

Collection of Poems – by Sam Green

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SHE IS 89

she is 89 and I am 94
will we ever get it right
I give her flowers
when I'm at her door
I hope she'll marry me
before I get to old
before my grey hair
falls and blows away

she is 89 and I am 94
but when I kiss her
I feel as I was young
when she was 66
and I was a little more
that was before
my teeth fell out
and her breast saged
but when she kisses me
I feel great

for she is 89 and I am 94
At 52 I knew it was
love at first sight
but now I don't see to good
in my rocketing chair
letting the world pass by
for she is 89 and I am 94
and I never felt this good
for she is 89 and I am 94
she said if I play my card right
we can married in a few years
we she a 110
and I will be what I'll be,
until then I can only hope
that she a virgin until then
for she is 89 and I am 94
and am now at her door
for she is 89
and I am what I am, doesn't time travel quick

SAM GREEN (C.)2001

SING ME A SONG OF HOPE

Sing me a song of hope
where the angels bless the world
Sing me a song of joy
where everyone has all they need
you poets of this earth
you plow the fields of words
so some think much things
in freedom of construction
in construction of freedom
Sing me a song of living
not blinded by the pain
Sing me a song of being
not bleeding in each others wounds
each may know
each may want
so each may understand
if we are to grow
sing me a song

Sam Green 14.11.2002

SOME SAY

Some say love is a feeling
Of hope and care for what's within
Some say love a open flame
That drives a man to drink

A heart it is central
To the beatings of ones life
A heart it is central
To the fact that one must be

The only way to live this
Is to grow love as a child
The only way to live this
If we heal what we have dreamt

Can this child which lies inside me
Find this thing which lovers beg for
Can this child which lies inside me
Share what one knows

We are all a part of a family
Be it the family of sharing
We are all a part of a family
That reaches out to find

Be it you or be it me
We are all brothers who seek to build
Be it you or be it me
We are sisters in love with this world

The ages have brought us here
To this our time on Earth
The ages have brought us here
Please take of care this our world

SAM GREEN 7/2000 (C.)2001

SWEET THE SOUNDS

Sweet the sounds of heavenly strings
In the distance format of a film
Running to a frame of falling water
As children run the run of life
Skipping over a open valley
Time will never forget

A child cries out mother, I need my mother
The river crashes its course
In time they may be as one
From that which leads me to the path
Which sight of whom that I see
We are all in, one film to play by ear

Life is a book, story or just a review
It's all the same in dreams reflect
Catch the waterfall in heart that singing
Catch the water as it falls
Somewhere we are all in the picture
I was once a child
I was once, so I can relate

SAM GREEN 7/2000

TERROR

Terror is a rotten thing
that I know not nor understand
how one can kill another
leads the soul to bleed

be it not in peaceful mermory
there was no reason for that
that the world trade centre
so many did not come out alive

deep in the rumble of decae
the heart beats out for life
we do not count those who died
just pray more for those who'll be left alive

Terror is a rotten thing
that I know not nor understand
how one can kill another
leads the soul to bleed

Sam Green Sept11th . 2001

THE BUSHMAN KNOWS

Comes a time when we run the unknown
to the point where we not at home
far from the place built in sand
where the kangaroo and elms graze

the tribes men all know this story
where the children walked bare foot
across hills and valleys to the far off lands

there the old men danced there dance
as clouds of dust raised high in to the sky
by running waters in the hot, hot, sun
the children came to warn by there's peoples fires

to where the evil spirits were chased away
there they danced and danced
until the sun set and rose three times

from the cooling hot of each night
as from this, came a time, when we will remember
our brothers' fire by darkness of the bush
the echo of the distance, the rustle of trees
the bush tucker, the billy tea boiling
the beer bottles all empty
this land is great, its people still to be found

look around this earth, this land, for it is old
old of stories where the bare foot children still walk
across these lands, where I now live my life
as I am one, as of a grain of sand
in the mountains of our time...

