

I'm a bit reluctant at first to sit down and want to write,

But God has got his feet planted firmly for me to do what's right;

Intelligence is not a thing to take lightly but must be earned and deserved,

And that is a thought that I think that really should remain reserved.

Intelligence, how great a gift, a thing to dwell on your mind,

That when all the truth be known you're better off humble and kind;

Most people say it is such a great thing and all they need to know,

But for your information it is a gift of love to link and learn to grow.

Now intelligence is and intelligence was and there is intelligence left to come,

That when people think things are pretty smart intelligence is for the dumb;

God has a way of proving himself right and that is a rhetorical question,

For if you think you are brighter than God, don't even make the suggestion.

Well if intelligence is and we think it is, something we all should know,

Then learning is fun if you don't know why and reasonably nice to flow;

For in poetry when you write with intelligence, money if God,

And we know God had time for rhyme with nothing odd.

Yes, intelligence is and intelligence was a means to justify the end,

That no one who loves on earth for free will ever not be your friend;

For as a matter of fact Christ shall return in an intelligent form and state,

That God will reign upon the earth and keep in mind our taste.

So now there more to life than death and intelligence is the way to go,

For it we use our hearts with intelligence, God answer what he knows,

And yet I ask but one more task, is intelligence best to have,

That the bank is full of managers and letters whose intelligence is to save.

Signed,

I gave the one away