**If - Rudyard Kipling**

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;

If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with triumph and disaster

And treat those two imposters just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,

And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings

And never breath a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,

Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch;

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;

If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds' worth of distance run -

Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,

And - which is more - you'll be a Man my son!  
  
  
If you can keep your head when all about you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,

Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,

Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,

And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;   
 -- Rudy Ardkipling

**The Night**

the night is cold the night is sad for some

the night is so dark

the night come and go like my love for you

the night is time for me to sleep and dream of you

the night is everywhere I go

the night is time for some people to have fun

the night is so alone for me

i hate the night because it reminds me of you

the night was when we had fun

the night is so alone now

the night is what you love

but now the night is what i hate because of you

**No End To Success**

Success is not the triumph over regress,

Success is the power to suppress.

Success is not the money or the fame,

Success is, knowing you are still the same.

Success is not the power or the pride.

Success is the knowing how to hide.

Success is not a gift or gain,

Success is accepting and believing in your name.

Success is not a point or goal to seek,

Success is, believing you have never reached the peak﻿

**Valentines Letter**

Sweetheart,

On this day ,when everyone listens too their heart speak.

With the doors of vanity,pride and arrogance,shut ever soo tightly,

with only red in the air,

i can hear but one name ...........................that of my princess.

everytime u make me smile ,

with those sweet talks of urs,

u make my heart skip a beat,

everytime u make me scuffle,

with those adamant gestures ,

u make my heart skip a beat,

everytime u soo coyly,

push my lips away,

u make my heart skip a beat,

everytime with coquetry,

u ask me too take u in my arms,

u make my heart beat a skip,

everytime u canoodle me soo lovingly,

my head lying in ur lap,

u make my heart skip a beat,

but all this skips are worth ,

for when the moment comes,

with ur self entwined with me like an ivy,

ur honey petals locked beneath mine,

ur buttery self melting within my grasp,

ur eyes shying away soo coyly,

ur bosom heaving against me,

ur heartbeat rhyming with mine,

these moments are worth for all those skips,

these moments are worth too make my heart stop beating...........

if only these moments never passed away.

Happy valentine day honey.