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Opening Remarks

(Introductory Page)

Not to Worry, There's More in the Bank

Do not despair that I have set low price
Upon my intellect and all its blooms,
Its wild embellishments, creative rooms
Filled full with every possible device
Invention and intelligence can build—
My brilliance shedding dazzling insights far
As light can travel from the largest star—
My memory mansion's rooms are this far filled,
And yet I charge a pittance, just a cent,
For all the riches I have made to date,
And fling them with abandon, though so great,
Along the curb beneath your pediment.
Why would I cast my wealth thus at your feet?
Like pennies, I am also obsolete.