

Look to the skies where the weather of heaven goes on forever,
Where the eyes meet the clouds and they change in looks as whether;
When time has no meaning and the mind is lost in heavens world,
Asking why I don't have this? And what will it be like in tomorrow?

Skies go on forever and we really never know where they end up or meet,
As I contemplate where heaven is and what it is like being there;
Like the animals grazing out in the acres of green pasture want to look up,
And the holy grails in a grave that is lost from sight and just a cup.

I wonder why I wonder and guess down the line of this poem,
When all I have to do is look out the window from my chair at home;
To think of all the love God has in store and skies forever would still be more,
And the idea of life and being poor, has got to change to rich as law.

Now the peace of mind is rich in head and the heart pours out so smart,
As if the earth will never stop and endless skies of the world to start;
Skies are constantly forever changing as I write and glance to see heavens might,
As Christ who died on the cross, might return to earth in heavens light.

Skies forever, I want to know, to fill my brain with heavens life,
Where God has got the reigns eternal and rain from clouds drift into strife;
White and fluffy of endless bliss and grey a bit that seldom intermit,
But change and blend and intertwine into hearts and minds and lives.

I love the heavens, where the sun shines a brilliant bright to blind,
And seasoned hearts change life, falling leaves that come to mind so kind;
Like pages of a book unfold and heaven's door is the clouds of old in store,
To reach the point of paradise where heaven's mind are skies forever all the more.

Signed,
Endless Atmosphere

