

# SUBSTANCE

The world is too broad to not traverse  
Be as the internet world widely webbed  
The highways delivering you to most of the world  
Clouds uprooting at their leisure, and moving on  
The hawk or eagle soaring through life so ethereal  
Seeded as nature growing where God may. The  
Flowers and fruits exhaling fragrance life's plenty  
Songs rhythm & blues every in notation  
As the seasons each with its special gifts. And,  
sympathies pour poetry and volume oceans about  
the globe, or galaxy - encrusted with stars.  
Substance appeals to everyone.



POET