

A poem for the road and the road ahead,

Keep your eyes on the road and watch ahead;

Drive carefully with caution and confidence with competence,

Which leads us to the end of it with complements.

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It's definitely a sure thing to arrive there on time,

Don't be obsessive, argue but be employed in your prime;

Don't get abusive, angry or annoyed at the other,

But stay in line in traffic and be patient and love her.

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You can't talk on the phone or use the computer,

But be a happy little fellow and happy commuter;

Streets, avenues and crescents at the end of the highway,

I'm driving along the road and I'm doing it my way.

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With management and leadership its all systems go,

I'm heading for the future and that's all I know;

I'm not going to rest till I put my pen down,

The city can stay there when I go to town.

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If I live in the past it's all dismal and odd,

Instead of talking to others and leaving it to God;

The road ahead to travel is all downhill from here,

And I hear that it started off hard for me to hear.

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Well I said it would turn right and that is a fact,

As the decades pass by and the centuries down the track;

The road ahead is beautiful and perfect to find,

And brilliant to travel and have in that kind of mind.

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Signed,

When Tomorrow Arrives.