

Of twisting words that intertwine,
That turn and search for rhyme and rhyme;
The interchanging of the thoughts,
Of depth and meaning what are thoughts.

A puzzle or ink within a rhyme,
It's path of words that think in time;
Of reason for life and mingling kind,
That I might to find peace of mind.

And if you care to learn the way,
Of how they dare and interplay;
The truth is lost within the line,
But instead re learnt as a vision or sign.

For when the pen puts down the grey,
What's black and white just drifts away;
That in the mystery of life,
The birds give sound to alleviate the strife.

And if it all was but a game,
Of fame and fortune to retain a name;
The myth is but a Christmas wish,
A gift of love to all who fish.

For all the end of the verse and rhyme,
You live to let another prime;
If what was wrong was written right,
The poems a song in music bright.

Signed,

To walk amazed