

Introduction

Welcome to this my 29th book of poetry. The idea behind this book is a cognitive thinking of brain waves being tapped and harnessed into thinking poetically in written verse. Like the cogs of a watch or clock, all play an intricate part in the motion and working of the movement for a timepiece to tell the time. So too does the mind image engage in cognitive thinking and with the way that I have been churning out poetry lately, this has come about as a kind of thinking factory of idea projection and portrayal of interesting facets and thoughts for you to ponder and possess. The idea factory is a poetical manufacturing of positive ideas expressed logically and flamboyantly in poetry, to create a visual image of a working factory churning out their products and in this case the factory is poetical ideas. The human mind is not necessarily mechanical, but a creative thinking system that ignites with fire within, when engaged in poetical thinking for writing written verse. There is some kind of logical pattern amidst and amongst the territory of writing subject and criteria and however it turns out, it remains a creative inspiration of the writer. Once again I am looking forward to this travelling journey of what is around a factory of ideas about to be and are now being produced. When we get down to the nitty gritty of doing the actual writing, it will be a cognitive journey of travelling mercies, formulated out of everyday and ordinary ideas that find their way into my head and which will also have found their way into your heads by the end of the journey. I have little experience in factory work, except for a few days of working, packing aerosol cans into boxes as they came off the production line and repairing a few pallets with a nail gun to take away the products for delivery to stores. This will however be a similar process in the writing department of originality of thought and process of progression and advancement, as we hopefully introduce an interesting depiction of what will come out and about by the end of this book, in what is now conceived as Parsifal's Idea Factory. Let's see how we go and get on with the writing of the book. Looking forward to your coverage and following in reading as the work gets done. As per usual, please enjoy the read. God bless you in your own endeavours to produce a worthwhile work for other people's enjoyment. Stay tuned and follow closely. Darel.

Chapter 1 COOKING DINNER

1 Chocolate

Sweet tasting, rich and brown,

It just kind of melts in your mouth;

Stir the cooking pot and lick the spoon,

Chocolate is lush, smooth and creamy.

White, milk or dark chocolate,

Something to eat, just for a treat;

Have some with your coffee,

Or just eat chocolate on its own.

A few pieces on your desert,

Chocolate milkshakes and hot chocolate;

Marshmallows add to the flavour,

Chocolate biscuits and chock chip cookies.

Delightful and mouthwateringly delectable,

Just soothes and pleases all the way down;

Chocolate icing on the chocolate cake,

Just a bit too rich to make a mistake.

Chocolate oozes through your teeth,

To get to your stomach there beneath;

What a lovely and delightful feeling,

Chocolate smothering your hard core beliefs.

Chocolate melts nearly all the way down,

From a little European town;

No good worrying or even a frown,

Just buy and eat chocolate, be like a clown.

Chocolate, how sweet how perfectly neat,

Making a mess all the way to your feet;

You don't have to sit too long on the toilet seat,

Chocolate finds its way out and around all agreeing.

Signed,

Feasting on a feed.

2 Vegetable Soup

Cooking a pot of vegetable soup,

I just ate lunch of what it is;

Vegetable soup the meal for today,

Chop up the vegetables and cook them to eat.

A can of vegetable soup, throw in some meat,

Sit down at the table on your chair and seat;

Got a soup spoon, the propper way to eat soup,

No slops or spills on your suit as you eat.

Carrots and celory, peas and beens, potato and leek,

A smile from ear to ear and blush on each of your cheeks;

Vegetable soup seems to go its own sorted way,

That at the end of the bowl, is the end of the day.

A nice tasty lunch or vegetables to eat,

Out of a can or fresh into and out of the pot;

A bowl of soup is a real tasty dinner or meal for lunch,

You will be as happy as Larry in just how you feel.

Vegetable soup as is now, won another days feed,

Thank God for the morning, tomorrow I pray;

That each of us go our own individual way,

Food for the head and a heart for the road.

You can now go to sleep in a contented sort of fashion,

Rest for the weary and sleep for the souls passion;

Another bowl of vegetable soup, not a moment to lose,

A colourful meal of a bowl full of vegetables you choose.

Signed,

Stir the pot.

3 A Nice Steak

I bought a nice steak,

Porterhouse for me or you;

God knows and loves you,

My share, my stake.

A nice steak, Pray a little prayer,

Be safe for food to go down;

No mistakes for me or you,

God loves me, God loves you.

Rump coming to your table,

T-Bone when you are able;

Steak knives and tomato sauce,

God loves us, BBQ source.

Chuck steak, camp fire love,

Throw it all in the pot,

With a few vegetables,

Then you have cowboy stew.

Scotch fillet and rib eye beef,

I don't worry, I am not a thief;

The best cuts of meat,

For me, you and God in belief.

Surf and turf steaks,

Nice cuts of beef with prawns,

From farms and corals,

With prayer and true love.

Signed,

What is for dinner?

4 Lamb Chops

Lamb chops, mutton sheep,

Soft tender cuts of meat,

Something nice, something sweet,

The best meat that you can eat.

BBQ or chump chops,

Lamb grillers or rump steaks;

Diced lamb in the stew,

Nice lamb stew dinners.

Cook them under the grill or frypan,

Add rosemary or lamb gravey;

Tender soft and mouth watering,

Melts in your mouth and all the way down.

I like mine with mint sauce,

You like yours, yes of course;

Each to their own in various ways,

Long live lamb chops all through your days.

Lamb chops from shops,

Well what else can I say;

You could eat lamb chops all day,

The price you pay is a little rich;

Twice as nice with for kids to eat,

Poor old lamb, no good in mince.

Lamb chops, they just keep on coming,

Baked in the oven, everyone loving;

Potatos and roast vegetables, a certain side,

Open your mouth and swallow whole while wide.

Signed,

Chewing Stew.

5 Table Service

Served at the table of love,

Dinner for two she set for you;

You paid for the meal,

She cooked it beautifully and delightfully.

Sitting in a restaurant,

Waiter comes to the table;

Passes you a menu,

Asks what do you want.

The meal is brought to you,

Perfectly served up for two;

Slowly and steadily you eat,

Love at last in a cup of tea.

You choose the beef,

I choose the fish dish;

Nothing more could you wish,

Possibly just desert on the list.

Sitting down the waiter comes to you again,

With a desert menu for you to see;

You have the profiteroles with cream,

I have the caramel brulette, also with cream.

Nothing left but for the waiter,

To come and take things away;

Lets call it a meal at the end of the day,

I got the table service, you got your way.

Signed,

Coffee coming.

6 Get The Cup

Get the cup of tea or coffee,

A glass of water passed around;

I wanted everything, anything you found,

A cup was all I needed and perfect charm.

Get the cup at the end of the day,

You have to win the prize and the trophy;

Second best will just never do,

Forget yourself and beat the rest.

I was thirsty and you gave me a drink,

Out of the waters of eternal life;

I had nothing but torment and strife,

You came along and made me your wife.

The cup of suffering was the way to hope,

Beating the devil who had to cope;

Wining and dining, you lost reason,

To the waters of life in due season.

A perfect delusion, the road to the cross,

The cup caught the blood of the saviour;

The Messiah who loved and died for us all,

To a certain resurrection of human distain.

