

Today's date is written everyday and tingles down your spine,

Like date palms you try and figure out and turn your head to pines;

Or the fig and prunes are numbered like for a date cutting back a rose,

Which you want to pay and then propose on what to disclose.

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And times have changed quite suddenly which we seldom seem to know,

With all the daily complexities as trees and flowers continually grow;

Now I don't know what is seasonal as top and bottom turn,

For all I really seem to want is all that I can earn.

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As the hem and seem are invisible in an endless point of time,

And dates and pines are meaningless in words of constant rhyme;

For when the price is paid and they are cut down and dressed,

Someone has a place to live and give and keep address.

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It's in the permanency of growing that change is a constant source,

And all we tend to use up is time travelling in its course;

For how tragic this would be if it all was constantly true,

That the wood would keep on aging and not need nails and glue.

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Dates and pines are beautiful trees that live and give shade,

And the best is yet to come because they always make the grade;

Or the gain is in my brain as minutes of days and dates pass by,

Like the skin of any apple is not the inside seed that dies.

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So the fruit of all my knowledge is deciding what is best,

For in pines and dates the sweetness is what is being stressed;

Like reversing bananas and oranges is as simply as hard as ABC,

The money comes from trees which grow for you and me.

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Signed,

The Right Order.