

I said it was impossible but it had to be done,  
Like the war of the worlds when money was none;  
Things that were spoken and people that had life,  
Were death and destruction and died for all the strife.

Time began again and there was plenty for everyone,  
The world was created and all was new under the sun;  
There still was a problem and things still went wrong,  
But the people who made it sang a new song.

Now we turn and revolve around cities and places,  
Where cars and rockets go into distant spaces;  
And people and animals that originated from care,  
Separate and unite in the individual responsibility of prayer.

It's not at all possible to sit back and listen,  
To the sound of the trees through which wind and sun glisten;  
But instead imagine and grow in the words that are in heart,  
And lead us and guide us to be both clever and smart.

So I'll tell you all now, of the possibility of being,  
That the truth of the sea is still revealed in its seeing;  
And the mind of all those who still want to compose,  
Can be seen in the scene of the rains got for close.

So you need now require something so completely different,  
From the pen in the heart of the poets indifference;  
And this meaning that was hidden is for told and concluded,  
In this last rhyming line in this mind so all secluded.

Signed,

Hidden in Objectivity