

Thoughts are ideas that are a gift from God above,

Given freely to those who think and read of his love;

There is beauty in the mind of those who are thinking thoughts,

But they must be kind and gentle not mean to want to distort.

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Thoughts can be mighty and grand and majestic to behold,

They can be greater than yourself which ought to really be told;

Thought registering of the brain the oldÂ brilliant peace of mind,

Some thoughts you have to chase and address to simply find.

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Thoughts come and go from time to time of just what to do next,

But the best thing to do with you're thoughts is to turn them into text;

Thoughts are lovely to think and know of places you can go,

When the mountains bow down to rivers and trees drink and grow.

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And the sun lights up the heavens with clouds drifting in the sky,

As some thoughts put you in paradise where the atmosphere is high;

And the air we breathe and wind that blows mean and give life,

That when you're stuck for words the thoughts are a kind of strife.

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Thoughts can be nice and kind or mean quite different things,

But the message must be magic if you magnify mighty things;

For when it is all said and done the thought determines the way,

That when you have been given life enough thoughts turn to another day.

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Now the thought I want to leave you with is one justÂ from me,

Who thought of you to write this now, soÂ who has thought of me?

For theÂ best thought that you could possibly have is fame eternally,

But if you're like me give it up to God whose time is infinitely.

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**Signed,**

**Who BoughtÂ A Thought**