

Brilliant blue of sky and ocean colour ink,

A pen to write with and something from it to think;

Like an animal to the slaughter from a pen or drink,

That he or she might make love with conception pink.

Pick the one you want with a pen knife to kill,

The wooden spoon the dill and bread and butter pill;

The meat upon the sandwich and marg upon the roll,

That the cost is quite amounting and the price the toll.

It's a healthy way to act and a wealthy way to do,

That the beautiful pen could make a meal or two for you;

When the ink within the pen is the blood within my head,

The alcohol is air and the smell of ink will stink dead.

As is the red rose like the scent and the dew drop tear,

And the water off the ducks back is perfectly clear;

The money means the shade with cleaning to appear,

For the fawn within the deer is being born so dear.

So we round up all the sheep and cattle in the pen,

From the prairie and the paddock to eat when then;

The prayer is in the asking for the figure and the pig,

As the fig is sweet to eat from old trees that we dig.

Now a beautiful pen has magic and rhythm in the verse,

Between the human animal and all the people that we curse;

For being a kind of mammal is a sin money must win,

As the whale and dolphins swim and sharks are in the skin.

Signed,

Rich Reading