

I chance to read an open book,
And I am deeply engrossed in this look;
I read a while and find new truth,
A thing with meaning and revealing proof.

I rest a while from this timeless thing;
To think a while of what it might bring;
Ageless knowledge from the ends of the earth,
Evolved from history recreating my birth.

I go on to read and study it more,
Of all of the riches and treasures in store,
To find that I might be in a book,
Ageless timeless what can't be mistook.

I sense to sniff the aging pages,
Amidst the myth of death of stages,
To hear the wind fly through mindless ages,

But still has life and I need to try.

I take a walk to draw a new breath
To get fresh air away from the death;
Amidst the years of days gone by
New weather awakens and fills the sky

I look again at this book within,
And see the meaning turning to win;
I start to see the colour appear,
Of what was dead now life so dear.

Signed,

Eternal Truth