

I woke up this morning at the crack of dawn,  
And wondered just what had been since I was born;  
And as I thought I started to pray,  
That Christ would shine his light upon me today.

And here in the early hours of morn,  
With grey mist sitting lazily over mountains warn;  
I took a walk to find a secluded beach,  
Where y his heart to me his words might teach.

And here I know sit on nutgrove beach,  
Two passers by walk and walk off into the sun they reach;  
Of older times and thought of golden ways,  
Like bible words of long lost wonderous days.

The meaning of life how sweet it is,  
The joy of living to what is only his;  
The poet beaten by a change of tide,  
Where sun and moon both abide in time.

And what a miracle life just really is,  
As if a sprinter owned a chocolate kiss;  
And while the American sailors take on that town,  
A fishing trawler glides into dock with his catch he found.

And whether the nut would really grow,  
If peach or almond or walnut known;  
It is really only but a seed,  
Of a tree to come and a life to read.

Signed,

Three nuts in the bin