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The moon a yin yang in morning sky,
Tout à coup a crow sweeps by –
“Where off to?” asks the lovely toad,
Hopping with you longside the road.

Doesn't blink he's the honest type,
Easily distinguishes truth from hype –
Judges the gibberish problems storming,
Critical shortages petaflop warnings.

Deep inside balanced and blessed,
Storyteller a child's favorite guest –
Getting older time growing shorter,
God knows this worlds not your order.

So male supremacy what's it for,
And why insecurity rich and poor –
Let Will's note get through to you,
Bout being to thine ownself true.