

Well time has a way of healing all ills,

Especially over a century with the assistants of pills;

A century is a hundred years if you count them pass by,

But for me and my life, even one year of 365 days is hard if you try.

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Now a century is for people and things in history,

As are some of those old trees which remain quite a mystery;

Life in any century has to be divided into stages,

As generations will turnover and our good old earth ages.

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It's not very far into the future here now,

That a century will turn and we'll wonder just how;

But some will imagine the years as if they'd lost the plot,

And they might just end up seeing the whole lot.

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The world reminds me of a game called the sale of the century,

As we remember back when slaves were kept in a penitentiary;

But those who are left will worry not why,

But turn their heads to the heavens and eyes to the sky.

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**Signed,**

**The year two thousand.**