

From an ant here, here behind me,
To the ant hill right in front;
Looking through forked trees to see,
The ain hill gallery of love.

It's really quite a lonely feeling,
Like an ant would feel the loneliness of love;
Through these living trees of life,
The ant would feel the loneliness of love;

Now if the ain could get the picture,
I'm putting down here in the line of poetry;
The ain there up there behind me,
Could understand the loneliness of love.

You even though how big he is,
And the ant hill gallery he built;
Because he too is made by human hands,
Like the ant hill the miners waste of lands

So if you understand me, you read I don't k now,
Perhaps you too feel this loneliness of love;
Like this and can't reach his hill through gallery,
But must wait here in this poetry till I have gallantry.

But me here where god is being,
The ant that climbed the highest mountain;
The loneliness of love is to see fulfillment of the agreement,
The holiness of marriage where numbers have no sequel.

Signed,

Life and church