

If I had a friend I wish I could keep her,
Away from my enemies and thoughts that are deeper;
My pen is my path, as I write down these lines,
As people and places and weather eat or drink wines.

Friends come and go from all round the earth,
And find different reasons for pleasure and worth;
All in due course and seasons and time,
These friends of mine lead to the words of this rhyme.

It's good to trust in the name of the Lord,
Whose enemies were put to death by the sword;
When trouble comes and goes you can look back and reflect,
The word comes to mind and you read and perfect.

Now is the time to establish a link,
While friends and their enemies will stop and will think;
You could find a way to mend all the hurts,
Without causing a pile of mountainous dirt's.

Times getting away from me so now I must finish,
With a sentence or two and a thought to relinquish;
Because you can't find the time to fight all day long,
But seek out the sunshine and friends to belong.

Well now I have written this poem and this verse,
About friends and enemies who love and who curse;
You'll get over anything that gets in the way,
If you look to the heavens and time of the day.

Signed

It all works outÂ