

The things I must endeavour to endure,
Are things which have not cost anything I'm sure;
Like the gift of life each and to all,
Like and god at all times who remains being on call.

It's not as if I can take it easy,
For life is a game that's not quite that breezy;
Many a time the given away hope to it all,
But then turned around and come back standing more tall.

I can't imagine what one woman could really do,
To love me so much with her love all so true;
There's hard times and good times but one best them all.
It's burning right back when you've had a fall.

Maybe life is simple and not just a game,
Maybe the price is in remembering the name;
Perhaps if I had a chance to do it all again,
I learn to survive without enemies but befriend.

God grant me wisdom this now and every day,
That I might enjoy eternity and stay living it your way;
For loving and knowing and loving is just about impossible to match,
Except for your certain return without judgement or catch.

For one now and all I'll make this last line,
Of what my pen did dispatch in this verse and this rhyme;
God grant me serenity in all of my days,
That in eternities making your perfected in praise.

Signed,

For the one I love