

This is a poem about people and peace,

The joy of it is knowing it will never cease;

When you have and you know the beautiful place,

For it comes from the puzzle and you must find the piece.

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To give you a piece of my mind is money for peace,

And you can be happy and contented with it's release;

For how lovely it is to have and get to know peace,

Perfect peace which is set to continually increase.

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When you give from the heart it fills you're head with peace,

And it's nice and it's attractive and unselfish to each;

You can't ask and have or want to keep it always to never cease;

For it's best shared with others who learn of it's peace.

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Now times is a factor as it leads in verse and rhyme,

With the work of the mind always satisfactorily inclined;

And to those who would greed and want it all for themselves,

Just don't know how to read all the books on the shelves.

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It's great and it's costly and still eternally cheap,

And it's like dreaming and imagining in beautiful sleep;

It comes from God above who lives in all of our hearts,

And fills the mind in our head with the joy that is smart.

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When the thing is wrong you can't always expect to have,

But seek out the right thing for to do so you will save;

And the peace that returns is the peace that comes back,

For is the peace that can't be beaten is heavenly black..

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Signed,

An Expensive Price