

*Lines and Rhymes, by Jacob White*

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These lines all rhyme

In line and time

Tighter wound than a coil in a bind

With the time in line

All the rhymes do shine

I think in my mind

Of all these rhymes of mine

They do sound so fine

Almost as if they were a crime

Make someone cry

Get a tingle through your spine

Wipe away all the muck and grime

Immersed in the happiness of your new find

Life is much more bright and kind

But just like these rhymes

Everything that is so fine

Must end on its final line

Or must it?