

Like all numbers that add up the same,

Infinite life is the name of the game;

With meaning indifferent to words and their way,

People, plants and animals that live on all day.

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Infinite life is, well let us take it to task,

With all of those things we beg for and ask;

And laughing at it all to have the money to pay,

As words in their lines are black, white and grey.

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Infinite life is just having a grab at it all,

As time spins in space on this big earth ball;

And just as you think you have it all in control,

You're dead and you're done and fall in a hole.

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Infinite life is the heart of God in the heavens,

In an atmosphere waiting for a few matching sevens;

And trucks and cars as they all pass in time,

Are driven by people who read poetry into rhyme.

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Infinite life is a practical means to the end,

To Jesus who is waiting and who God calls a friend;

And if you're lucky and bet and have a guess at it all,

You'll be the one wanting when he's made his call.

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Infinite life is a second to a particular response,

To the wide world of skies and all beauty beyond;

So if you've now read it and are out on a limb,

Renounce all your pleasure and in turn die to him.

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Signed,

Eternal gratitude.