

A poem has a lifetime you know and lifetimes are always free,

But if a poems lifetimes up you need an apostrophe that is going to cost me;

You see in a person's lifetime you see it an apostrophe's lifetime's free,

And that is starting to sound really clever and even very smart to rhyme me.

You see if you rhyme me then there is time for three me's to be free,

And in time to rhyme me you will end up at sea to see what is a tree;

For trees at sea are made into wood and the boat is built to sail and see,

So if you have a good look at the boats wood you won't see a tree at sea.

But when the storm gets a bit rough and the waves crash over the bough,

And the bow in the timber is hollow and narrow and bent like you're toe;

Don't slip on the deck or you will break your next trying to know,

How you could grow a tree out at sea and keep one leg under to slow.

Because when you are hooked on one arm with every fish in the sea,

And you keep it all under your hat as you steer the wheel free;

Remember the captain who said all that and gave another that must not come back,

But he remembers the sea and the fight to set people free and not lack.

So a poems lifetime is like a ship out at sea on paper for people to see,

And read to content a poem's lifetime that's meant from the sea;

Now she is content with a bucket and lent went to learn how to sail home to me,

But there's all hell to pay with the rain and the gale as the wind blows merrily.

So bail out the boat and scrub the deck so she will float,

And not flood the poor folks on the coast who look out at the boat;

Don't beat around the bush and get out and down and work hard,

To see that this ending of a poems lifetime as sailed more than a yard.

Signed,

Inch by inch