

Don't you know the difference between the still and calm, And the wind that blows with fierceness and freedom which can do you harm;

It's still outside with sun shining in a glorious blue sky day,

But every now and then the wind will blow in its own and awesome way.

And I love the kind of day it is with each moment mysterious about it,

As I sit and write my poetry with a run in mind to stay fit,

So I look around about me to whatever might turn to be,

Ad I look and see some clouds passing across to another point that they'll agree.

As a bird will wing it's flight and swoop or swerve across my path,

I think I'm like the kind of England who wants to take a bath,

But the meaning and the purpose is a quiet and humbling experience,

As again I think to take breath and venture with my pen.

And I love the kind of day it is with a passion in my heart,

Of what will make the trees and houses not burn but still be smart.

And remain in highest intellect to tell and trust the truth,

To finally end up with words to God I look for proof.

Signed,

Feeling nice