

I predict! I'll state it here,  
I see the future, clear as glass  
that, within the coming year  
the following will come to pass  
First, more snow, and it will get colder  
a blanket of white will cover the ground  
everyone will get one year older  
as the world spins once around  
There will be carnage on the roads  
hidden ice will claim some lives  
especially the lives of those  
who like to say they are good drivers  
In the spring, there will be flooding  
waters rising, far and near  
but the flowers will be budding  
just like they do every year  
A mighty man will pass away  
who ruled his land with iron fist  
maybe even two or three  
there's quite a few upon that list  
the internet will grow and grow  
our need for more and more connection  
will take us past what we now know

in a couple new directions

Stars will burst upon the scene

and they will make a lot of money

on the stage and on the screen

and brand new comedians will be funny

A plane will fall down from the sky

before it reaches its destination

every one on board will die

its a lousy way to start a vacation

Starting around July or August

Hurricanes will slam the coast

and those who can't afford to leave

will be the ones who suffer most

Almost all politicians will lie

and preachers, of course, will preach

the best of the students will study

and teachers will try to teach

It will be a year of sadness and pain

but also of love and joy

Boys will fall in love with girls

and girls in love with boys

They'll walk on the beach at sunset

enjoy the evening breeze

and then, the autumn breeze will blow

the leaves down from the trees

The world isn't going to end this year,

or the next to come along

I am so convinced of this

you can sue me if I'm wrong

365 days in the year

If I write a poem each day

By the end of the year, it should be clear

If I had anything to say

Snow is pretty, snow is white

I don't mean to berate it

Some think that it's a pretty sight

while others of us hate it

In the day, we yearn for night

but in the darkness, yearn for light

What and Why and When and Where

We only seek what isn't there

Being a hippie is a feeling inside

the hippie movement never died

We are still at the beginning

of our human history

Just because it's never been

does not mean it cannot be

When you trip and fall in snow  
it isn't all that bad, you know  
the massive mound of soft, white flakes  
are like a pillow nature makes  
but when you slip and fall on ice  
it really isn't very nice