

The earth's so heavy, world so light, heavens so high,

With this it is hard to put everything in perspective;

Imagine an ideal planet that would organise and lead,

There'd be plenty of money and more things to read.

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Sunny blue skies, white clouds above, grey when rain,

With all of God's love to realize for those with a brain;

The mind full of beauty and concentrating brilliantly,

Fills up our hearts with spiritual food fruit instantly.

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The wind will blow, house will stand, car is driven.

Things come into perspective with planes and trains;

Television, computers, appliances with calculations,

Suburbs, shires, areas, cities, countries and nations.

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River to sea, mountains rise forever, oceans of fish,

School in ship net, boat sailing free, is that all I wish;

Contentment, continuity, contemplation, all are right,

Faith, hope and love with the heart left to still write.

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Music and noise to the sounds of the birds and wind,

Voices speaking still softly to the sight of the mind;

Home alone with my books, pen and paper lined pad,

Remembering being a good boy and to dad a glad lad.

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Verses of poetry in rhyming perspective flows along,

The Bible contents completely relived and repeated;

Realizing what is rational when being international,

My poem is finished requiring inspiration sensational.

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**Signed,**

**One more night.**