

A million miles from nowhere I am,
Of perfect world with toil in my hand;
Well what have you got what's so new,
Something different for me to do.

It feels like I'm repeating it twice,
With all the joys it feels so nice;
Oh perfect world what do you behold,
I smell suspiciously your leads of gold.

Across the plains and wandering hills,
Too far fetched lands to see but window sills;
The flowering meadows their peace and quiet,
It lies still through the dark of night.

Oh perfect world your aims wide open,
As if I could walk right up across the slope then;
Imagine it all as infinite bliss,
The morning due and an awakening kiss.

Oh brilliant day another new delight,
The storm now settled from the warm twilight;
The hope we have is to live like this,
Of no more wars or things to miss.

How well it seems as the sun meets the day,
The blue skies cloud by subtle grey;
Oh perfect world your earth is born,
The mysteries lingering over the mists of morn.

Signed,

Yet one more day