

I put a pen to paper and wrote down a line,

If was all about quality and just how very fine;

There was also a matter of the words that I wrote,

And how it would all turn around and end up a note.

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I was cooking dinner and writing this and sat while it did cook,

That I could eat veal scaloppini and make something for this book;

In actual fact I am writing of the meat in pen for knife,

And I know it is going to taste just great, my favourite food in life.

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And as the day had ended and the meal continued on,

I'd awake the next day and morning and feel that it had gone;

I'd wiped it off with paper the meal I now write down,

As the pen was pen and paper and the meat the life of town.

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And as the day progressed of stories I toiled and fably told,

Of travelling the world and how very much God was gold;

The thoughts I said and mentioned took a period of time,

That yesterday turned to tomorrow and today this poem of rhyme.

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And the miracle of making of pulp from timber and wood,

To create this piece of paper and put my pen so good;

And I've been around there and back a couple of lonely times,

Where just the faith with Bible could sustain me from the crimes.

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And the answer to this question of just how it all connects,

Is in the ink on paper that my pen in hand from head selects;

So if you understand what is just the very way it works,

Put your own pen down on paper in poetical rhythmic words.

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**Signed,**

**Black and White.**