

This is the age I write down these lines,
Of verses of direction and seasons and rhymes;
The four winds will blow in their certainty of course,
That comes from the pen and verbal discourse.

Forty four, my number of words interchange,
With fifties and nines that leading arrange;
With time and with money the year will appear,
And continue on forward to a new truth more dear.

To lack not the patience or fatherly advice,
As the words turn around in a double paradise;
The poles and elections were significant to me,
That the read and the cross, eleven years I see.

Well it may be a half of a lifetime of dreams,
A revolution of kingdoms and hemisphere seams;
The point not forgotten or the memory past,
But the future as bright as the sun shall long last.

With a view and a face to see and to learn,
To know and to grow to look and to turn;
A mind of a kind for rich and for poor,
And a heart that is warm to love and want more.

To have a will to be well and my fate for the lord,
To live all my life with a wife of the word;
A bush or a tree in a poem or a song,
This last line on my mind is mine all too long.

Signed,

Next birthday