

Here in the park I recall to my mind,
A long past dark distant sadness of duty and kind;
The perfect serenity of the lives past on earth,
For all of it goodness let lacks spirit of true worth.

The gardeners care and trench to their park,
Where the greenness and colour loses meaning after dark;
The children's playground and the carousel where I sit,
The old spreading fig in the centre of the creation as it.

There's time in the making as the bell struck the tenth chime,
People going there own way on this new downs day in time;
The stillness of loving so natural and yet strange,
That the beauty of the relationship is God's way to re-arrange.

As the work carries on I remember what has past,
The longing for love and the lives that have passed;
That here is life's beauty there might be some romance for me,
A chance of a new life and just what will be.

But the truth of a park is for everyone to enjoy,
Grateful taking breath for a memory to graciously give back and employ;
That the far distant future is only but a moment away,
The bright new creation through this blue sky sunlit day.

I guess someday perhaps soon Jesus might visit,
One day not far or discover a royal inquisition;
But perfection in meaning is the clear stillness of life,
The pristine clarity of a birds call in strife.

Signed,

The World to strike for