

Love is still better than money

If I only told you two words –
Money or Love,
which one gives you a shiver down your spin,
a dreadful feeling in your stomach,
movie clips of you showed in you most pride possession
but only one option is driven by your pride.
A worthlessness that holds fictional values
As you consult with your internal hatred
That you are worth nothing more than fiction.

The feelings are fake.
I placed a dollar bill I your hand and all you feel is a dead tree
You don't feel anything else
But when it gone you cry,
Like a baby without a caretaker
But that babies tears are of loneliness
Something of purpose
Yours is with a lack of status-

Love doesn't exist you say,
There is no such thing
You've never known such thing
You've never known happiness
You've never known of being contempt
And satisfied
And pleased
And still
And as if you have worth outside of your dead tree
Tinted with artificial that you paid for.

You believe that what you cant buy hold no value
Is it because it lacks a price tag,
The only reason that tag is there is because of you.
You convinced yourself that shirt with a red box
Is worth more that my pair of sox
Is worth more than your mother
Is worth more than your house
Your wife
Your life...

Did that one cut a nerve?
Are you mad at me yet.
You mad that I can easily give and receive
Without expecting ash in return
That I complain about being broke
But give me twenty cents and I'll find you something
Id sit down and hear the mother you cursed tell me all her happiest moments
Then spend more the 5 dollars on a t-shirt

Love or money cant solve the world, but it solved me
My waking joy is knowing I can not only piss you off
By telling you the reality that your money is worthless
Compared to my large terrain of love that is priceless

Because one thing to know about love
It has no price tag
One thing to know about love is it isn't physical
Sexual
Materialist
Greedy
Selfish
Or crude

Its pure and genuine bathed in good intentions and meant to last
Its something that when you lose
You cry
Not because your broke
But because you feel broken
Have I pissed you off yet?
If I haven't... read it again



A handwritten signature in brown ink, appearing to read 'P. H.', is written on the right side of the page. The signature is stylized and cursive.