

At the back of memory there is a lot of things to be desired,
And I keep picking my neck for the technology that is required;
As well as a lot of old ideas that stick their in the back of my mind,
And some of them are unpleasant but a lot of them are quiet kind.

Well it seem to be now that poetry is the name of the game,
And I know a lot people who have been remembered for fame;
But I am a sole trader who longs to live and to possess,
A wife and a house to work in the garden and give birds address.

It seems that it takes a long time for all things to happen,
To love on earth for ages and then one day go finally to heaven;
But with sure peace of mind and a will to work to improve,
I can see things fall into place and with tongue in cheek approve.

In actually fact there is a lot of things that revel in my mind,
And are kept there in the back of my memory to recall on at a time;
But each effort to keep still comes at a very high cost,
Of not losing any people and making sure no things are lost.

At the back of my memory is really where things do belong,
And are kept there and treasure until needed or things go wrong;
Like the lingering words of the lines of many a good song,
I remember the artist and brush with the verses so long.

Now as I write the last line there's still things to remember,
Like my birthday at Easter and Christmas in December;
And for the seasons that differ all year to September,
There is no way I can remember everything at once in November.

Signed,

It takes all year