

To make a play on words to give and take a bit
To look you straight in the eye and ask you if you fit;
Amazing as it seems, the right are unworthy to try,
For in the life it is when you finish and live again to die.

He has a way with a pen and like every slip of the tongue,
It is a Freudian interlude to reverse things to become young;
And when the day has ended and you put you pen in place,
The friends you made along the way tell by the smile on your face.

To make a play on words right then, you have to really know,
What you were doing and reading before to learn and grave;
For as it all works out words can be crime in time,
That how you're use and trust them depends on how they rhyme.

For making a line along the page and coming to a breaking point,
Is when you sit to stand again and incomes from pen and joint;
Like a challenging situation where life is just a game of cards,
And it is how you play your hand and what is dealt that's hard,

For the imagination runs away with the mind at words in verse,
For return to the start of the situation with beginning and a curse;
So to make a play on words my friend is a natural deviation,
As your mind play tricks on others and yourself a revelation.

For nothing comes to mind at first, but it all end up OK,
That to make a play on words, works out the worth of every day;
As I like to look upon the world in reflecting anticipation,
As the whole God damn earth turns around in wondrous contemplation.

Signed,

To twist a tale