

The whole world sings at the sound of a bell,

A harp with a heart is also something well;

How can I mean these words in this verse?

Where in the whole world would I need to rehearse?

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The whole world so big we need to take it in parts,

Where in the tune of a woman things in life starts;

My soul is full of the well of the earth,

So that the whole world lives and gives us worth.

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The whole world a place where which within life is,

According to the time and the joy of being his;

The temptations there to greed and keep things to myself,

I'll need to find someone to share something else.

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The whole world being in the form of a bird,

Where the gift of life is like the life of a word;

It goes eternally to some place beyond us,

And we're only aware of the commotion and fuss.

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The whole world is and yet still in heaven above,

Comes the joy of a girl and all of her love;

We speak of freedom and all the treasures we find,

In the heads of people which I dare to remind.

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The whole world is and where else would you go,

Or expect to find and to discover or know;

There comes a time when we need to share,

The thoughts of each other to think and compare.

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Signed,

It all surpasses me.