No love lost in living and losing,

Win the prize that He fort for the hardest;

The hard fight to fight of eternal life,

Where the victory is sweet in truth and the light.

Signed,

The holy grail.

7 Gravey Forever

Gravey forever, brown and tastey,

Could you have a better idea;

You can eat all you like without fear,

You just have to give up all the beer.

Wine with your meals, at least it appears,

Water is sweeter and much more delight;

Gravey on your steaks and roast lamb,

What better dish could you possibly want.

Gravey forever, love any weather,

Whether the leather or white feather the floor;

Love is a heart to eat on in prayer,

Life is too short for too much care.

Eat your meal like your last one,

The next possibly will still be to come;

Waste not and want not, the need for some,

Gravey smothered on every meal under the sun.

It is a long raod an dway to the grave,

Work hard and slave hard with gravey each day;

The word is God and He will save the day,

As long as you don't go your own sweet way.

Gravey forever whatever the weather,

We are trying invane to be wherever;

Wearing our hearts out with every endeavour,

Gravey forever and whether you will ever never.

Signed,

Watch the vegetables.

8 Main Courses

Scotch fillets or lamb shanks,

Deciding and deliberating;

Over what is to eat for dinner,

If you just tuck in and be a sinner.

Roast beef or lamb or pork,

On a plate, knife and fork;

Dig in and eat, don't wait,

Eating quickly and you will hate.

Slow down and offer thanks to God,

In a prayer anyway you care;

The main meal, profoundly sound,

Eating well on common country ground.

What is the main course,

You should well decide alone,

Eat what your parents offer up to you,

Don't be a fussy stuck up clown.

Main course, anything on the menu,

Takes your fancy for you to eat;

A selection of fine cut meat.

Vegetarians need not fear or miss out,

Vegetables are really very nice to;

Done fresh, steamed or stewed,

Just don't overboil the goodness out.

Then for those doing sausages on the BBQ,

Don't forget the BBQ sauce;

Onions and mushrooms over your steak,

In Australia you just can't make a mistake.

Signed,

Eating Dinner.

9 What's For Desert?

Apple pie with icecream,

Fruit salad and frozen yogurt;

Creme brullet and creme caramel,

Cheesecake and fresh cream.

All these nice things for you to share,

Is your mouth watering as much as mine?

Are your taste buds melting with ideas?

Can you taste the deserts going down now?

God is good and dishes out our just deserts,

What we should be eating and not;

Lovingkindness is our just reward,

Unquestionable mercy and graciousness.

All these deserts taste great to us,

Not stranded on our own in the vast desert;

We are all welcome into His house,

The church of His eternal plan and happiness.

Have you earned your unmerited favour,

Can you taste the just deserts of our saviour;

Are you good enough and kind enough to enter in,

The kingdom of good is a desert heaven.

What a friend we have in Jesus,

All our sins and greifs to bare;

We are not left here on our own and helpless,

We have a loving father to take care of us.

Signed,

God's Kingdom.

10 Doing The Dishes

To all the dedicated mothers,

Your children are all simply lovers;

Your work goes unnoticed and yet loved,

Everyone really needs to take their turn.

It is hard work I know,

But it just has to be done;

Don't put it off till tomorrow,

It has to be done today.

Doing the dishes is a pleasant pastime,

Something to do for you to see clear;

Clean those plates and cups,

Fresh as a daisy with dishwashing liquid.

A nice clean fresh smelling detergent,

Get rid of that grease and grime;

Clear up all that grit and slime,

Wash the sink out when your finished.

To get a sparkling clean stainless steel,

Wipe your plates and sink dry;

It is not too hard, don't cry,

God has a reward for you in heaven.

A nice drive up the coast when you are finished,

Some lucky ones have a dishwasher;

Someone or something to do the dishes,

Don't be ignorant or take them for granted.

Remember them in your prayers each night,

God will take care of your long lost days;

When you are old and worn out and grey,

Then in a nursing home your dishes will be done for you.

But until then keep up the good work, happening true,

Perfect beauty for me and for you;

Clean dishes are the wishes for fishes,

For everyone else, you have to do your dishes.

Signed,

Aches and pains.

CHAPTER 2 MANUFACTURING

11 Clothes and Taste

Equisite looking, wearing bright,

Clothes that look true and right;

A taste for fashion and passion to wear,

Clothes that trend to people who care.

Brand names and tailored suits,

Seeing beautiful looking apparel;

Don't call me at Christmas time,

My names Darel, not Carol.

Easter comes but once a year,

The Easter parade with love not fear;

Oliver Twist did June Dally Watkins,

Captain Cook, Braided Admiralty.

Parliament House is full of dress sense,

Wearing to suit the people everywhere;

Debating the infrastructure and policies,

Dressed for the occasion in great pride.

Who am I do draw a conclusion,

About who is the best dressed anywhere;

I wear what is appropriate and comfortable,

What you see, is what you get.

Looking dressed up to take on the occasion,

Whoever wants to be the best dressed wins;

Whoever wears rags to riches sins,

All those old clothes going in the bins.

Recylce centres and Op shops laugh,

Everytime you walk out with a bargain;

Some people think they are Op shop greats,

Helping others see their taste and relate.

Signed,

Everything wares.

12 New Furniture

Harvey Norman or Fantastic Furniture,

Bed shops and White Good shops everywhere;

For a new lounge suite or bed and wardrobe,

Book cases and tables and chairs.

The pride of appearance is very flaunting,

So much to choose from is very daunting;

Come in and see and have a look,

Buy something that will suit your needs.

Have a look on the inside,

Outward appearances can fool;

A good reason for something new,

Is what I need and learnt at school.

Take a look on the bright side,

Get exactly what you are looking for;

New furniture no matter however,

Needs prayer to fit exactly wherever.

Whether cheap or expensive,

matter not a care to me;

What means and matters to me,

Is that if it is right to have and see.

Completely perfect, matching furniture,

Brightens the room and adds a little class;

Of course you can't go on being fussy forever,

But get what you can and suits your need.

Signed,

Put your feet up.

13 The Kitchen

The kitchen is mine,

His wife said to him;

Get out of my way,

Kids are not allowed in here.

The master chef cooked,

Everyone ate the goods;

Food is for eating,

Everyone loved that idea.

Too many cooks spoil the broth,

There is only one finger in the pot, mine;

Everyone loved the cooking design,

Food on the table, I now resign.

The kitchen cupboard,

The sink, stove and fridge;

The toaster and the kettle,

Matching kitchen curtains.

Draws on the pantry,

Loaded for the fill;

I am doing the cooking,

You will eat what you deserve.

Say a little prayer to mamma,

When you have finished talking to God,

Nothing out of the ordinary,

No problems, not a thing odd.

Signed,

Full stomachs.

14 Utensils

The four kitchen draws,

Loaded with utensils;

An egg slice and beater,

Mash potatoer and meet basher.

The set of stainless steel carving knives,

The tongs and other things wrong;

Anything you need to cook,

Is kept in the utensil draw.

Bread board and cuutting board,

Chopping board and chopping block;

Dicing up all your vegetables,

Well you just have to have the right tool for the job.

The grater and egg separater,

The juicer and the garlic press;

Everything to stop you making a mess,

Don't make any mistakes and have to confess.

