

Over the page and far away and far away to go,

A long, long time of reading to write all I can know;

For over the years of time and over the hill so far away,

Comes the light unto the nation and the train station by day.

The sun is white and clouded s it shines it's yellow all that way,

And the moon is surrounded by black as stars light the night from day;

So down the page we go from places travelled and travelled far away,

To the place where it is stationed by pen and the write right say.

Over the page I've travelled from what has been read and written before,

To the place where the page will finish to travel over the page once more;

Over the page so many times and up the hill and down tale to find,

A place to say its home to me and the rain in my head a stable mind.

Over the page I've read and are now writing this page for you to read,

That the page would have its own number and age down the lines to lead;

Over the page the years seem to drift away as time passes us by,

Travelling and troubling, down the lines of the page to get over the page and fly.

Down through the years it has travelled this page that has number and line,

That the number of words and line fill the page to make the page number mime;

And that leads to more pen and paper where page numbers are born to win,

That the words down of paper to read may not be or be allowed to sin.

For if we count every word we write and go over the page to read,

Then the accumulation and amount of words you read is really all you need;

For the leader is the writer who wrote it down and over the page,

Then the age of words and the writer manage by number and stage.

Signed,

Over the page

