

What is this world, with no idea of what is right?
Is our reality left up to God and his light?
People say it's money and time is your life,
But that to lands me in all kinds of strife.

Maybe commotion and things in a fuss,
Or maybe it's catching a train and a bus;
If you're caught in a traffic jam you'll blow your horn,
And it seems to register that all at once you're born.

My kind of reality is having it all,
With my heart on the beach and people on call;
Now that must seem greedy and totally unfair,
But all that I do is dare to compare.

So what of this life on this planet called earth,
Reality must be valued and finding things worth;
Not to be anxious and stress it all out,
But to be thankful your happy and never to doubt.

Signed

Simply written