

I sit midst a lonely mob,
Of friends and mates who have no job;
Of inspiration in itself,
As if a mess is velvet felt.

A gaze outside past window sill,
To houses sitting on the hill;
Beyond the ledge a vegie patch,
Of what seems wrong yet perfect match.

I given here a place to rest,
And food in plenty as n invited guest;
The touch of women does not lack,
Let love in depth the heart does ache.

Oh silly self my mind can't find,
New direction to take for peace of mind;
A million years as a day to this,
Of what was brilliant turns to him a kiss.

Oh many men all types and kinds,
Of different rounds and life's untwine;
Oh goodness God how great thou art,
That thou would bless me with kindness heart.

Of times of the end days gone by,
It seems no redemption was in the sky;
But there amidst the long lost dreams,
The house of Bethlehem he in time redeems.

Signed,

Thou I have Little