SAM GREEN 12/2000 (c.)2001

THE CALL

A call went out for all to join
the ranks of freedom did call
they did not know who would fall
the lines of battle would be bloody
as history always shown
sometimes you have to stand up
and cut down the bad weeds
before they grow again in the garden of time
all in all we are all soliders great and small
we have seen blood washed on stone
with the honour of victory
is to the march of the beat
for our hearts' will know no evil
we have killed them many times
the taste of war is bitter
its now us or them we will survive
we have in us our freedom
we choose to feed our young
on the other side they are crazy
be still its now that we fight
blessings be our children
blessings be our world
blessings be our right
and defend what is good
blessings be that we may win
love of country and our people
love of this our time
here on Earth

AMEM

SAM GREEN 2/2001 (c.)2001

THE LIVING ROOM

I could cry through the night
I could cry through the day
And never find my way
With eyes that see the tears flow

If the light shone as a breeze
Warmed my soul, heaven knows
I could see what I could see
And still believe

We are all in this mess
This living room called planet Earth
So look around at what we have done
To this our home

The tides will change
To what is real
Solar power, gravity, and winds that blow
Are the only ways, which we should know?

If all else fails, there's ice and snow
Now the cycle of what, could be right
Is it like the moon's gentle pull
If we see the light and we do not act

We must not fail
For we are all a part of time
And life must be
What must be, could surely be

So take it to yourself to know
To show the way
Look within
Make sure we will find our living room

SAM GREEN 8/2000 (c.) 2001

THE MASSES KNOW THE BEAUTY

The masses know the beauty
of free words and free thought
the masses understand the voting
whats what and in the course of time
of winds that blow freely
falling houses and homes afloat
whether the sands that weather
in history named the truth
cover the facts with numbers
no names just like sheep
in dreams I count the horror
from the ashes which I was born
learn from what comes for knowing
the laws, of the streets, of the fields
flowers blend into the landscape
for flowers is all that we may know
The masses know the beauty
of free words and free thought
the masses understand the timing
whats what and in the course we turn

Sam Green 8/02

THE MEANING WITHIN

My tears I cry are all for nothing
but the thoughts of cries in the wind
we catch the load and the meaning within
and find the code of life again

to catch the water of this time
pick the apple of the tree
laugh at the dates and figs
in the swaying blowing breeze

alias the steps we have to make
are falling murmurs of regret
the ages may take it far from here
still I remember here this day

as I catch the flow of seas of tide
and the seagulls climbing high
the rest is up the flock
I awaken in another dream and dream

SAM GREEN 7/2000 (c.) 2001

THE NIGHT CAN BE LONELY

The night can be lonely
or peaceful as a mid summernight dream
love is a blessing
as roses or wine on a clear blue day

angels smell the roses
and drink the wine
and we are only left to wash up after
could be it the night

lonely be the echo in this night
I am not a lone
I have the walls and floor
and the music in the heart

walk each step, make me smile
wake each step, make me laugh
I am old now but once I was young
once I was young once, just smile

SAM GREEN 12/01

THE OTHER SIDE

The other side of madness has brought us here
The other side of what is real, and what is left to find
The currents of the winding wind
The storms of pouring rain
Having left me for one who knows
To catch the falling sense of what has been
To find the place where I belong
To gaze in to the endless light
To drink one and half sugars at night
I have what to believe
The clouds of love do not fill me
The birds' nest their young but not me
The open mind of what it is here
Turn to the life of the unknown

SAM GREEN 9/2000 (c.) 2001

THE PASSING OF LOVE'S TIME

The time for work is here
As passing of which is our time
Together here in verse
The memory of yesteryear

I could catch my heart but this would be unwise
To the sound of a falling soul
Or the echo clearing in the mountain
For the clouds that does unfold

If love is at my table
If love but only love
Still we all need something or each other
So I will give you, this my heart

Sam Green 7/2000 (c.) 2001

THE POEM OF THE HOLYLAND

To walk the streets of the holyland
to say my heart belongs in this land too
where my people where promised hope
from the beginning of times grace
heaven knows our blood is in these stones and mountains
as is our heart brakes too
for each inch has its story
a story of hope, that we are
but why must my people suffer?
to a world that cares little, just for the mighty dollar
the wheel of history will not change
we are here between the lines of history
now and forever
it is now and forever
we have built a dream not of nothing
in the end we will take nothing more
than our people to live in total peace and freedom

SAM GREEN 3/02

THE SADDEST THING OF LOVE

The saddest thing of love
is when only one is above
without the turn for the other
to ride the storm of what is

the sun shine, the moon shine
and the heart within
and what's within is more than blood
the soul of being and hope

hope is in the heart strings of now
now is in the heart strings of friends

you can't live with out them
let a piece of sun shine raidate
life and love are more than a four letter word each
they have meaning
find where you're going

oranges and apples, pears and fruit gum
walking, talking, and understanding
are more than words
words have meaning
you are living
share love with me
it is within us all
there must be light

