

Three miles deep below the surface of the ocean,

Lies the bottom sea bed at the depth in this notion;

As the ship moves along, maintaining its mysterious motion,

The people care about the weather and whether a commotion.

Everyone seems to take it easy as they casually pass you by,

With needless worry of the condition, that people ask you why;

For with the grey of sea and wonder of the matching sky,

You think of where you've been and where you want the blue eye.

For life has really plenty of all and everything you need,

That you can sit back and enjoy about what relaxes you when you read;

For filling up the reasons of quantity we all could do without,

Is the thankfulness of all we have when on the deep ocean you doubt.

And the beauty of the seas is when it's rough and wild and rouley,

Or when the sweet aqua water meets the deep oceans made to order;

For the perfect summation of the situation that fits to bare,

Is the harmonious understanding of fresh sea salt air and care.

For the best is worth the difference of the continuing of journey,

And the better book to read might not be the one to endure returning;

For the roughness of the waves are no match for a ship this size,

When the maximum amount is the safety of the people as the sun will rise.

So now the ever presence sense of the deep oceans fathoms before,

Is an unexplainable picture of the description, far too hard to know;

And all reality minimizes to the place you've been to and to come,

When you reach the nest port and final destination is all alone.

Signed,

The captain's orders