

From the mountains to the sea, so your glory is to me,

In ever flowing rivers and streams rhyming in poetry;

Like a metaphoric picture of creation and the garden,

Is this meandering flowing river from to the sea from mountains harden.

Mountains to the sea, this picturesque living scene to me,

Of an ideal lifestyle where life begins in mountains free;

Down the river of your imagination to the sea that will return,

For adventurous and wild is the child whose heart does long and yearn.

And I love to tell the story of how the mountains touched the sky,

Where the river flowed to the sea just to do or die;

And the wonders of the wandering and slowly drifting stream,

Is the cream of all creation and in my heart and soul and mind a dream.

For you God are the author of this masterpiece of life,

Where mountains rise unending and to the sea they see the strife;

Of constant repercussions of returning precipitation to repeat,

That the evaporation and condensation of mountain be deceit.

For when the constant teaming of rains and falling tears,

Come the ecological erosion of the pain through all the years;

For once you were the beginning and now you are the end,

Where the head and tail are mountains to the sea just to be my friend.

You wonder why evolution to push so hard to thrust them up,

The mountains of the torment and toil to seek the cup,

But through the ridge and valley flows the river one more time,

To come from heaven down to earth and out to sea in rhyme.

Signed,

Once again