

When you're doing all the work you don't have to spend money,

It's effort and energy and you're saving time for sunny;

You're the reader and leader and reproduction is sex,

In a high intelligent world and information and techs.

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I'll never write enough for the reproduction of the world,

With a hand on the earth that would really well be worth;

I know reproduction is the perfect reproducing of clones,

While 7 billion people all try and ring up on the phone.

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Reproduction for each production while you sit on the couch,

As the table I'm writing and eating on is televisions ouch;

Turn around and about to try and get this in type time,

As quickly as possible and pay print in the rhyme.

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When manufacturing is literature and litter is paper,

You have a test to do and study, the reproduction caper;

In my head I'll swear there's a prayer to get a publisher for this,

Which is better on the internet and reproduction all his.

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The past is the present in the presence of slowing rhyme,

And orgasms are writing and reproduction a crime,

But the kids have it all in a family love affair,

Where marriage has it's own beauty and duty of care.

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A man and a woman productively are reproduction,

And money comes around and go in turn as a certainty;

For you just believe in God and he will provide everything,

And you'll have enough and productivity starve poverty.

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**Signed,**

**Feed the Hungry**