SAM GREEN 4/2002

THE SKY IS FALLING

If not for trying I would be empty
empty as a tin on a roadside
but who would say that life is for living
without the finer things that love brings

children of the never, never, never understands
only seeing what the rags look like on the outside
tears in the salt mines of my passing
as watching the rivers of blood, bleed into each other
I am alone, in my world

the sky is falling
free fall in flight
the sky is falling
don't turn away

I am, as we are all
in between the lines of thought

SAM GREEN 2/2004

THE TEARS OF AN ELEPHANT

The tears of an elephant
can only cry in vain
but the monkey who
does not see, see nothing
freedom is a gift
a gift of life
said the owl to all that hear

SAM GREEN 2/02

THE TROUBLE WITH LOVE

The trouble with love
is you never know
will it last a while
or blossom and grow

from the first sight
of the falling heart
love is here and love is now

catch the rain drops of uncertainty
or stand your ground on a solid rock
found in transistion
routes of the things which brought us here
a smile, from the corner of a glance
a rustle of the wind, blown through her hair
reflections of a thought, as rainbows colour
change in the mirror of her eyes
I have seen you before?
was it by the sands blown through maze
in the depth of my heart and mind
as in the penthouse spread
I know its time for a cold shower with a raincoat
but will you join me?
in refreshment of the blues
of my old levi shoes
or let it be

to dance naked in the sun
and rubb our bottoms in the sand
feeling the deep water brake
on this front tide wash away
the taste of yesteryear's web
of which life once stood
to see, we are half way there
so hold my hand, and just say hello

SAM GREEN 1/2000 (c.) 2001

THE TRUTH IS

The truth is
its a waiting game
in all that you do
whether or not
you wait

the truth is
its large or its small
all in all its the same
in all that you do

to catch a fish
or boil an egg
to glue boots in to shoes
its up to you

SAM GREEN 5/02

THE WORLD CAN TURN

The world can turn
without you for a day
So put your feet up
and learn to survive
each day is different
than the day before
the way is better
this way for you
whether it be
to clean up your mess
whether it be
a difference state of facts
with work no play
to see eye to eye
take a different point of view
at lease one time off
whether its written in the verse
out of olden books
for they say so much
as if to know, something
we are here
in this space
make it sweet

SAM GREEN 4/2001 (c.) 2001

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

The writing on the wall
is for all of us to see
The writing on the wall
be careful of its running paint
The writing on the wall
its painted there in blood
cover these stain in white
we will say she was a virgin
cover the stain in white
well she lived her life in dreams
dreams of only peace
but the red blood does stain
The writing on the wall
please let us not fight
The writing on the wall
catch each bullet for
The writing on the wall
Teaser and the firecat

Sam Green 7/2002

THINGS WE CAN CHANGE

Things we can change are very little
how we breathe,
through the nose or through the mouth
how we eat and in what company
for always we are within ourself
in everything there are just two points of view
yes or no and nothing more
to love or not to love
to catch a cloud in mid flight
or wash away troubles in an old mobile
trying to understand how it is
the system from deep within itself
rocks lie in waters where there lie
rocks lie on the shoreline
high up in the mountains of time
some tumble down, some grow moss
others find release in the artist's mood
painting which run on passing walls in space
this city, this zoo
who am I to understand
what grows in the hearts of my surround
only a rock, only paint, only a bridge
one more to cross

SAM GREEN 5/94 (c.) 2001

TIME TO DO

There is a time to do each and everything
Under the winds that are blown away
a time to catch love and be loved
a time as in the bible says
everyone that is a living being
for we are all a part of creation
each and everyone has a plan
for want of trying a little better
the old as the young may say
heaven hold your feeling
when you know what to do
clean the windows of your vision
see what's deep in side
learn to live within yourself

Sam Green 2/2000 (c.) 2001

TIRED THESE EYES SEE LITTLE

Tired these eyes see little
but the heart beat of a watch
a different world within
secret to itself

a world of moving parts
which flows the turning of time
as it is to say forward
advance advance forward in midstream

the beautiful of the works inside
for many hours do I have to work
for little more than to thank you
still its better than aching back of working labour

on the streets do they dig for oil?
do they dig for gold?
or repairing the roadside and highways
in the cold of night

still if it must be
to have a house and home
a labour of love
and love is the labour that we all need

