

Imagine the job of remembering them all,  
Cars where they're going and where they have been;  
It's a struggle enough to know what they mean,  
The traffic turning and travelling and seeing a scene.

And what if this memory was made to repeat,  
Would the change make or route or the driver relive;  
With trillions of litres of oil, petrol and fuel,  
The effort enormous since Christ rode his mule.

So now when we see a cross we call it an intersection,  
With highways and roads found in a street directory;  
In the business of service stations we now call a pitt stop,  
Where you can relieve yourself of buy something from the shop.

So out now we go into the wide open space,  
Where countryside and rivers are a beauty to trace;  
But never give up till you get where you're going,  
Or get caught in an accident and not really knowing.

Traffic you see is a kind hustle bustle,  
Caring and moving along streams by a muscle;  
If you're cautious you're heart will never just break,  
And your brain find your mind with the caution you take.

So next time you're caught in a hold up of traffic,  
Remember God created things in this pattern so graphic,  
Don't wind down your window and swear at your neighbour,  
But your eyes on the signs saviours the flavour.

Signed,

A Taste Of Success