

Can you smell the ink or the rose to the nose,

Do you water the garden from heaven or with a hose;

Like electricity or lighting is life toe electrical lightning,

The storm a form of current to sell cells in writing.

Now the right way to do it is left up to the wrong,

For whether it is better in verse or the words of a song;

The notes come and go and you only keep what you save,

So if you say what you mean you won't lose but will pay.

So the question I ask is do you smell the ink or the rose,

Are you working in the garden pruning or writing, reading prose;

For if you're heads in a book you might get a wiff of the ink,

Or the paper or petal of the rose if you go out and you think.

It would be silly to write a book about ink or the roses,

When God wants a drink and some food and then goes and disposes;

So what I propose is for the whole thing to come back,

If you can track my poem or the ink or rose is both black.

I might remember rising as I get up from bed every morning,

Then sex in the city or the news as the new day is dawning;

But I am not one to gamble on the money and the wife,

For the best thing I can win is the smell of roses in ink in my life.

So when Jesus comes back what will his name become next,

With so many verses of The Bible and written right text;

I think I'll have a flutter with a bit of a bird and the butter,

For the word is the smell of air when the ink or rose you matter.

Signed,

Getting Outside