

Subtraction is an attraction if only as a small fraction,

Like the light through a prism is refraction and the colour is subtraction;

Subtracted to the mind to fill and dwell and all be kind,

Because as you know subtraction it is all together hard to find.

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Subtraction of the sin is then always turned to the reward,

Where the waiting of those in idle never quite get bored;

The board with the subtraction is taken away quite quick,

And the answer to the question of subtraction is always hard to pick.

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Subtraction is sublime in depth of mind and thought,

Where the problem sits there waiting to be treated as a sport;

The death of the situation is a contract to address and deal,

With the complex calculation of complications dear and real.

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Subtraction then is stationery and negative at the heart,

When the people begin to dwindle and twiddle thinking smart;

The point of the subtraction is to play and do our part,

That the end of the equation is for it just to all re start.

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Subtraction is like an objection to all the toil and strife,

A deprivation of selection to find and royal your wife;

Now subtraction is a certainty that it will all work out for less,

And the coming situation even when right, is still a mess.

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Subtraction seems to slide on a constant downward track,

And the slippery slimy decline is when she's on her back;

For subtraction to be substantiated we must all explain why,

For like everything taken off you must land from where you fly.

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**Signed**

**Such Suitability.**