

The Thought

Sat studying at my work the sweat beading on my face,
Although I knew where I was 'twas an unfamiliar place
While working I sat thawing and my brain was gently gnawing,
Gnawing at what I thought might be a thought I thunk just once before

And although I was not knowing on that cold December snowing,
That I would encounter something that I hadn't times before
I've been to such strange places and I've seen such twisted faces
But never have encountered what was lying on the floor

I had dropped a single thought!

The most important of the group
And my brain was very tender,
But I wouldn't dare surrender,
But I knew I had to break for I was hurting, raw and sore.

And to my astonishment the thought I dropped had spoke
Although I didn't speak to it, the thought was unprovoked
I sat there almost knowing, on that cold December snowing
That the thought that I had dropped would be there until I realized my wrong

It was white and dreary and my legs were tired and weary
But I sat and looked and examined what was lying on the floor
"I dropped a thought? Impossible!"
But it was me who had thought I dropped a thought.

So what made it impossible? I pondered to myself.
I could've dropped it like that vase that is squatting on my shelf!
If I provoked the thought of dropping an important thought,
Then I can't dare say impossible, for I thought that thought myself!

With that the thought twirled and zipped straight back into my head
And right then I had realized just what I had said,
Nothing is impossible I knew this well and good,
And then I sat there thinking about what once had stood,

A thought that had belonged to me,
Was here to be my tool
It taught me a lesson that I will always remember.....
Nothings impossible!