Poached egg rings and measuring spoons,

Heavenly cooking is over the moon;

Simple kind of things, right at your finger tips.

Stops you going wrong and then you do everything right.

Utensils, how useful,

How fundamentally right;

Seeing what you need,

Straight away and at, in sight.

Signed,

Shut the draw.

15 Dinner Sets

Royal Albert and Noritake,

Wedgewood and Royal Dalton;

China and Japanese settings,

All ready to lay on the table.

Four, six & eight place settings,

Each around the size of the table;

Chairs and cutlery add to the scene,

Side by side facing and opposite.

Bowls for soup and cereal,

Bread and butter and dinner plates;

The cup and saucer for your tea later,

All these pieces are part of the collection.

Round, square and rectangle tables,

Suiting your perfect dinner setting;

Place mats or boards for selection,

Silver service your rewards.

Silver serviette rings and linen,

Table coths clean and nicely patterned;

Crochered, embroidered of plastic,

All make for a nice clean meal.

people stitting at the table,

Waiting to be served of course;

Good manners and hygiene are still important,

Behave yourselves and don't spill anything.

Signed,

Trusted Service.

16 About The Car

Cars are kept in the garage,

The best right place for them,

When you take them out for a drive,

You return them home to them.

Leave them in the car park while you are out,

Or at the mechanic to be fixed;

New or used it does not matter,

As long as they get you from A to B.

All the pride and appearance,

People staring as you are driving by;

Look at that preserved old masterpiece,

Keep within the lines and obey all the rules.

Accidents are costly, always try to avoid them,

Careful with trolleys and doors when shopping;

Green for the go lights, red for the stop,

Have a cup of tea or coffee every two hours.

You can just keep on driving,

As long as you don't fall asleep;

Stop for a rest if you feel tired,

No good crashing, when you did need to.

Washing the car once a week or after a long drive,

Regular oil changes to protect the motor;

Manitain you cars wellbeing,

You will have it for a long time.

Well it is time to update,

Your car has served you well;

Get the new latest model,

But paying the insurance is hell.

Signed,

My car is fine.

17 Food Products

From growing vegetables,

To a stable meat diet;

Processed food is just great,

If you don't take the goodness out of it.

Meat and three vegetables,

Mum's favorite serving,

All the goodness left cooked in,

Just put the bones in the bin.

Dad said, get rid of the scraps to,

There is always enough for me and you;

We just have to share and share alike,

A keep a good, true family hearts faith.

I'll walk by faith, I'll put my trust in you,

Walk off what you have eaten;

There is no good in becoming too fat,

Then you can do your reading where you sat.

Mash potato and pumkin,

Peas and beans with carrots;

All these lovely vegetables,

With your meat selection.

Baked roasts in the oven,

Meat and vegetables that blend;

Served up just for the eating,

I am glad that I have you as a friend.

Signed,

Dinner time.

18 Made Nearly Anything

Money in the bank now,

The stock market is waiting tomorrow,

Get in for the long haul,

Or just do some day trading.

The choice is up to you.

Invest with a set of moralistic standards,

With ethical investing accounting behaviour;

Choosing set companies to support you,

That will pay you a good dividend.

You can make nearly anything,

If you are smart enough and have the know how;

You just have to wait and be patient,

Putting your money where it will do best.

Then you can always leave it in a bank account,

With a high interest rate of return;

Rolling over your recurring superannuation,

Into a growing compound interest account.

Then there is everything left in the shop,

Put there for you to go and buy,

Come in and get what you want,

There is something there for everyone.

All these things are made for your selection,

Put there by those trying to make a profit;

Offering you a selection and a service,

Food and things, nearly anything you want.

Signed,

Self help plans.

19 Industrial Wares

China's industrial manufacturing,

Makes nearly anything you can think of;

The facts are hard to understand though,

You just have to do the hard yards and miles.

Even if you don't understand Chinese,

You know that money is universal though;

They think of nearly anything you will need,

And make it to suit your purpose.

They have made nearly anything you want,

By Making nearly anything you need;

Borrow and return money and pay back,

Tomorrow will come again in time and soon.

They make anything for your requirements,

Then for them, everything will cost you money;

Pay the price or else you will lose a friend,

Today is your own, tomorrow you borrow.

Utensils and saucepans, pots and plates,

Cups and dishes, mugs and bowls;

Cutlery and woks and chopsticks to eat your food,

Toasters and kettles, whitegoods and televisions.

The rest of Asia even make cars more than Japan,

Trucks and ducks and pork and chicken feet;

Coal and steel, petrol and fuels,

All the things you need as well as food.

Signed,

Menu On The Table.

20 Building Houses

Building houses, a bit at a time,

Each step in the process;

Is just a piece in the plot of prime,

Doing and getting the job done slowly.

Sure and steady wins the race,

No short cuts now or cheap tricks;

You will just pay the price later,

The cost is in sweat and materials.

Put in the foundations and plumbing,

Buy the nails and cut the wood;

Then you hammer the studs and crossmembers together,

Then you wire up the electricity.

Then the brick laying comes along,

The long and slow arduous work;

One at a time in a straight row each,

Right up to the ceiling and guttering.

Put the roof on and do the roof tiling,

Before you do the plastering inside;

The doors and windows go on next,

Then followed by the painting, coming after that.

The followed by the kitchen installation.

And followed again by the kitchen tiling,

The carpet get laid after all that,

Then you need to clean up, putting rubbish in the bin.

Signed,

You can move in now.

Chapter 3 MEDIEVAL EUROPE

21 France

Paris a place of beauty,

Cafes and girls all around,

Back in the days of building,

Paris wore the jewel in the crown.

Mont St Michel is an Abbey,

About a thousand years old;

Down near St Malo and old fort city,

Medieval style wore a gown.

Champayne is a area of vinyards,

Where they grow those exquisite grapes;

Toast to your good health old Parsifal,

You will be married in a quite haste.

Callais just across the chanel from England,

On the coast waiting for you to come;

Back in the days of Napoleon,

Ships were the old battle song.

Arls down South in the Riviera,

Not far from Spain or Niece;

The bullfighting arena there for fighting,

But not now in The French Riviera.

The Fench Alps are beautiful and clear,

Clear water for drinking running down;

Mountains in the sky of the living,

Moritz in the eye people still skiing down.

The Eiffle Tower stall ever dwelling,

Dwarfing others in the splendour of its presence;

The view from the top is magnificent,

The idol and the thorn of the crown is Notre Damn.

Signed,

Drinking Seign Cafe.

22 Germany

In Germany we start at Frankfurt,

The buisness central place of them all;

Then we move on into Munich,

And back through old fortified Neuremburg.

We have done our tours of Berlin,

Where Hitler came from to conquer and win;

Six million Jews died in the battle, only one sinned,

God loves and lives in old Berlin.

The Barouge Cathedrals and Gothic,

Dwell and dwarf the old towns all around;

Sandstone blocks are a masterpiece of arrangement,

Giving life and charcter to histories old towns.

Hamburg is no exception to the picturesque situation,

A seaport on Germanies North Coast;

The Ice train goes right up and back again,

Through countryside territory and Koln.

With old scenery and monastories,

Vineyards just never seeming to stop;

Great is the wine crop and the harvest,

Beer flowing from both ends of town.

