

The year 2000 well here we are,
Travelled so far by foot and car;
Into the time of the millennium now,
A year of two and centuries now.

Turning the pages of God I do know,
I find in its waiting the truth best to show;
Of future and past combined present grow,
Into millions of minds and what's best to show.

As if my forte was dumb now and then,
The words best expressed and done through my pen;
And when as if it all came back down to earth,
The time is upon us in trow thousand years worth.

Wining and dining the people all around,
God's gift of living here affection is found;
The atmosphere near perfect and beauty plays a part,
The money a hand, perhaps a stage play to heart.

Many a blessing and gift of god as such,
That may make our lives to be good so much;
When in time the time came of a millennium pass,
What was the pivotal reason of touch best lasts.

But here as it happens in soft gentle bliss.
The curiosity aroused by the sweet smell of tears;
A magnitude of worry of what is the right myth,
The miller, the baker, the creators are gifts.

Signed,

No greater story