

Well now what was it this thing we sought,
Was it perfection a most unbelievable thought;
Why is it we all want to have some thing,
It is desire to be better or to simply create something.

It's not very hard to put pen to paper,
A bit of an effort and can be a caper;
You've got to be comfortable with what you do,
For this is the way to make things come true.

Now I won't hold back and I won't delay,
I'm making this rhyme mean what I want to say;
You see what is the greatest gift of all,
Is making someone happy in the presence of all.

We are all give life when we're born so small,
And it's what you make out of it that lets you stand tall;
So what are you going to do with this,
For all you'll get from me is a kiss.

The idea now is to reproduce,
The fruits of our labour to not reduce;
We don't want excess for what would be waste,
But oust enough to live on the taste.

So the greatest gift is love of life,
For its success we find when we take a wife;
Now all is well and I'm out of time,
For now I end by the answer in this rhyme.

Signed,

Until Forever