You could go down and visit Vienna,

For a look at the Strauss Coservatory Concert Hall;

Listen to some Mozart or Beethoven,

With strings on sheet music to beat them all.

Signed,

Ends in Austria.

23 Italy

From Rome we start at St Peters Basilica,

The Colluseum and Ancient Ruins and all;

Where the pizza and pasta is plentiful,

You just can't sit there and eat it all.

In Florence we went to The Cathedral,

A beautiful piece of grandeur and more;

Pompei is an old Roman settlement,

Where carts made tracks in the stone.

Coffee and women are all about Italy,

Girls come fast and freindly and tall;

While the waitresses in cafes are all small.

You have Milan and Sienne and Calarbria,

Venice an island of great splendour;

St Marks Cathedral in the Square is Byzantium,

The palace all gold ornate and a lot more.

You have Sorento and Capri and Naples,

The Leaning Tower of Pisa and all,

If it stands there and does not fall over,

You can sit back and laugh at them all.

Well where do we go on from here,

I am not sure that I can remember them all;

If you come unstuck you can go to a Monastery,

Some Monks will fill in the pieces and a lot more.

Signed,

Vatican City.

24 Greece

Athens is the Olympic Capital,

From Mount Olympus to Olympia;

The Olympics began in 1896 Olympia,

1900 was the first modern Olympics in Athens.

Then in 2004 there was Olympic games in Athens,

The metropolis heart and centre of the ancient world;

From the Pathedon to the Pelacka,

The eating district beneath the Acropolys.

To the island of Mikanos in the Mediteranian,

One of The Greeks Islands paradise rewards;

Greek food is very tasty and unusual,

With vine leaves, rice and olive oil.

A nice steak of piece of meat for eating,

Will brighten and sparkle up your world;

The sunshines hot and brillaintly,

In a world of medieval places to see.

Greece is a wonderful adventure,

But steer clear of that debt overseas;

Money is the universal language again,

But the Greeks only speak their alphabetic words.

Signed,

Goddesses:- Athena, Diana and Helena

25 Spanish Castles

There are many medieval castles in Spain,

From Pamplona to Madrid and Barcelona;

Cathedrals and many other attractions,

But the castles stick out and stay in my mind.

From the bull fighting arenas to Olympics in 1992,

The medieval world of Spain is amazing;

With rich catholic traditons and worship,

To the trains and the Pyranese Mountains.

The Spaniards had many gallions of trading ships,

War might be there idea of relaxation at times;

They travelled and were merchants of textiles,

Hanging there washing out the windows to dry.

Spanish food is a mixture of chilies and olives,

With sardines and other fish dishes as required;

Peppers and capsicum, artichokes and onions,

Spanish olive oil added to the taste and flavour.

The castles are works of art in achitecture,

With Gothic and Byzantium cathedrals;

The castles are a state of the art, ancient art,

Just try and think of the years it took to build one.

Love is the Spanish Flamingo guitar,

Love songs sang by a duet in time;

Filling the hearts and minds of Spanish people divine,

God rest the souls of the old Spanish bullfigthers lives.

Signed,

Near Portugal.

26 Fortified Cities

Crowed towns and fortfied cities,

Concealed in hidden places in Europe;

Just look over the hill and around the corner,

And a fortified city will appear to you there and then.

Back into another time and place,

When men fought and conquered the earth;

Looking for a hiding place, they build safe castles,

Towns within a town and surrounded by walls.

Keeping others out with an overall advantage,

Locked behind walls of fortified cities;

Safe as a bank until they try and catapult you out,

A battering ram or two and a siege tower coming.

You just have to stay on your toes, to be safe all day,

You can hide in the corners or run for your life;

But fortified cities are designed to save your life,

You just have to make sure that the draw bridge is up.

Plenty of food and water all completely stored up,

With guards posted along the tops of the walls;

Trained archers holding bows just in case of attack,

So you can sleep peacefully at night and knights are OK.

Made of solid stone cut out of the rock, you are no safe,

The jester and the king are only the wise under God's eyes;

To keep safe and quite the people surrounded by the walls,

Locked up and at ease now with the others well pleased.

Signed,

The church within.

27 Clothes and People

Nothing to where, I am undecided,

Clothes and people not rude and bare;

Food for the table, clothes for the people,

Don't tell what colour is your underwear.

In medieval days people wore tunics,

Light bright earthly colours and tight fitting rightly;

Comfortable and clean always, not dirty material,

Even though some people were grubs, mean as usual.

Some nice people where royal gowns and peacefully,

Some wore armour for fighting other knights;

But generally clothes were a protective apparel,

To fit and suit the needs for knitted co-ordinates.

From within the towns and villages around,

People gathered for their morning services;

Coming from each and every different areas,

To gather collectively for doing their own individual things.

Clothes were not so much of a fashion statement they are today,

But casual and appropriate fabrics for decorative functioning;

Cool and warm in different seasons associated,

Poeple more concerned with there need to bond and talk about.

Tailers were the makers of all the peoples clothing,

Working hard all day in their trade of making clothing;

Measurements and sizing taken into account for each person,

No designer labels or selective on the rack shopping.

Signed,

Wearing sanity.

28 Cathedrals and Churches

Medieval hand placed stones,

Build up churches and cathedrals;

Huoned sanstone cut to blocks,

One by one placed upon each other.

Cathedrals within old fortified cities,

Built and constructed by worn hands;

Age and beauty, the tears of joy,

A masterpiece of a work to see.

Churches are places to worship God,

Fashioned and fathomed from the depth of love;

Built and constructed to meet heaven above,

All of God's treasures, people to the kingdom come.

Lost in a world of trouble and confusion,

People find rest in the knowledge of God;

Solitude and isolation not good for you,

Come to church and worship your God.

People from all ages and times come to see,

To worship and serve in the fashion of love;

Careful consideration and loving community,

Church and cathedrals are a work of art.

Select and reserve, deserve and attain,

A right to be welcomed into heavenly regions;

Places of conference and heavenly love,

A congregation of people to serve their king and God.

Signed,

Jesus Is God.

29 The Tournaments

Jousting and jesting,

A course of events;

The tournament is a sport,

For readers to digest.

Loving and resting,

Relating and hating;

Relying and loving,

Everything is at hand.

The javilyn and spear,

The shield and the sword,

The knight on his steed,

The damsel appears.

A shiney suit of armour,

Silver an dpolished gold;

Everything you wanted,

Found in days of old.

Like the quest to be the best,

The rest will sit and wait;

No good having anticipation,

If you can't indulge in sport.

Gladiators fort to the death,

Knights had more honour in sport;

Still the time of sharpening,

Was life and love and breath.

The simple things in life,

Overshadowed by time to go,

The truth is in the making,

Time when life is left.

Signed,

When its all over.

30 Sport and Hunting

The horn blows for the hunt,

The sport of the fox is on;

You send out the hounds to find,

They lead or even come back.

Ride for your life it is on,

Out and about on field;

Up and down dale and yonder,

Mountain and valley and hill.

A nice fox caot for your lady,

Bring back a good old haul;

When the sound of the horn has blown,

The chase for the fox os on.

