

It all was written in logic down along the lines,

Some one thought it smart to grow vines and drink wines;

As it wasn't very clever to have a thousand or more beers,

Because all the words were spirit over across the years.

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The written love of language in English, means a lot,

And all the other dialects I seem to have forgotten;

The certainty of continuity is as the rivers flow,

For me it is constant poetry in which to know and grow.

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I see the sea, seem to be blue or grey or green,

So the scene becomes an ocean of what the heads will mean;

From in and out the harbour, from country shore to shore,

The city becomes the surest, from surer and from sure.

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The rhythm of the rhyme, is a continuous poem,

As you read the words along the line preferring to stay at home;

And onward as I travel from Sydney to Paris and Rome,

I go off into the distance and I must not forget my comb.

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And London, New York and Tokyo, have different sounds,

As I keep my head above water, staying on high grounds;

My ears hear the heart beat of the earth going around,

And my eyes see the distance to the equation found.

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The hemisphere and equator divide continuous continents,

And the contents of the book seem to look like condiments;

The consequence of the difference is the world's coordinates,

And the different distance amounts to all my ornaments.

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Signed,

Procession and Progression