

Sitting down now to be writing cities,

The earth is full of lovely little pretties;

So countries are formed and revolve around cities;

And all the money is just all something pitied.

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From Sydney to Los Angeles, New York and Rome,

To Toronto, London, Paris, Berlin and Hong Kong and home;

Athens, Zurich, Barcelona, Vienna and the rest,

Amsterdam, Tokyo, Shanghai, Auckland, Which is best?

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Cities are under the universe that covers and hovers them all,

We study in their universities and they seem small;

But their multifaceted complex infrastructures,

With systems and designs having beautiful building structures.

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They have people with groups and communities together,

Makes fair making in all the fair kinds of weather;

And trucks and cars and the trains and cranes,

Only obtainable domestically and internationally by planes.

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As the mountains and deserts and rivers support,

All the cities and cultures and sports or thought;

And the passion and romance of love between two,

Who get married to dwell in suburban houses and remain true.

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And the beauty and majesticness of any city's skyline,

Is caught in the eye of the viewer who looks at the time;

And down in the midst of them is Cathedral and Church,

Where the minds of the works rest and God they search.

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Signed,

Whether Peaceful.