

I really think its writing and I'm under pressure all the time,

But the pleasure point is making all the words begin to rhyme;

The publishers are denying and the punishment is far too great,

For all the joy I'm having is giving me time in which to relate.

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The pleasure point I'm making is time for someone else to read,

Because I do the writing it's not for me to read but lead;

So the joy that's in the giving is the point at the end of my pen,

And I think I'm going to eat it and that is the chicken in the hen.

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So the meat of the equation is the situation that we meet,

For the reason for the living is to read write and eat;

And if you are that girl waiting, then the joy of the boy is now,

Because the men and women had us and the bull is not the cow.

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So if you think we are, you had better remember we're not.

Because we're not really talking, unless you're reading and have got;

The pleasure point is meeting and then turning up again and again,

For this book ends up on the shelf but you are a friend of my pen.

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It's not a joke alright that this is going right into you,

Because the food is kind of spiritual and that's a pleasure point too,

So if this is a book on the shelf that's a pleasure point I know,

But remember I'm really thinking will this publish sell or go.

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There's no way it's going down the toilet because a book would never fit,

And there's not much chance of money because I know that it is it;

But when I finish all the work I know that I'll have a meal,

For the effort is really worth it because I know it's really real.

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Signed,

I hope it comes back