

The trees slightly swaying and bending in the breeze,

As the white clouds are slowly moving across blue;

Merrily the grass grows as if it only knew the sun,

Summer turns to autumn, then winter and spring has sprung.

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The world goes around in circles as here on earth we live,

No matter or marvel is more than the breath of life to give;

And as the weather changes we have plenty left to say,

For these constant conversations that go on in verse all day.

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You could of heard a pin drop as the rain was coming down,

While all across this land was flooding of city and town;

The spirit filled the nation as what sense was null and void,

For the beauty of inspiration was now never to be destroyed.

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It happens as you listen to those pattering little drops,

Where all becomes complete as we harvest in the crops;

As if it comes and goes from years to days gone by,

This parched and desert land lives out another wet and dry.

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And I don't know what to make of it in all this constant pain,

Perhaps our bags of money have all gone down the drain;

While here amidst the daffodils and roses of carefree life,

The battle nears completion as we end this war and strife.

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If you know me it is confusing to the real environmental end,

I might just be a puppet who's turning out to be your friend;

For the using and the making seem to always hurt my head,

So it's better to awake tomorrow and find that you're not dead.

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Signed,

A poor day's work.