

Deep within the meaning of rhyme and verse,  
Between the lines we need to rehearse;  
Time comes and goes in this memory of mine,  
Passages and periods that form the mind and live.

Time has no meaning if we really understand,  
How the world evolves and changes in words so grand;  
Like life has no meaning and God would just sit,  
As here in the park I just walk and keep fit.

Words have their way to twist and to rhyme,  
Going in to periods of different days and time;  
So here in my soul, where to work rhymes around,  
The worth of the word is humbly just found.

God only knows just where I have been,  
All of those places through my pen I do mean;  
As the world turns in time, time passages come around,  
As they link and interchange in a way to be found.

So here in my head I do sit and do think,  
That perhaps I am living in a world full of drink;  
But life is a certainty that a new day will come,  
So what of the words, how they twist all so dumb.

Maybe over the rainbow there is a place so foretold,  
And if I were lost in my head, perhaps I would there grow old;  
But making the meaning of words of poetry and rhyme,  
Can be a bit different in a couple of years of time.

Signed,

A couple of years time