

The best thing first,  
A leap of faith;  
The second thought,  
Of course to relate.

And deep within,  
The heart of thought;  
That is you be doing,  
What you ought,

And why the sky,  
Stretches endlessly;  
A thousand days,  
Of memory.

To return the same,  
In interchange;  
From year to year,  
Persistence aim.

And when deep amidst,  
The fear of doubt;  
When skies are black,  
With a storm clouds about.

Where wisdom leaves you,  
In shades of green;  
The blue skies perfect,  
For all you mean.

Signed,

Still with love