

I wanted to write a poem just in plain English words,

That I could sit down and rhyme with to the sound of birds;

Words to explain just how I thought, felt and had to act,

To establish the real truth and prove all that was fact.

In every situation there is a right way and wrong way,

To do things each way the best way at the time of the day;

So with some guidance and help along with rules and reign,

There was a possible way to make a living and gain.

There's a quick way and fast way to slow it right down,

That the words all in verse describe each and every town;

And the words name the places all over the earth,

And people and their ideas since birth all are worth.

It's the juice in the game that gives life blood to live,

That we can get in a car and with petrol can give;

A push on the pedal to go places and travel around,

To see all the beauty around the world on the ground.

So let's do our duty and be responsible to the earth,

That we can relive all our life from our birth;

And travel the road both real straight, wide and long,

So that the best of this world and this life will go on.

And things with the words is that they all play their part,

In the brilliance of breathing and living life in heart;

For tragic it would be if there was congestion in travel,

That magic would stop us and all the words would unravel.

Signed,

Even Flow