

So what are you hiding that all so important,

I know it's a secret and I won't distort it;

Shouldn't we surely instead believe in God,

With things in the light not dismal or odd.

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Though life has its secrets we cannot deny,

And if we seek to find out them God let's know why;

For life in itself is the biggest secret of all;

And is answered in heaven at our time of call.

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Secrets are strange kept their in the back of our mind,

And we worry and fret whether they're nice or they're kind;

We think they're a problem but really they assist,

Because they give meaning and truth to those who persist.

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What about that man, who died on the cross,

Who saved all the sins of those who were lost?

His parables were secrets to those of his time,

Now recognised revelations through parallels that prime.

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To those who will dare to read or listen to these words,

Will be comforted to know that they are worth many birds;

A secret becomes a hindrance when it is kept for too long,

But the joy of releasing it comes when knowing it's wrong.

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Well now maybe it's time to divulge you a secret,

Without leaving myself in a state of regret;

You see a poet finds himself in the art of his work,

Hoping to please others till his very last word.

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Signed,

In a rhyme.