

Write what you like and read all the type,

I'm using my pen and need a wife whether will wipe;

You're reading the type I have typed with my computer,

And you need the look and type of a commuter.

.

What are the twelve disciples are they apostles or stones,

When their birthdays are they typed numbers or phones;

If you can read the type of people you see,

Is their face giving them away or have you just paid me.

.

I typed and I read and now you are expecting me to lead?

But just wait your turn and have the patience you need;

I need the patience to type and to read a bit faster,

So something which is something I can rewrite and master.

.

I write at my own speed and whenever I like,

When I can or am led or am some other kind of life;

The type that you read is stars to what words,

And to people without brains who think pills are birds.

.

If the type and the read are a book in your hand,

The books on the shelf will all mount up quite grand;

All the type that I read or write will all walk around on legs,

And I'm eating chicken or fish and begging for eggs.

.

Type and read words and I'll find out what kind they'll be,

For those who know Jesus and or even possibly me;

Book shops are full of publishers and books to be read,

So now ends this poem, wondering if I am dead or am led.

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Signed

What life is a word.