

## *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 think 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!