

Surrounded here in beauty quite,  
Reflecting long all day and night;  
There's stillness in the life around,  
For those still living with head above ground.

But solitude and loneliness hurt,  
God guiding righteously to be clean from dirt;  
As houses line the hillside there,  
Majestically depleting and atmosphere air.

And behind the hills the mountains stands;  
Away from seashore waves and sands;  
And as is expecting a friend to meet,  
I sit here solemnly on this seat.

I could have taken a different path,  
And follow my nose to those where ask;  
But in the truth of life and all,  
It's best to wait until his call.

And many a man a chance to it,  
The idea of the truth most fit;  
To find his God in hidden time,  
To be supplied and fulfilled through pen and rhyme.

Then as by chance I drew them all,  
Overwhelmed and charmed you this call;  
The magnificent of days gone by,  
Returns in triumph no more to die.

Signed,

The will to try