

Life is like a line of wondering down the page in mind,

Where people come and go all striving hard trying to be kind;

And loving where they live to go around and on and on to give,

Thinking all their thoughts are one and unconsciously differently give.

So life is like a line if you like to read and lead life,

As the line in the mind can sometimes seem to cause strife;

And being kind is a like for a nice peace of mind in a time,

But whether it is hard as hell, hurts to try and find in a rhyme.

It's not that we want to lose but love the life we live,

For to live life on the line we have to love to learn and give;

And the beauty of the creation with the life going down the line,

Is the life lived for the creator who loves to live and eat and dine.

Well the line is on the paper and the life is to be lived above,

As all the beauty of the caper is a superfluous flow of love;

And the extra waiting and anticipation is exalted in the air,

As the prayer within the life line is like the love so pure and fair.

So all we really needed and all everybody all will ever want,

Is an abundant gift of nature where the life is on the line and gone;

For if you like it when it's debated and the argument always right,

Then you'll know that life is forbidden and on the line you learn to write.

Well if you like the life and the line and life is on the line,

Remember the gift created and the beauty of seeing the sign;

For one little thing that ever has always got to get its own way,

For when life is like a line, you can pay the trouble of peace all day.

Signed,

A Nice Bite