

An original thought

Like a fresh found spring, no one has tampered.

No professors, just the 3 r's.

Life experiences, common sense.

An agreement with self, mostly from observation,
conclusions that find me mortal and content.

Ole' don't you love to wander into those thoughts.

You pick the topic and put it to the test.

What's this, I have a helper, the Holy Spirit came along to guide my reasoning,
hone my conclusion.

Older now, discovering original thought isn't so original, our maker placed the
meaning of life in our soul thousands of years ago,
and through prayer and meditation it awaits.

Property of PoemsbyTim.com ©

Tim Kistler

January 22, 2024

www.poemsbytim.com