

The difference, my lord is to live and to love,
No difference, he said, to me or a dove;
My work is to write whatever I think,
In hope that the difference will turn and will link,

What difference, he said, does it so matter,
That time in the past is now in the latter;
To write what was wrong and right it just right,
So that the truth will appear in the truth of the light.

The difference, he said is not so what's wrong,
But to change in the heart like a bird sings a song;
For in life what's different is what effect,
When a difference will matter and who it'll affect.

The difference then sir, is to who does it change,
With the weather man's signal to turn and arrange;
So how could it be no difference at all,
When rain is not sunshine and in blue skies clouds form.

A difference he said when God had it perfect,
That people would come and in turn, turn to perfect;
So the difference he said is not what we know,
But what we learn and choose in order to grow,

The difference, a difference, what difference it is,
Is all now, controlled buy something of his;
Like I did what I did before love came to town,
No difference, know difference, just weather I'm down.

Signed,

Any Difference