

The only idea that I could come up with was one thing at a time,
To write all the ideas and remember the crime;
Is the new idea of earth and difference of time,
And the internet is now the new idea with my rhyme.

So as I was going along in the bus past the deer,
The hope for the message and the truth of the idea;
To make meaning out of this for a book about new ideas,
And as I thought of such a sport and turned and looked and lead.

I realised why that when we die we need a new idea instead,
Because each idea of a single deer is special in every way;
Because each new deer is born in fear as a fawn to find the day,
And now a cow will not know how to understand what to pay.

But save the troops with soup and suits and keep the Anzac spirit,
For when we cross from north to south the inter-islander won't fear it;
And as we pass from in our class to get and make the grade,
Remember that end deer and cow must eat each grass and blade.

Now this rhyme did not turn out how I thought so wait for my book,
For when the school and fish and rule have had a decent look;
I'm going to write all the ideas I got while In New Zealand,
And if you believe or start to conceive you know Simon the Zealot.

Signed,

Is Peter Zealous or Jealous