

Well this is a poem about something,

I thought I'd write it than do nothing;

This something is something that we are all looking for,

But nobody notices the something unless the something is sure.

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Some think something is all they really need,

Others think something is something they have to read;

So is something, something we have to look to see,

Or is something something that lives on earth for free.

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I think something must be something that is very nice,

For thinking something's something is the variety and the spice;

It must be really something to know what something really is,

For when you know that something, you've solved the mighty quiz.

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So now let's look at something the something that it is,

And the something that is something a something I call his;

For something is this life of mine I give to God above,

And it's this God that I call something that gives me back his love.

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Do you think it's funny this something on the run,

The something that some think is something that has sun;

So now it's this something that is shining the one eternal light,

And that depends on something that has shone from day till night.

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Well now it's down in writing this something that you seek,

This something that is something I live through every week;

Now it's not wrong to read along when thinking about this something,

Just go your way from day to day and find the joy that it will bring.

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Signed,

God and me.