

## *Beauty and Wealth*

*Beauty and wealth: how lucky am I?  
On the face of it, I'm quite a fortunate guy.  
This woman's a goddess. This woman's a queen,  
With the loveliest backside that I've ever seen.*

*She claims that she loves me with permanent love.  
Could it be that God sent her, from Heaven above?  
But she don't want to see me, refuses to come.  
I'm so damn confounded, my mind has gone numb.*

*But she sure wants my money, what little I've got.  
She asks for it daily, puts me on the spot.  
I ask her to budget. I ask her to plan.  
I hope she's for real, that I can be her man.*

*But her voice sounds so dead, and her eyes are so cold,  
I'm concerned this whole thing is a pile of fool's gold.  
We don't ever talk; the whole thing has been text.  
Each day's a surprise, and I wonder what's next.*

*Her claims have been false, her promises broke,  
And I worry that all this has been a cruel joke.  
I'd sure like a wife with a succulent rump,  
But I fear all I'm doing is playing the chump.*

*She says she will visit the week of the sixth.  
That's three weeks from now. May it hasten, forthwith.  
Until then, she wants my financial support.  
It feels like a shakedown that I should abort.*

*She keeps finding wills made by bogus attorneys,  
That make no damn sense, made in bad broken English,  
Posthumously written by her dear dead dad.  
This thing's so pathetic. It makes me feel sad.*

*Sure, she may fool me and get a few bucks  
For a while. In the end, though, she'll run out of luck.  
Her beauty will fade, and her curves, they will sag.  
In the end, she risks being a poor, lonely hag.*

*Opportunity Cost: what could she be doing  
In the prime of her life while those hormones are brewing?  
Building a family, life, love, and trust,  
Heart, mind, and soul. She has to. She must.*

*Narcissist beauties: Their name, it is Legion.  
They are everywhere: every state, town, and region.  
Their beauty a mask, with icy cold eyes . . .  
Inquire of their hearts, and they just plagiarize.*

*The lights may be on, but nobody's home.  
Alas. Like sharks, to and fro do they roam,  
Looking for victims, looking for prey . . . .  
God help the poor sap who gets in their way.*

*Narcissistic supply; narcissist rage;  
It's a damn frightful thing, every process and stage.  
Such beautiful sharks, with stone hearts and cold blood:  
They reduce a good man to a mere loaf of bread.  
(Prov. 6:26)*

*Lucy: please show me that this isn't you.  
Prove that you're faithful. Prove that you're true.  
Come out of the shadows, and into the light.  
Fight for your own soul with all of your might.*

*I can't do it for you. It must be your choice.  
Humble yourself, and give heed to God's voice.  
This life: it is fleeting. We all pass away.  
To God, a life span is as short as a day.*

*The Kingdom of God is like mustard or leaven.  
The purpose of life: to prepare us for Heaven.  
We can't waste it sinning, on lying or theft.  
In the end, of eternity we'd be bereft.*

*Eight million in gold: what is the use  
If your life has been ruined by fraud and abuse?  
Your gold will not save you. It won't heal your heart.  
It won't make you honest. It won't make you smart.*

*It won't make you loveable, able to bond,  
With a heart soft and warm, full of feelings so fond,  
Feelings authentic, original, real.  
I pray you'll awaken, and heed my appeal.*

*An awakened, warm heart need not plagiarize.  
You can speak for yourself, see with spiritual eyes.  
You don't have to copy; you don't have to fake.  
All these blessings are yours when your soul is awake.*

*Beautiful Lucy, save yourself. Please.  
For you, I want blessings; much more than these.  
While you may have been false, I've been true, my sweet dove.  
As my money's been real, so has been my love.*

*Other real things I've in store for you.  
My interest is genuine, honest, and true.  
You've twenty-four hours to soul-search and pray.  
Please confess and repent. There is still one day.*

*Thank you for sharing your beauty with me.  
Your loveliness is such a pleasure to see.  
Namaste, my sweet Lucy, whom I'd hoped to wife.  
May God bless and protect you, all of your life.*

*Love,*

*Kris*