

I'm crazy and so is the rest of the world,

The mind is mine but it's wrong and words being twirled;

So what is it I write and what is it I wrote and I am writing,

So that the truth will sort out the mess and go on righting.

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So in the beginning was the work and the word was crazy,

As I sat down with my pen and paper just being lazy;

And created all the words along with the worlds created,

So that time would have time and the truth would be related.

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I'm crazy you say but I ask where in the world did it start?

Did it stem from the animal, vegetable or mineral in heart?

Life is well and as we all well know it, did not always exist,

But being in evolution or creation to tell, resist or to persist.

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Like what on earth came first, was it the chicken or the egg?

Why did it cross the road? To get to the other side with both legs,

The letter cannot be any better unless, if the Bible is the book,

Yet the alphabet is letters and is not much better than a look.

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So am I crazy, I say to myself, I really don't know,

Whether the big bang theory of evolution or creation to say no;

But children seem to answer and ask the naive kind of question,

Where did it all begin and is there really a God as a suggestion.

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Well after all of this and that to most people money must come first,

Is the first to be the last or the women or man the worst?

I'm crazy I suggest because there is so much sin in the world,

And the whole world can be crazy it will win and is wrong and would.

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Signed,

Try to be Perfect.