SAM GREEN 12.2001

TO BE AS IT WAS

To be as it was
Was never a question?
Nothing is for ever
and nothing stays the same
even fish swim
life and time is our pool
we are now in the changing
of time it self
with the net, at the hands
of the common man
what will be could be
can we find a heaven on earth
where even the animals
buy at Mac Donald's
that is an view point that we can not see at this stage
be as citizens of this universe, we should have rights
the right to live together in peace, and to learn and grow
growing in the understand for a better universe for all
shakespear said
what a piece of work is man
I say
the five o'clock news, is at five o'clock, until then keep smiling

SAM GREEN 7/02

TO CATCH A DROP OF A TEAR

To catch a drop of a tear
Is to see the meaning of why?
A drop of water is without salt
A drop of a tear says something
Deep
The heart is within
A feeling of me, myself or what is mine
But it's just a teardrop
Catch two, and there may be
Just two or more
An ocean crying, to be heard
Few are the fishes without hope
Many are the tears in the river of life
For without trees in the green
Of the garden
We can build, we can
Still of the dreams we are a wake
Here in the twenty-first century
We have a right to stand
And look in to the stars
If not for one, for the future
We are not a lone we have
The past, present, the future
One to stand on the hill
To echo the thought sharing
With, without there is nothing
One gives to the other
We all learn, as we can

SAM GREEN 7/2000 (c.) 2001

TO EACH WHO UNDERSTANDS

To each who understands
the meaning of why
to each who understands
and makes there stand
in the closeness of tomorrow
there is little left to say
search for love
from this hell between the lines
to each who understands
the meaning, I write

Sam Green (c.)2/2002

TO FIND AN OPENING INTO THE VISION

To find an opening in to the vision
of what must be
is to find an opening as in each a path
each path is right if we try hard enough
to do what's best at hand
little is said to know of the truth
may be its right to say just find it within yourself
but there must be a foundation
a foundation is more than thought
Are we both one on the same lines of verse
in each vision there is light but difference
still we can see right from wrong
we learn to understand the understanding
as a fly or painting on a wall, or a cloud in mid flight
teach your children well, as they give understanding to you
search for meaning, there is answer to each question
may be we don't understand the meaning
may be we don't understand the question
if its blowing in to the mountains,
catch it and share it with me please
I as you have feelings
who's the fool, who's the child, and who cares? we must
Count your stars? Count your blessings? and look at the sky
you are living
wisdom is the wisdom you search for from the sands which be of time
time moves, build a future
a future for all
be for something more

SAM GREEN 4/2002

TO SIT AND WATCH THE WORLD

To sit and watch the world go by
On the platform before all to see
I sit and write what words I have
to say how it is that I feel
and how I feel is being written here
between the lines of thought
trains come and trains go
but still I wait for you to come
And come you will, my old friend
to hugs and welcome its good to see
for you are here, the train is on time
for this time it is on our hands
catching the world of yesteryear

SAM GREEN 3/2000 (c.) 2001

TO THINK AND DREAM

To think and dream
to only wish for easy times
of summer nights under open stars
of rolling tides on endless shorelines

music is my life
as my life is music
love is the feeling in me
between the lines of thought
money doesn't grow on trees
it comes from the paper we sign

if life is an ocean
then that ocean is time

so when swimming with the prahrana
get out and walk

SAM GREEN 4/02

TO THINK, BREATHE AND HEAR

Is the road we travel to no where?
I think not
Are the footsteps we take lost in the sands of time?
Its hard to say
Beauty can say so much
Beauty is in the eye different to each other
Different
Love is beauty as beauty can be love
Then why do these eyes run as colours in the sun
Why?
If not to feel the power of each day
Different, but the same
I who grow, as a tree in the garden of my life
Feed me, love me, let me grow
Life I give, life I share
Look not to deep, I am, there for I be
Still be my passion
Still I am here, I am near, in the space of a garden
I touch not the rain, wind, or the fire
It touches me
The time of passion, is my friend, as the clouds of tomorrow
I can laugh
I can feel, as I do
And somehow know where I stand
And somehow I know
I am not alone
I am not alone

