

It is a habit of mine to indulge in my love of writing,

Which puts me at ease and gives me a quite happy feeling;

I judge what is right with a pen in my hand while writing,

Because I love writing and that's righting things through writing.

Is it wrong to judge everything? Or to be judged by you're writing?

Does your love of writing become an appearance of your righting;

When you have a love for writing you can tell what things need doing,

For what has to be done is something you can't do while you're writing.

Writing is a form of art which poets possess a love for from the heart,

And the judgments of the poem is a love for the poet who's smart;

The passion and the romance of the love of God in writing verse,

Is freely expressed by nature in the way life's like to dress rehearse.

Now I know I'm doing something writing and a lot goes on elsewhere,

Where the people and the places are judged and judging to compare;

For as the world goes around about and people come and go,

The earth that we all live is something that we all should really know.

For heaven holds a place for those who love to keep the faith and wait,

And God is really there for those who love him and have heavy weight;

Like the love of God in writing is down on a page for you to read,

And let the judge love judging who is Lord God Almighty indeed.

Well I guess I've stopped to cross the mark and things are tired of me,

And my love of writing is for you and nearly all of it is free;

But pay the price I must indeed for love has paved the way,

So that now I hope my love of writing was written to save the day.

Signed,

Nice to do enough