

What if at the end,
We went back to the beginning;
That when we'd met and found a friend,
We'd learn how to return to them.

It doesn't matter what it was,
But that it all began;
That when you need to return to it,
You're born again to plan.

And why it is and why it was,
Does not matter ever anyway;
But when you count it backwards,
It returns out perfect every way.

For nothing was and nothing will,
Be something while it's day;
That when life is complete of it,
It goes it's perfect way.

And why it was and what will be,
Is something not to ask;
That when we get right back it,
We find ourself a new task.

And when we've finished calling all of it,
And have returned to whence we start;
The meaning of the all of it,
Is only life what passed.

Signed

That past