

I Am

the basis of all wealth, the heritage of the wise, the thrifty and prudent. I am the poor man's joy and comfort, the rich man's prize, the right hand of capital, the silent partner of countless thousands of successful men and women.

I am the solace of the widow, the comfort of old age, the cornerstone of security against misfortune and want. I am handed down to children, through generations, as a thing of great wealth.

I am the choicest fruit of toil. Credit respects me. Yet, I am humble. I stand before every man and women, bidding them know me for what I am, and possess me.

I grow and increase in value through countless days. Though I seem dormant, my worth increases, never failing, never ceasing; time is my aid and population heaps upon my gain.

Fire and elements I defy, for they cannot destroy me. My possessors learn to believe in me; invariably they become envied. While all things wither and decay, I survive.

The centuries find me younger, increasing in my strength. The thriftless speak ill of me. The charlatans of finance attack me.

I am trustworthy. I am sound. Unfailing, I triumph and my detractors are disproved. Minerals and oil come from me. I am a producer of food, the basis of ships and factories, the foundation of banks.

Yet, I'm so common that thousands, unthinking and unknowing, pass me by.

I am Real Estate

ANONYMOUS