

As I looked upon a midnight pond,
As the moon was blue with golden blonde;
The reflection was in rays of life's love,
Which dew came down like a white dove.

And I in mind of a childlike due,
With different continuity to have and view;
I come back to read and read again,
That I might understand and now depend.

For my heart is like a shallow grave,
With all the things and wants I crave;
And when I turn into and inside myself,
I'm lost in worlds on mysteries shelf.

So now I look into the depth of soul,
And find the years and times of old;
When I can remain to be a sombre being,
Among the realms and the midst of minds seeing.

For life is not about the depth of fight,

But the shallow love of heavens delight;

For when we listen and in God do trust,
Our sin is turned and lost in the list of dust.

Well now I look deep back into the past,
Where the future was beauty and memories last;
And so if you look and think what was about me,

While in the depth of shallowness I am still free.

Signed

Born to read.