

Put your back into it and return if you like,

From the deep dark dead that has passed to life;

Remember the book with the title on its spine,

From author to author it's all yours and mine.

.

The memory of the past is such a treasure to keep,

When you slept or are asleep or counting the sheep;

The days go on by as the world turns in ages,

Now I am reminded on these lines and in verse pages.

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Either has a way of making each day become anew,

When you have eaten or ate or prayed to come true;

The earth turns any way when the heart stops beating,

Back from the dead the brain must remember eating.

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In this world you must learn to lead with your head,

Eyes becoming weak and have to read what's led;

The garden so beautiful you'll want to see at first gasp,

The next thing you do is breathe until your last.

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Back from the dead with the life all in blood red,

When eternity changed from it into all things in head,

Now look to the future until times passed you by,

With a world full of words and weather in the sky.

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Return from heaven to the place it was all worth it,

Or if hell was in the heart was the world the earth fit?

All of the books and property that was left dead,

Are they now all mine or is the mind being lead?

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**Signed,**

**Self Control.**