

One a day for the thought of it and good luck,

Pass around the hat and duck away from the truck;

Have a good time and a nice lunch, then a cup of tea,

Think about yourself a bit and have one a day on me.

The sun looks down to shine on the fortunate and hurting,

For the one a day who won and was really trying helping;

Must of needed something that they were lacking working,

Consider yourself even and being one a day whose worthy.

It's brilliant in my eyes and the beautiful go blind,

For the money is the magic of being a brain in your mind;

And the passion of the knowing is the love of Christ,

For the grace and truth of faith and one a day not spiced.

And the loving for the plenty is lost within your head,

As one a day of taking a pill to stop you being dead;

And the poem goes down in writing like a river runs along,

Into the music of the hearth that will turn into a song.

And the trouble with the taking and making enough to pick,

Is the problem with the years that all turn around so quick;

As the sky is blue in heaven and stars the black of night,

Twinkling in the universe where from which there comes a light.

Now one of them has plenty and one of them pay all day,

And one of them is dying and the grey to find the way;

One a day is knowing who, to God who lives above,

And one of them a person from people who learn to love.

**Signed,**

**Education**