

Through all the days of time and ways,
Through thick and thin and years of greys;
A one hundred and thirteen year old virgin,
To name of the game and which its origin.

You see in life there's a twist of words and rhyme,
To live past a century like birds breeding time;
So many differences in which one can speak,
As if a childhood mind became old, grey and weak.

There's many a thought in which once can say,
Of purity of earth and longing continues to pay;
The many passions of the holiest of heart,
Are beautiful and unanswered until in life in death does start.

Perhaps there is a million ideas left better than this,
For how on earth could a woman pass up the life of his;
For really there is one perfect for us all,
And when you know that one the time is night to call.

Because miracles do happen and sex is but a word,
That when completely we are God-like, the seconds in the world;
It must be disappointing not finding the right match,
But that man who was so perfect was someone she could not catch.

The meaning not as subtly as one who writes these rhymes,
For thorough the endless ages, God will reveal unknown designs;
But in the real eternity, when God sits down to dine,
The life forever, to live to infinity, if she declines and resigns.

Signed,

A virgin male