# Title: Floating On A Boat

## Subtitle: Poetry

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Love and passion is our way;
Here is a question,
To help us see why we fray,
From the way.
We have a boat,
Three years we sit,
As a sheep,
With out a peep.
Oh so silent,
Oh so still,
Sitting there like a Buddha,
On that hill.
So we rock it,
Just to see;
If rocking the boat,
Will set us free.
To help us find out,
Just who we be.
This is a goat,
We hear you say,
"How can you know the way?"
We're in a boat;
We're afloat.
With out the rocking,
We'll never learn how to cope!
Move with the flow;
Balance with the wave,
That we might save.
A farmer has to know the path,
Help save all the chaff;
This isn't where we're saying go;
Yet why must we condemn,
If others are learning the flow,
A different path from us, you know.
Let them go,
Give advice,
Yet it is their vice,
Where only God can entice.
Judge ourselves,

This is our wealth;
Get on with our lives instead,
Don't put people in fear and dread.
They will fall,
Where we can bring them to a crawl;
Then they can't walk tall.
Don't take away their foundation,
Which is part of their creation.
Who they are inside,
Try not to make them hide.
The Lord of Hosts,
Really loves them the most.
If they do something wrong,
Don't leave them sinning for long.
Guide them like a boat,
With a piece of rope;
Softly,
That they might cope.
If they start to stray,
Pull them the right way,
With the words we say.
Make sure they're punished for sure,
Else they might end up on the shore;
Where we could've helped more.