

The book a simple mysterious thing.  
Of fun and meaning and joy to bring;  
It's a deep and meaningful simple heart,  
Is really clever and really smart.

Of course it's only written on the will of faith,  
That it's day of opening will be its day of faith;  
Its day of reading will be its day of grace,  
And it's day of finish the day you face.

It's perfect and simple it has a logical idea,  
It's depth transparent it's title dear;  
Its words impart trouble to those who fear,  
Or waver on with some new fancy idea.

And the beauty you see in the heart of the words,  
Is a beautiful as listening to the sound of the birds;  
As you sit back and read it while all stands on call,  
And the big earth you live sees the world become small.

As the magic of the sentence and lines fill the page,  
You discover yourself in the meaning of time and the age;  
The worlds a big circus as you see all the books on the shelf,  
But being found reading the book is being lost to yourself.

And now if you perceive me or understand what I mean,  
In those words on the page in a picture you screen;  
To get the truth clearly and see clearly the mean,  
You get the idea from the words in the scene.

Signed,

The Author