

In the midst of strife of day and night,

Turmoil, trouble and the grey of light;

We look and search for things on earth,

And God shines down the sun in worth.

.

To just look to find another day,

Where you see the light the other way;

A switch at night to black and white,

Shows colours through the lines of right.

.

I write this down to tell and see,

Where I might find the other day to me;

I see it clearly through all the night,

As I read then sleep to the new days light.

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The memory fails and the memories last,

Of all the old days of the ancient past;

And search me near and look on afar,

To find the family and the famous star.

.

And whether its right to see the light,

Or the weather had clouded the money bright;

To know what's where and remember the truth,

Is light everlasting in all daylight proof.

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Now as the years pass by and day has shone,

And the weeks are weak from months that's gone;

The seconds and minutes are all the hours of time,

Are ours to keep this my poem of rhyme.

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Signed,

The school yard.