SAM GREEN 10/2000 (c.) 2001

TRY TO FIND WHERE YOUR HEADING

Try to find where your heading
in the fog and in the rain
on the open path which be of life
you'll find that your clothes may get wet

wash your blues in to tomorrow's tears
and you'll find you don't need to belong
for we are all need of the sunshine
to dry those tears that never run

as a rainbow shines from different colours
all the colours are the same, if they blend
we can only share of what we know
in the puzzle of time

catch the rainbow
catch the wind
catch the light within you
of tomorrow's dream
we are not without
if we find an answer

SAM GREEN 11/99 (c.) 2001

TWO BIRDS SITTING ON A WIRE

Two birds sitting on a wire
one said to the other
hey we couldn't get much higher
I flew here, to sit down beside ya
and I see the world turn far down below
do you know what I really know
its a cruel world, both body and soul
look down what's going on there
no need to sin if you want to sing along

two birds sitting on a wire
one turns to the other
come on and sit down beside me
look at this world, look what the humans' done
they see what they want to hear
and hear what they want to see
there losed in there own world
its such a mess and they don't see eye to eye

two birds siting on a wire
they heard the sounds of children crying really loud
look down, look what they've done
its our world and they don't even care
why do they dig up the earth, for worms?
what will happen when they are through?
will they feed they young?
with needles in their arms, let them go blind

Two birds siting on a wire
one said to the other
hey we couldn't get much higher
I flew in, to sit here ,down beside ya
and see the world turn, so far
do you know what I really know?
its a cruel world, both body and soul
look down what's going on
no need to sin if you want to sing along

SAM GREEN 1/2000 (c.) 2001

WHAT BE THE TIME

What be the time?
the time will change
a season of rain
will bring sun shine
as the sun and moon
both shine in there way
hope is ours to hope
through learning we study
what is ours to do
the time will change
What be the time?

Sam Green 5/2001 (c.) 2001

WHAT CAN I WRITE

What can I write
between the lines of thought
everything been done
in so many ways
trees are green skies are blue
still this earth turns
without or without you
love is a flower
and hate is a weed

what can I write
between the lines of knowing
so how we are born, we died
feed our young
then grow old,
as a painting on a wall
tears cry and run the paint
grey is a colour
to see is to know

what can I write
between lines of understanding
all I can understand is
that we are here on this planet
just like anything
it should be better
after its gone thought our hands
it should be better?

what can I write
between the lines of knowing, understanding and thought
what can I write
that they don't know

Sam Green 11.10.2002

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

When I was young
the old seemed to know
what was going on
still they send the young
out to the battle grounds
to fight for things unknown
with all of that confusion
no one was keeping score
its true to say
the old have more wisdom
but only that its only lost in a time
which has passed
edging them on, in remembering
as a slow train climbing up
to a hill of choice
saying I will, I will
may not be enough
will we meet in the end?
of this I am sure
in the union of time

SAM GREEN 3/2001 (c.) 2001

WHO ARE WE?

We draw, a fine line in the sand
of what's right or what's wrong
We hope never to cross this
but if we do, its a long way back
even, if a inch the boundaries are crossed
each day we grow as a tree with water
then we learn from what we have sow
as each tree different, as of each and every day
but who are we, and why we are, is
not to bend, in the eye of each storm
as every moment is a story which to review
find your way, in this maze, do good, live life, be content

SAM GREEN 2/2001 (c.) 2001

WHO NEEDS MONEY

Who needs money, when there's none, there's none
who needs war, it bleeds the soul and its no fun
keep your nose clear and survive
keep your love, but not inside, share your viewpoint
freedom is part of you us all, live, life, too
set your goals, an apple or a pear
fruits for the way of a tree

we watch the rain as clouds of life appear
crying each drop of murshment upon the land
blessed be with sun, wind and rain
in joy of love from this mother tongue
which does not express how I feel
of this or that, words are not enough
fruits for the way of a tree

how is it healthy to be with smoked filled lungs
not to run as the wind or roll as the tide free
for even an ant can move mountains
ripe soles crash upon the earth, running sweat
feeling the heart beats of time
life as we know it is changing
fruits for the way of a tree

heading moving within each step
where the road goes to another road
counting each second sliding within
reading recalling to know how it is
the pages rustle, I look and read
smiling, thinking, feeling, to heal, to touch
fruits for the way of a tree

