

Life everywhere and everything in a mess,

Trying to organise, thought without a lot of stress;

Living and breathing endlessly, something we all need,

Giving back just a little but for someone else to read.

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The thing really is we take all we can get,

And the only thing that matters is someone else's debt;

When everything is beautiful you really must look to see,

That all you really can be is something living free.

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Like the air we breathe is brilliance in the blue sky,

The sun shining brightly which blinds the seeing eye;

And the magic and the treasure is loving someone else,

Because they've been an inspiration and uninvited guest.

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And all the trees are effortless as we push and strive away,

With the colour flowing endlessly of blue and green all day,

And the might of all creation is sitting on your lap,

As the universe expands and at the expense you take a nap.

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Now the time is not important as I think life is a breath,

Unconsciously of knowing that its still is and not a death;

And the pen goes down on paper to form and fill the page,

And the ink is rhyme in making to fulfil and make my age.

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For its not at all important if life gets in a mess,

But just a reason for living to learn and love not less;

That the sanctuary of nature is living life the best,

Now as the works that I have taken are released in rest.

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Signed,

I thank you.