 4 or 5.":

To try and help someone,

Without trying to,

Make them more like you.

Everybody has,
Another person,
Living in the house with them.....even those,
who live alone.

A lot,

(And I do mean a goodly many),

Of real famous people,

Quit just a <u>little</u> too soon.

```
One Tuesday,

(Which was his day,

To try and muse philosophically),

The ole man said to the kid,

"If you've got the time to lose,

You've got the time to win.",

To which the younger retorted,

"That's the fortieth time,

You've told me that,

And insofar as I perceive,

Most of life's everyday challenges,

Time is not the deciding factor,

In the question of ultimate success or failure."
```

More proof that - One Should Know What One Is Doing - (Maybe):

Kissing a pig,

Won't make it,

Run any faster.

As regards,
Troubling neural discharges, note;
If you don't think about them,
They won't think about you.

Amidst the dizzying display,

Of some neural storm or the other,

The king suddenly proclaimed;

"Tis not enough to help,

The feeble stand
No, "Tis our duty,

To carry them as well.",

And seven seconds later,

A guy in the crowd,

Held up a sign that said,

"Feeble Lessons Here."

Here's a verbal antidote,

For some more of that

Subtle, City-stroked,

Temporal trompe l'oeil,

To wit;

Because it's separate,

Doesn't mean it's distinct.

While the,
Secondary world,
Seems no bargain for some,
Life still sends all,
Into the mall.

After reading the axiom,

"Chance will always,

Bring home a few boats unsteered.",

This one person,

For a period of a,

Period or more,

Fell into a fitful funk,

Sitting and pondering,

Whether he'd prefer to have,

Good luck,

A good captain,

Or just a reliable rudder.

Moral; Another man's wisdom, Can be all wet.

...(P.S.: As you know,

Kyroots have no "Morales"

The Mischievous Milieu

Of Mordant Maritime

Workers got me to add

This under a threat
of blackmail, that I don't wish to go into at this time.)

```
In the middle,

Of that continuing,

Heated debate at the bar,

Regarding; "Heredity vs Enviornment",

One gent banged his glass down and declared,

"We are all,

The mugs,

Of our fathers' beer."

.....(Shortly after this outburst,

They went back to discussing,

The NBA Draft, and

Existential Ethics.)
```

A "fault line",
Is the,
Geographic centre,
Of all Cities.

Advice one ole sun,

Gave its young moon,

As he left for the City,

"If someone tells you,

'We'll get to that later'
You go for it then."

If you don't think,
The City looks after,
Its own,
Chow down on this:
Just because,
You're better,
Doesn't mean,
You're different.