

Humbleness is the answer to all the suffering and pain,

That the beauty of greatness is through the humbleness gain;

That the magic is a figure of the return to the world,

That money is only a word to all the earth being worth.

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As here I sit humbled in the humbleness of my home,

As I cover the page with words to the world I have come;

I will write and will write until the very end of my day,

That the humbleness itself is just on its own humble way.

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For it's begging for her in the humbleness she has to pay,

That I give it all to her and she has really got her own way;

And at the end of a lifetime it will be humbleness to say,

That I've finished with all this and giving to God for the weigh.

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And the trouble and torment and the lowering of self,

Is the toil and turmoil and strife sitting quiet on the shelf;

For if humbleness was ever the love of the new fashioned way,

The greatness of work would be left on the shelf to until that day.

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Well humbleness what a word so small and yet so long,

That the meaning has no answer to it and only appears wrong;

But time proves that ills can become possibly turn out all right,

As the humbleness of wellness is the new daily delight.

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So I'm sitting here writing this and becoming deaf and dumb,

Because I have named humbleness and it tells me I'm numb;

For I had to hear and listen to the sounds around about,

In the quietness of humbleness and end without doubt.

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Signed,

Quietly to God