

It started in the agony of a single fleeting breath,

And continues on through pages and lines of life and death;

That this poet finds his answer in the poem of flowing words,

As time dwindles by each second at the sound of the birds.

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There is work and also pleasure in nearly everything around,

The music plays on sweetly in the reward of constant sound;

The beauty is in beating all those things that do go wrong,

In the brilliance of the voice that will write and sing a song.

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So from life to death I'm breathing with time to see the world,

To live to do my duty and turn something into worth;

There's books in shops for reading to fill and pass the time,

Or food to go on eating and things for prayer in rhyme.

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For now I want to love and go on living through every year,

In hope that in the magic, the future in truth will appear;

But not to bank on money but let the sand of time adhere,

When life to death passes, a memory sweet within my ear.

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From life to death we cherish all the meaning to be had,

Which can be very painful and others sad but do make glad;

For now what will be the direction in which we all must head,

To find each other waiting in that which life is must be led.

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If life is in the making then death must be in the wind,

For I am born to return from death to life, hopefully to win;

The conclusion of it all is simple and that it is just a sin,

As we live on earth for ages and put our rubbish in the bin.

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Signed,

Being perfect.