Ride strong and firm in the saddle,

No good for stagglers hanging on now;

The life of the sport is the cunning,

Scare the fox out of his hole you know.

The hunt for the fox is nearly over,

The dogs have given their masters;

The fox on the run which was found,

Keeping your head above ground.

Is now on the way to the tannery,

A nice bunch of foxes found by the hounds;

Caught and strung up in the trees,

In prayer on your knees if their free.

Signed,

Good dogs and horses.

Chapter 4 NATIVE BUSHLAND

31 Gone Bush

Up the track and back,

Around the corner;

You don't know where,

Setting the setting for this.

Gone bush and you don't really care,

Its a bugger when your stuck;

Somewhere far from anywhere,

You have no idea where you are.

And can't really find your way back,

Up some unbeaten highway track;

Blazing along on your own way,

No hope and you don't really care.

A prayer to God will find you home,

Set up for a weekend or more;

Some unforgotten bush track,

No idea about what you're doing tomorrow.

Except working out just how to get back,

Camping is not for sissy's;

Boys on their own having fun,

Time for your homeward journey.

Up the bush track and back,

All works out well in the end;

Someone found you an old friend,

Just up and around the next corner and bend.

Signed,

Follow the river, (or) Lost and sweet.

32 Bush Tucker

Bush tucker, what a bugger,

Stuck without food somewhere unknown;

Berries and grubs and things,

Trap yourself a goanna.

Kangeroos and walabies,

Wombat holes and possums;

Birds eggs and cockatoos,

Something bright for tonight.

What is right to eat when your hungry,

Anything you can get your hands on of course;

When your lost in the bush and forsaken,

Food and a meal your only cause.

Worms and snakes and fish,

Cook if you can to eat;

Anything you like or fancy,

Is found at your fingertips.

I like eating Australian food,

Aboriginals taught me how;

When your starving and desperate and lost,

You have to use up every resource.

Some plants are tasty and filling,

If you only really knew the right ones;

No good putting in orders for seconds,

You just have to take what you found on the ground.

Signed,

You won't starve here.

33 The Billy's Boiling

The billy's boiling,

Have a cup of tea;

Black and strong,

Soothing to agree.

The swagmans camped,

After the fire started;

Sits on the ground,

Sipping his billy tea.

The billy's boiling,

Lets have a wash;

Dishes get done,

Life is a clean spot.

The swagman moves on,

Camps for the night;

The billy's boiling,

Joy of The Lord.

Rolls up his swag,

On and on again;

Find a new spot,

The billy's boiling.

News for his friends,

Will he ever see again?

Forgive his bad memory,

Nothing he forgot.

Signed,

Roll up and leave.

34 Around The Fire

Around the fire all nice and warm,

A camp fire going with the billy boiling;

Cold nights and winters chill,

The fire keeps going to last all night.

Cook the damper, roast the meat,

Pull up a rock for your seat;

Mesmarized by the sparks and flames,

Dancing lights as if they know your name.

Fry a few fish in butter over the coals,

The pan is on and burns well done;

A nice tasty treat, a meal of fun,

Empty the billy, put out the fire.

The stars are blazing, the night is old,

The embers float smoke up into the air;

To see those lights at night with care,

Around the fire, as if a choir.

A few bush songs, lift the spirits,

A drink or two and your under the weather;

Don't get burnt for hell, for leather,

When the fire is out, your light as a feather.

Pack up your bag and move on again,

No good telling just where you were;

Could be anywhere happening next,

The campfire burns and time for a text.

Signed,

Warm as toast.

35 Huts and Humpys

Huts and humpys,

God don't dump me;

I'll be yours for evermore,

Under my bark hut shelter there.

Native tribes and lands of old,

Our ancestors under sheltered care;

Make do, lean to's,

Humpy's and huts for men alive.

Out of the sun and shaded there,

The fire buring around them there;

Keeping warm at night and under the stars,

Old bush huts and brush leaned up fine.

Bark as a protection of some kind,

All they could see and all they could find;

Ten huts or so will make a villiage,

If men don't come at night and pilliage.

Humpys and squatters new to me,

Running from the law or hiding in the bush;

Not much you can do but keep it shush,

You won't be found in outback, not so cush.

Settle and stay and or move on if you like,

Nomads and herdsmen, Massia tribes;

They still have Coca-Cola to keep them going,

Huts and humpy's are a blessing knowing.

Signed,

Not so comfortable.

36 Up The Creek and Down The River

Up the creek,

Down the river;

I am not sure,

My emotions are drowning.

I went that way,

You went this way;

Never a chance of straying,

We both did anyway.

Paddling for a cause,

Out of the trouble we deserve;

Cutting corners,

Red tape as well.

Up the creek, its not my day,

Down the river, for a look;

Did not take a rod,

Nor even a book.

Up the creek without a paddle,

Floating, drifting down stream;

The river of life has a powerful beat,

Better on dry land on both feet.

Up the creek, its all Greek to me,

Italian Riviera, bridges and tunnels;

Getting on down to Florence,

Passed the leaning tower of Pisa.

Signed,

Steer me clear.

37 Boats and Fishing

Boats and fishing,

Nets and rods;

Carved out of tree trunks,

Good fishing boats.

Fijian Islands,

Sailing away there;

Woven grass sails,

Made by hand with care.

Across the Pacific Ocean,

Fishing boats of old;

Time to stop and eat,

Cook your catch on the coals.

Modern day fishing boats,

Powered with twin 500 hp motors,

Out if Sydney harbour Heads,

Catch a haul and return to land.

Fishing boats go out each morning,

To bring in their haul and catch;

Sell them at The Sydney Fish markets,

De Costi's price and for sale.

Fishing boats wishing for more,

Cast your nest on the other side;

Jesus the master fisherman,

He will guide you, He will lead you,

Sinners saved and coming home.

Signed,

The one that got away.

38 Native Game

Native game, if you must,

Catch a fish if you trust;

Hunting a sport for elders,

Aboriginal tribal leaders.

Kangeroos and wallabies,

Wombats and cockatoos;

Platapus and emus,

Kookaburras and lyre birds.

Trapping, storking, holding spear,

Wommarra, boomerang and shield;

Wooden implements, for a cause,

Out in the outback, no audience applause.

Lost for while on your own,

You have to hunt or trap to eat;

Something tasty, something to eat,

Wild game, you have made you a name.

Ducks flying South for the Winter,

Poaching a dime a dozen;

Cold as ice, the middle of the year,

Summer comes, the beach and beers.

Antelope and grizzly bear,

Salmon and barrumundi;

Cattle rustlers and sheep stations,

The thieves and the wolves are about.

Signed,

Stuck again, well!

39 Cave Paintings

Cave paintings, blown hands paint,

Kangeroos, weapons and people,

Traditional places of primitive natives,

Hiding and leaving a lasting legacy.

Safe out of side and dry at night,

Caves were for the people before houses;

Deep in the dark days of night,

Safe and secure and well out of sight.

Cave paintings are pictures of peoples history,

Telling stories in pictures instead of words;

A picture is worth a thousand words,

Telling us how things were in days of old.

Reds and yellows and oches,

Sprayed out of there mouths with clay;

Useing bushes and leaves for effects,

A lasting look at tribal man.

