

Torn between two lovers,
Feeling like a fool;
Living not fun love one,
Is breaking all the rules.

It's not a matter of choosing,
The one in life you cherish;
It is more like a decision,
That the best one won't let you perish.

It is also a matter of trust you know,
That two hearts together in tune and grow;
This women of yours who doubts your love,
Would not be happy with the competition you dove.

But why in the world is it an impossibility,
With life given for all uncompromisingly;
So then in the end when you make the choice,
Between two perfect matches of God enjoyed.

The only thing left in life is this,
That what will endure will endeavour to his;
For the beauty of bliss is something great,
That through all our lives we will be blessed to relate.

I sit here out in the open air,
With the grass so green and blue skies so clear;
Two trees, two pinnacles tow women dear,
That the truth and brilliance of God would appear.

Signed,

One so dear