

On a lonely day under the shade, The sun coming down upon every green blade; A tree that rises up to meet the sky,

A seed that falls upon the earth to die,

Sitting at home with nothing to do,

No one to talk to but God who knew;

The clouds are scattered and don't suppose,

That someone is writing down verse in words of prose.

Thinking of changes and what is done,

Of what has eventuated and life to come;

Moving in the spirit of freedoms soul,

To find out what matters and keep me whole.

I sit here now to write and think,

Of what will be and what will link;

Of what comes true and what must die,

To return to life without a lie.

On a lonely day only God who knows what's best,

Of what has been and what will survive the test;

I think that things will turn and change and learn,

And that ice will melt and the sun will burn.

On a lonely day love finds a way,

Of solitude and moral to end and pay;

But wonder not why it's was to be,
But withhold yourself in prayer to thee.

Signed,

It's good to be with God