

Coming from a grey day into tomorrow a day away,

Going to a place I am not sure I know, but where I care I weigh;

And age is but a blessing and the silver hair a beautiful grey,

That the one who is now reading, can find out the way to pay.

For goodness is the greatness of Godly creation in the rain,

Where grey clouds are still trying to cry away all the pain;

And the sun is in the setting behind evolutions grey clouds,

Where the solution is in turning to where the sun rise is allowed.

Now I'm not sure whether it's betting that the bedding safe and sure,

Because I must save this bit of money and make it a bit more;

I'll pass it to the person who can make it work for me,

And if God is in the equation, he'll calculate it for free.

As this atmosphere is disappearing and water vapor clears the air,

The grey colour starting from my mind will change my head of hair;

But time is disguised in the motion of turn black to white,

Where the pen goes down on the paper and the grey is wrong and right.

So this poem is being written coming from a grey old day,

When the newness of condition is formulated in this to pay;

And I see it all so clearly this perfect outcome of events,

For the lovely weather that waters the ground is starting to make sense.

Well as I look around me to see the favor of God in the sky,

I wonder why he does not answer but I see out of the corner of my eye;

For his might work and worry torments and please me.

Because I know he has the answer which I really seen and want from her.

Signed,

Yesterday's problem