Just a piece of paper,
Oh how blank it is;
Some are filled with words though,
So just how great is this.

A page does mean so much to me,
Of all the things that seem to be;
It's worth is not that great alone,
But its words penetrate down deep to the bone.

They all should have a number,
In which we can refer;
There quality is measured by,
All the things that they infer.

Now it's not that we should count them,
But it's good to know how many;
For all the things we think of,
Come from each and nearly any.

It's a great idea to read one,
Perhaps in a chapter of a book;
That all the lines of plenty,
Are hard not to be mistaken.

Well if you've read a page by now,
You might of just of seen;
That all the words on this one,
Would never be found on the screen.

So now it's done and ready,
And you have read all you're allowed;

Remember that you're heading,
Is to a page up in the clouds.

Signed,

Any other page