SAM GREEN 12.1985 (c.) 2001

WINDING THE ROAD

Winding the road which leads to edge of time
Lonely the heart that does not find each moment
Still the past behind is nothing
Winding the road which leads to edge of time

I choose the path which I am on
Blinded from which is right or wrong
But somehow I do know the difference
I choose the path which I am on

Even the passing passage that's mine
Leads me to know what's deep within
Footsteps in the darkness or in the light
Even the passing passage that's mine

Turn me around so I may see
Where the sound of my soul leads
Without you I am just alone
Turn me around so I may see

In thoughts as flying in to webs
A tear drop lay on my pillow bed
I caught the sun, I caught the moon
In thoughts as flying in to webs

I am not he, I am not you
Wash these colors from this my soul
I am just part of the community
I am not he, I am not you

SAM GREEN 8/2000 (c.) 2001

WRITTEN GREAT PEOPLE SUCH AS YOU

Life is sweet,
life is worth living,
for great people,
who are good people
and care about life such as yourself,
may the Lord in his wisdom
grant you long life with happiness,
and all that you wish,
and great happiness from
your family and there familes' family too

Amem.

YESTERDAY YOU CLEANED

Yesterday you cleaned
for my world was up side down
tomorrow it may be different
I know you try your best
its give and take
the sun will brake through
the sun will brake through

SAM GREEN 3/2000 (c.) 2001

YOKO SAID SHE LOVED ME

Yoko said she loved me
but she wasn't mine to take
Dylan said he was sorry
about the songs he had to sing
The children as I grew up
said I should cut my hair
I know if not for rules
I would walk my days
as bear, as bear, could be
bear foot as they found me
with my pants inside out
Singing chinese sonnets
in the dark of darkness hours
of how the three stooges
made me laugh
with spanish subtiles
in black and white, poetry
on the screen in the light
somewhere in that story
all the light bulbs blew out
so as we threw our popcorn
ending up the glory on the floor
but that's another tale, still yet to tell you
what this hell, you know I'm making music
watching these re runs on my PC
as the world looks on further
there are so many channels, to receive
may be it because I look so funny
and that's these are the rags I have to wear
still I know its midnight and I am sitting turning here in my chair
if you read in to this verse or two,
please do not read to deep
here I am saying nothing
for there is nothing left to said
as here I go again
its the last line of hope
I need to take a leak

SAM GREEN 2/2001 (c.) 2001

YOU ARE LOVED

One people one destiny
one world that must be free
open hearts and open minds
open to say what is real

each and everyone
has rights of equality
to know the betterment of soul
as each has its right to be

for the good of my life within
is to pass on what one knows
as an ocean of sands
as time is not lost in time

turning winds not blown away
history is each and every day
correct and build from what comes
and what you know
for freedom holds its keys
yes freedom holds its keys
to give as to receive
share together what is now
to be as one
but be a part
time changes in its course
we are here we live together
enjoy is the fruit of my labour
as seeds in a garden
go in love or go with love
if love is for you
go in peace
in balance there is answer
I press the keys
and my words are here in the strings
I am not playing
I have only the insight of my life
be at peace
you are loved

Sam Green 3/04

YOU MUST BE MAD

You must be mad
if you want be a songwriter
if you don't fight for what is right
freedom, liberty, and equality
justice, peace and peace of mind

You must be mad
if you want to be a poet
words that circle around your skull
Can you make sense of it all
or is your static up

All big men,
changing history
as a bird in flight
without insight
and there insane plans they bring

As insanity must count for something
no gain, bring pain to all
so counts each and every blessing
do good for this world the Earth

live your life in harmony
let all eat and grow at your table
children, the young
And old

Make good music to ears that hear
if its the good vibe we all must share
Make good music to our hearts
make heaven here in this world

Sam Green 4/2001 (c.) 2001

ZELA KNOWS HER LIFE

Zela knows her life
from the time that she was born
she recalls playing in her mother's woom
and being born so small
that her lover said she was wonderful
as a blue rose on the river Nile
Zela why? Zela why?
Is it that I cry?
The children all cry too
Can we fly to the stars and far be on
She was born in June
me not at all,
for the season that has grown
Zela knows her life

SAM GREEN 5/2001



Sam Green (c.)2003

This book within

His music and words

Can be sampled on his web site

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Be with health, live long, and be kind to your world