

I had the right idea and I decided to write it,

I wrote it and am writing it till it's the right idea;

It was wrong long ago and it was wrong for a long time,

But now it's going down the page just to appear as the right idea.

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It goes along with a swing and a rhyme in making a sound,

Just how to stay alive and keep my head off the ground;

It's pleasant and sweet and now all I need to do to complete,

Is to fight with the word because everyone wants to compete.

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It competes with itself and the right idea is so sweet,

That the strawberries or cherries taste so right to eat;

If you are reading this and wondering just how it will complete,

Just look down the page and remember your feet under seat.

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Well life might mean anything and we all want it just right,

To taste fruits of life and enjoy it all in the right light;

For everyone knows that the happy medium is the right idea,

For it really works out just how it all will clearly appear.

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Now the beauty of being and just having the right idea,

Is like the reflection of true self in a clean mirror so clear;

For when I see me clearly appear I see you as the right idea,

And that is the magic of perfection in breathing life so dear.

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So the right idea is now at an end and is simple and complex,

But the easier we make it the harder it is to have at the vortex;

For the pinnacle of life and a paradise state of the mind,

Is work for the right idea and not so always easy to find.

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**Signed,**

**Being Kind.**