

It is as plain as the nose on your face,

They say to the whole entire human race;

Like a hand in the air or the hair on your head,

Life is for living and really not worth being dead.

But we put our faith in the time of days long ago,

When men fought for memories of the places they did know;

And as we look to the future to the things we enjoy,

Our hearts are filled with the love that our minds do employ.

For the matter of kind and the difficulty in the way,

Where the hindrance is removed and the earth turns all day;

To the night to uncover the meaning of life and it all,

It is as plain as the nose on your face which sits there so small.

God knows the answer and the beauty of the creation,

As time goes in a flutter and rationalised the nation;

For the plenty is true as we see clearly with our eye,

That the things we do best are the real reasons we try.

Now the understanding is right and the knowledge is high,

And the accumulation is right and the knowledge is high,

And the accumulation of self is appreciated as we fly,

For from here to there you for and where you end up ill go,

And the real destination is time train at the station in flow.

For like the world has its way and the land has no end,

But we work, test and toile to own and to not borrow or lend,

For the perfect completes when the failure depletes,

As the nose on your face knows and reminds life's complete.

Signed,

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