Discovered ahundreds of years later,

By modern people having a look;

They will go down in history,

By their painting on bark as lasting cause.

Looking for images of ancient man,

Women and cooking an art so grand;

Digging tools and bowls found buried in sand,

Australia our lasting heritage land.

Signed,

That will do, a digeriedoo.

40 Over The Mountain and Far Away

Over the mountain,

And far away places;

Rugged mountain ranges,

Rivers to deserts stray.

Rolling plains and sandhills,

Sahara and great outback,

Over the mountains and back again,

Far away places down a different track.

Looking for the individuality,

Hoping for a different place to visit;

Far away places are calling me,

Over the mountains and back again.

No looking near or close at the moment,

My thought and mind has drifted away,

To a far away place over the horizon,

A place of uncertainty and new found friends.

Near and far, down that bust track,

Over the mountains and back again;

Up the river and down the stream,

I am floating on air and dreaming of cream.

Back at home from a far wide adventure,

Relax and put on the good old billy again;

A cup of tea from your long lost travels,

It is good to be tired and sleep again.

Signed,

Near enough to here and there.

Chapter 5 ISLANDS

41 In The Pacific

In the Pacific, are islands,

Surrounded by water and light;

Tropical paradises of love,

Heavenly pictures from above.

Sunrises in the mornings light,

Sunsets in the evening night;

The days cares just passing shallow,

Wading in the water on the beach shore.

Beautiful, lovely and heavenly,

God in a tropical paradise wonderland;

The surety and certainty of salvation,

Islands in the pacific of life.

Why worry about tomorrow,

Why care about today at all;

God is doing His duty,

Standing on His promises of love on call.

Yesterday is passed and gone,

Islands where time is evermore;

Waves gently breaking on every shore,

Stepping stones to the sun, the law of more.

Signed,

People and food.

42 Tropical Paradises

Tropical paradises are heavenly love,

Born of God from heaven above;

Lost souls in island paradises,

Found and saved in tropical days.

Tropical paradises, seas of love,

Picked by popular belief and faith;

Bits of land all hand by hand,

Sitting waiting for a boat on the sand.

Watching, wanting and waiting in time,

Seasons never changing and lost in rhyme;

The sun is summer all the time,

With words found between the lines.

A tropical storm is hell on earth,

Island paradises are always worth;

Begging, being to get back to bigger lands,

Island times are always living knowing.

Heaven came and heaven waits,

Tropical paradises are islands of love;

Fields of joy and pleasing voices,

Island homes are a delight to own.

Keep on trying to fly far away,

The delight of heaven nearly all day;

For while the waves break quietly ashore,

Its quite a time for sands of even a lot more.

Signed,

Cool Drinks.

43 Time To Feast

Time to feast, time to eat,

Prayers and promises are sweet,

Isalnd meals and island food,

A blessing secured in heaven above.

Sweet potatos are yams,

Taro root and their leaves;

Pig on the spit and potatos,

Chopsui, rice and coconut cream.

Salads, vegetables and meat,

Both roast lamb and beef;

Cooked under coals and buried,

A hungi, indeed very, very sweet.

Island feast with drinks to drink,

Fresh rain water, juice and things;

Flavour awesome, sweet to eat and drink,

Lost in a world of delicate feasts.

Heaven and joy, the word got around,

Island feasts are superb with love;

Beautiful colours, lucious dreams,

Cooked with love in coconut creams.

Lunch and dinner whatever weather,

Whether your hungry or starving like leather;

Food so delicate, light as a feather,

Heavy when picking the tide is turning.

Signed,

Light ice.

44 Lets Go Fishing

Lets go fishing, lets get some sun,

Running and waiting for the one;

Fish are bighting, dinner whenever,

Filletted and cooked in butter.

I got a big one, you caught nothing,

I'll share with you, two is company;

I am done with eating, your still feasting,

Plenty more where those ones came from,

An ocean full of fish for fun,

Eating and loving, sweet eating treasures.

Fish on the line or caught in the net,

Supporting the sporting fishing game;

Stuck on an island, fishing to survive,

Either of those, love is the name.

Lost in the time of day going bye,

Joy in the catch, lost in the luck;

Prayer for the man, woman has the job,

Cooking and cleaning to her fame.

Hook line and sinker, dishes to be done,

The one on the table is two in refrain;

No one is looking, noone to blame,

That one got away, home in the bay.

Signed,

Eating is the order.

45 Turtles, Clams and Crabs

Exotic foods, turtles, clams and crabs,

Don't be too quick to reach out and grab;

When cooked to perfection, dinner is ready,

Hot food for a treat, now very tasty.

A delicacy, a delight, a delicious dinner,

Each clam, crab and turtle, an eating treasure.

Prawns, muscles and oysters delicious too,

Good eating and dining, dinner for two.

Clouds, clowns and crowds, grabbing not allowed,

Prayer for each meal, eating is passion and delicacy;

A sweet eating delight of passionate meals with bread,

Food on the table and not to be wasted at all.

Clams, crabs and turtles, slow eating treasures,

Myrtle is hungry but waiting for the reward;

Myra is wanting but not going to starve at all,

I might grab all three but I must be slow I know and grow.

Three of a kind and peace of mind I might,

Heaven in a meal and a million smiles are mine;

Time on the toilet and after the flush it goes,

Hell down the pipes and washed up on the shore.

What is left for eating, does not really matter anymore,

What has gone and beaten is lost in time for sure;

Exotic fish and sea animals always making still more,

Squid, sea urchine, octopus and abalone,

Agianst such things there is no law.

Signed,

Not really a bore.

You meet your perfect partner and all is love in the light.

So your getting and have got the perfect picture of love,

A romantic honeymoon holiday of perfect love happening true;

Your in love forever with your perfect partner and she as much as you,

The two of you together and not a moment to sit and wait or waste.

Getting on with the job of living together in your paradise home,

Love goes on forever in eternities island fashioned life;

It may be just your hearts delight your island heavens place,

Just staring at each other in two hearts perfect faces.

Entities and space for love and joy with perfect grace,

Heaven is love knowing just where you put your faith;

A picture of perfect paradise in its perfect place,

Time to go home to your loving perfect heavens place.

Signed,

Wherever I am.

47 Thirsty Weather

Thirsty weather and whether you get a drink,

Time for thinking and what you want is just a wet thing,

No time for wasting, money going down the sink,

The purple perfect colour, but to her everything is pink.

Like the washing out there hanging on the line,

It is just a dry argument, really as I link;

Thirsty weather, whether you are wanting washing done,

Or just doing the dishes and water running down the sink.

The machine has finished its cycle and clothes must be dried,

The waiter has come and asked you if you want another drink;

The sun is up there smiling and a beach umbrella is set up,

Don't move a muscle and I will get you what you want, another drink.

Love is in the waiting and while it is after all thirsty weather,

What you want and are loving is all just about the whether;

The type of drink you drink is the type of ink you think,

No time for making money when the drink is wet and thick.

So you have made your choices and been careful with your pick,

It only takes a second to down your favorite different drink;

You might have got me with that one but you had time to think,

What really matters is whether you pick your drinks weather.

Thirsty weather, you can just drink anything you like,

Beer or wine or spirits is out of my control and mind;

What might really worry me is if you come to your senses,

And drink water like everybody else who takes time to sip.

