

Lord knows this lonely child,
From family old so meek and mild;
A sporting youth till live long day,
Full of courage because he learnt to pray.

I feel as though I'm good sometimes,
As God would show me through pen and rhymes;
It's not as though I lack for much,
Just love and romance by only a women touch.

A million times who cares the years,
Of hope and dreams and childish fears;
My heart a happy solemn soul,
Whose thoughts are weary and desires are old.

So I say I just do to myself,
Am I really all those books on the shelf;
A mind at peace in heaven's rest,
The brilliant brain that sought to be best.

I not as such to lack all else,
But seek the goal beyond myself;
I have to be that person called me,
That's hard sometimes to know and see.

But deep within the very depths,
Of ocean breaths and sleepless deaths;
A bright shining light like the eternal sun,
Shines through my eyes of stars just one.

Signed,

You've got to be you