

The right light on the page is in the print,

The place where the air is, is just a hint;

The world where the world is, is just right,

The bit that the but is, is but the light.

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The blue pen with black ink was silver of gold,

The colour of the steel is steal and cold;

The older the older, the older the older live,

The young and the old is the fight for the flight give.

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The things in the right light are more easy to see,

The lake in Germany is called the see not the sea;

The ocean is saltwater and as blue as the sky above,

The Jesus of the Bible is God's son and the love.

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The right light to write it is this not quite right,

The Queen and the choir is not the quick being quiet;

The acquired and acquiring is in the right light,

The poem is written in the middle of the night.

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The right light for the prayer is in the right light,

The answer is given to the question at night;

The plain and the plane need a pilot to tell,

The people and the places are all going well.

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The God of the heavens was on the earth below,

The buildings and things are the business to know;

The food for the people by prayer does it grow,

The children all eating in the right light to show.

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Signed,

If I see it clearly.