Signed,

Water is not alcohol.

48 Sunshine and Water

Sunshine on water, what is life about?

Reflecting and shimmery shining;

Brilliant might be, what it is the light,

Perfect collection and reflection of ideas.

What are things appearing if they are not as dim,

Light dancing and trickling from the sun;

Shining down and reflecting on the water bright,

What was night, is now sunrises beautiful light.

The sunsets on the water with colours brilliantly bright,

Pinks and oranges and reds and yellows,

The sun a passionate thing of bright lights;

On the oceans horizon is the sun on the water,

Dazzling and dancing like you darling daughter.

Like the gold and turquoise colours of sunlight on water,

Aqua in the light of sunlit purple and pink thoughts of her;

Perfecting and changing direction as the hours pass away,

Moving and possessing the days ways of honest rays.

The light through the grey as the sun still smiles down,

Reflecting on the memories of all the hearts in town;

Like the ocean smiles in lightwaves as the sun is sinking,

Down along memory lane in brilliant lights of sunlit frowns.

Keep on being happy anyway, the sun will sure return again,

The light your heart and mind in peace, reflecting on the water;

Perfect harmony of music sounding in eyes and ears of time,

Coming back now to fill your hearts and souls with glory.

Signed,

Missing in action and seven wonders of the world.

49 Missionaries

Gone to the islands to spread the word of God,

Missionaries and visionaries sharing the love as they go;

Have you got the good news yet? Is God on your side?

Do you know Jesus in your heart? Have you got peace of mind?

Have you been a travelling, no place left to go,

Returning home to your paradise in a special way;

God has got a message for you, Christ has come to pay,

No use hiding now, you haven't got all day.

These seemingly perfect people who want to share the love of God,

Are just plain old people, missionaries with a heart of gold;

They love to tell the story of what has been before,

Of Jesus and His glory and love that is still untold to unfold.

With grace and faith in action, mercy and peace all about,

The unseen gift of forgiveness is Christ still hanging on the cross;

The meaning clear and satisfying, the forgiveness of your soul,

While you were doing wrong, Christ came to save you from your sin.

You are not as tough as people would seem to think you are,

You are just as weak as Him hurting for all of God's love;

Ask and He will heal you, redeem you from being lost,

Whatever is the atonement price and cost of heaven above.

Missionaries are just working for the kingdom of God,

As the kingdom of heaven is a comforting thing for the souls lost love;

Beautiful is the reasoning for doing what is the purpose of God,

Perfectly answering and beating all the wrong and odd.

Signed,

Jesus Saves.

50 Returning Home

Well now the time has come and you have saved the day,

You are returning home to your place on high in heaven above;

You get onto the ship and sail away to where you are going,

Home is where you make it, whether an island paradise or Sydney.

Christ knows your loving heart and time has come to pay a price,

You can't have the best of both worlds if you are not saved by Christ;

The heavenly reflection of all you have saved and knew,

Returning to the perfect love of God, when time seems dumb and dim.

The treasure is in the glory of coming home to tell the story,

Your island paradisiac home was not forever, but in Christ's picture;

Perfect for the time being but not the treasures of eternal glory,

Salvation is depicted in The Gospels truth of meanings in the parables.

So have you got the picture of your returning home to glory,

Are you saved by Christ and have you found peace and harmony?

Home is where you make it, but heaven is there and waiting,

Time has now come at last to finish painting this picture's perfect story.

Your island paradise of love has found a new meaning and glory,

Your perfect partner is now by your side in heavens waiting order;

Returning home to Jesus is about a loving family and church on Sundays,

Giving God the glory and putting yourself in the place of a loving home.

No time to wait, you just have to do it right now and be about to live,

Come to Jesus and lose the life of a sinner, someone now become a winner;

When you are saved into the family of God and His love is on thee,

As Jesus has called you His to care and love is for you in hope and prayer.

Signed,

Love and faith is when you find Him.

Chapter 6 EVERY DAY THINGS

51 What's Normal

What's normal, I don't know,

Everything seems to be still the same;

But some things change in different ways,

I just have to sort through doing in my days.

What's normal things should be,

I like routine fashion, I like same old things;

Filling out forms, paper work, a daily tradition,

Feeling like I should, this is what's normal.

What's normal, well we all should know,

Behaving ourselves and learning to grow;

Putting things in order, logical sort of flow,

Not doing things too fast, taking time, going slow.

What's normal, things of the past,

If we have always done things the same way;

They should remain and always be and stay the same,

Putting things in their place, then we all know.

What's normal, when some things must be formal,

Tuxedo and suits, overcoats and nice jackets;

Good clothes make a person, things you should know,

Conforming to fashion, a passion for not doing wrong.

What's normal, putting pieces back together,

Where they all should go, so we understand;

Making life worth living, giving to those without,

The beauty of the moment, years to come or have gone.

Signed,

For the time being.

52 Time For A Change

Time for a change, let's rearrange,

The choice we are making, moving around;

Organising things more likely, to be helpful,

All can get a bit much sometimes, stop hurting.

Time for a change, perfectly adored,

Things all lovely and beautiful;

Just the way I want them to be for me,

Created in a passionate fashion to serve.

Its no good staying the same old self all the time,

We need a change in life to become more like Christ;

God has a plan and a purpose for us all to be right,

Because it is just the way He made us, His delight.

Time for a change, so that we can be all we can be,

Improving and changing all the time, to be a better man;

Words need not distress us or hurt us any time more,

Money is not for the keeping, but time is ever more.

Time for a change, be sure of what yopu are doing,

How the world is turning and changing as it is going;

To make a better place for each and every one of us all,

For each of us all wonderful, both tall and for small.

Time for a change, Fitting in to God's perfect plan,

Get the overall picture, things heavenly and not bad;

The solution is to see it clearly, so to understand,

Christ painting the heavens, changing naturally and adored.

Signed,

Splendid discovery.

53 Lets Go Shopping

Lets go shopping, have a good time,

Spend on things we like, life is not a crime;

There they are on the rack, or haging on the wall,

Sitting there on the shelves for us, what a ball.

Shop staff work hard to make it nice for us,

Keeping things clean and neat and tidy;

Ask a question, where is the something that you want,

I will go and get it now, you can pay at the desk.

Have a good day, window shopping from store to store,

When you go in and buy something to take home;

What ever it is you want, you have to pay the cost,

What ever it was that got you in for it, you can carry the loss.

Did you see the price on that, do you still want,

Not quite just as much as you wanted to pay;

But still the thing you want, is very lovely and nice,

I guess if I really want it, I have to pay the price.

There you go in your car again, food glorious food,

Eating that just puts you in the mood for things;

You can go home and cook up all your nice food,

Dinner at home on the table, after lugging things around.

Well you can put your feet up at the end of the day,

Ã,Ã,Ã,Ã,Ã,Ã,Ã,Ã,Ã,Ã A job well done and something to show for it;

You have done all of your shopping for now,

And now you can stay home and enjoy it all.

Signed,

My pay packet.

54 A Few Dollers More

A few dollars more, see what you can do,

Plenty of ways to make money for you;

Clean the car for someone else,

Take them for a ride to where they want to go.

