

Everyone should do what they do best at,
But life seems uneasy and you can't always do that;
My art is a form of writing you see,
It's poetry of a sort but its more common sense to me.

I like what I do and I find it comes easy,
When you go to a church and don't want to be sleazy;
Now time has a way of taking to its own,
And this seems like mine I can feel it in my bones.

I know I'm not perfect but god I do try,
To write what I can without word of a lie;
Imagine the size of the task now ahead,
With plenty to write from all that I've read.

I think I've discovered that's my talent can be,
Spread over nations to those across the sea;
To find in their life their destiny and nieche,
Like God's right idea of triggering a switch.