

He runs like the wind and breathes both free and easy,

And he's fit as a fiddle and alive, living and breathing;

He tried and he tried and died in really right hard in the middle,

With ice on his head and cold feet as he digests hot food in a riddle.

And the earth is a big spinning, around with us all on it,

As we are content in each continent concentrating on what is it;

And the answer to the riddle of right hand in the earth's middle,

Is the love of the lava with the equator, the cat and the fiddle.

Now the world goes around as impatient as an old brown cow,

And daisy rings her bell for dinner as if we all know just how;

For the cow jumped over the moon when the little dog laughed,

And we all got a fright at the dish that ran away with the spoon.

Now it is all in a rhyme, just as the poem has time to prime,

And rewriting a nursery rhyme is not really that much of a crime;

But a little bit bad when it's all old and sad, just to fit on the line,

When we're all living and breathing remembering the rhymes times.

Well I love how it ends and I know you will love it too,

How it all fits together with a good word and a clue;

For the best part of all is the rest that is yet to come,

When it all ends up finished and living and breathing seems dumb.

But really is that is all you know at the end of the poem I write,

You will know well and good that you have made it through the night,

And all who exist must be and have been living and breathing at some stage,

As this poem concludes just living and breathing will all the pages age.

Signed,

I write another one