A few dollars more to line your pockets with fur,

Things you can do and things that you can't;

There is a legal application for always making more,

Hang up your hat and just do a bit more.

A few dollars more, the taxman won't hit you for,

Helping out your neighbours, pocket what you can;

Being a good and nice guy, an honest gentleman,

Makes you a better prospect for a few dollers more.

Keeping the peace and saying what is on your mind,

Its not going to kill you, to work for a few dollers more;

Money all goes around in circles and back to where it came,

Hold onto your principles and maintain yourself a good name.

A few dollers more, no law against that I think,

Being kind and trying to save the day, helps others;

They will pay you for your troubles, a few dollers more,

No sense in wasting time away and going without enough pay.

Well at the end of every day, a few dollers more,

Depending on how you made it and how high you hold your head,

Love is a beautiful thing when you can help people with a need;

They will help you out because the work has got to be paid for,

Really nice people will give you a few dollers more for you time of day.

Signed,

Have a good day.

55 Park The Car

Park the car and get out and do some walking,

No sense sitting on the fence to yourself and talking,

Take a bit of time to keep your heart ticking,

Park the car and walk home instead of dancing in the dark.

Park the car, your driving it all the time,

Sit down and read a book for a while to pass away the time;

No good having a heart attack, because you want to drive everywhere,

Take some time out for yourself and have breakfast in the morning.

You have got to get to work I know,

Park the car and catch a bus or train;

No sense in being caught out, getting wet in the rain,

Park the car at the station and save some money to stay sane.

Park the car at home and go for a walk around the block,

Time is ticking away all right completely around the clock;

You have got to keep your heart beating whatever it will take,

Healthy food and exercise is just the right way to improve.

Park the car when you go out for a drive,

Take a good look at the scenery and catch a breath;

Better to live and survive instead of ending up in a mess,

Stop what you are doing hurting yourself, park the car for less stress.

God loves a cheerful giver, living in the truth of the kingdom of God,

Park the car and leave it at home for the day, have a day of love;

Good for you and good for the world, to not drive all the time,

I hope that you have seen some sense in this, my park the car rhyme.

Signed,

Walk and talk.

56 The House Sits and Remains

The house sits and remains all the time,

Sometimes they knock them down;

But I would rather stay online,

Build up another one for another day.

Where I grew up, I remember still,

Long days, playing in the yard;

Dad, working hard all the time,

The house sits and remains.

The house just sits and remains,

Do you really want to move;

Each day a growing improvement,

Always just something else to do.

The house will sit and remain,

I reminisce on that all the time;

The house where I grew up in,

Australian and American peace of mind.

The house will sit and remain,

Even if it gets a new owner;

People buy and sell houses, just for a change,

Never getting board with the place where you live.

Just time to move onto somewhere else to land,

The beauty is in the emaning of where you are;

The house you dwell and live in,

Will just sit and remain till you win.

Signed,

Dinner on the table, love well at hand.

57 A Day At The Beach

A day at the beach in the sun.

The beach ball and the sand;

Waves running up, the water,

Park yourself there uneder an umbrella.

A day at the beach,

A picnic there for two,

Doing what you want,

Good to spend it at the beach.

A day at the beach,

Go for a swim in the surf;

Make a sand castle with the kids,

Washed away again by the waves.

Another day at the beach,

Underneath the sun and clouds;

Cool drinks for the sipping,

Sandwiches or a BBQ steak.

Another day at the beach,

Fun and laughter all day long;

Enjoying yourself as you understand,

The warmer brighter days in the sun and on the sand.

Go for a surf and catch a wave,

Ride it all the way in to the beach,

Stay out there for hours on end,

Catching waves and surfing is so grand.

Signed,

Perfect weather.

58 Picnic Time

Picnic time in the park,

A day time pleasure;

Not in the dark,

Enjoying the love of time.

Happy and contented,

Picnic time again;

Doing your favorite things,

Eating with a friend.

Playing ball games together,

Choosing teams to see who wins;

Rowing up the creek or stream,

Fun in the sun, good to understand.

Picnic time again,

Gone fishing or just looking;

Having a good time together,

Harmless love with a friend.

Picnic in the park,

By the beach or waters still;

Having a good time together,

Love like this should last forever.

The food basket is full to eat;

A blanket spread out evenly,

Plastic cutlery and plates,

A cooked chicken and salad to eat.

Picnic time again,

May be a BBQ to eat;

Steaks and snags and salad again,

Under the shade of a tree or shelter.

Signed,

Him and her.

59 Money Around, You Can Bank On It

Money around, you can bank on it,

Seems like it is hard to get,

But people have got it for sure,

See what you can do to win it.

Money around, you can bank on it,

See what you can do to get it;

Go to the bank for a withdrawal,

Save what you can if you can.

Money around, you can bank on it,

Earn what you can and save what you can;

Only spend what you have to in demand,

Talk it over with a friend so that you understand.

Money around, you can bank on it,

Help me out if you can;

I will help you out to,

God is love in prayer and care.

Money around, you can bank on it,

See what you can do to get it,

Earn enough to pay the bills if you can,

God will help you out if you can't.

Money around, you can bank on it,

Sometimes it just seems a bit hard to get;

Money gets paid straight into your account,

You boss or employer is just the greatest.

Signed,

My Government Pay.

60 Restaurants Want

Restaurants want your business,

They will feed you for a fee;

Good food to eat,

Just what you need.

Restaurants want money,

For their very nice food,

Lovely to eat of course,

You just have to pay the bill.

Restaurants want people,

How can they survive without;

You sitting at the table eating,

Is that really all you thought about.

Restaurants want atmosphere,

A place for you to sit and be happy;

Enjoying your favorite delicacy,

Anything on the menu your reward.

Restaurants want customers,

People to come in and dine;

Select what they want to eat,

And choose between water and wine.

Restaurants want you to buy food,

Pay for your hearts delight;

Sign the cheque at the end of the meal,

Feed you till your really fat.

Signed,

Final Word---Life's Good

Well life is good and we uncovered a few of the treasures of your hearts delight. In a world where harmless fun is full of love and understanding. Where life is all about doing things and creating activities to live and enjoy. We have uncovered a few things that I could not even understand myself before and also delved into the inner me for living in a place that is just good to be in. Work is indeed a way to a better life and the fact that when we try and accomplish something, even in writing we have fulfilled a new desired state of mind for happiness. I could not have done it without you, just like the factory must have its people going to get the desired output and job activity in work creation and productivity. However unless you have the input,

there is no output and working together is what it is all about in getting the job done. The work just comes and flows along as it goes in to the transition of the desired state of mind in being. We have got away with it once again, I don't know what you think of it, but I had felt that Idea Factory, on what was always going to be a hard subject, has turned into a ball of fun. I hope that you to have enjoyed the book of another designed creativity of poetical understanding into the laughter of the world to rejoice in its revelry. The renowned passion for writing is still a creative influence, that the world still needs to recognise, grasp and enjoy in and as of it to be a lot more of. Great to be with you again and as I sign off now for the final time for Idea Factory of what I think was a joy and a lot of fun. Now we will gratefully look forward to the next book of what is going to be another walk up the garden path, but a delight to share, delve into and write and walk along with you as we take up the typing time and go again. God Bless all my readers. Darel.