

I read and write, that is the source of my income,

I'm not really that smart but can write not as so dumb;

It is literature you know and people throw litter on the streets,

And I write and I pick up pen and paper to read who I meet.

It is a game of life you know on just how to earn enough money,

When time costs you effort and the price of energy is not funny;

For you work and you play as well as eat and want to have family,

But the question is what is right and the implication of the suggestion.

I read and I write because it makes me happy and gives and gets joy,

From those who are readers and leaders from the girl to the boy;

I love to sit and toy with the words flowing down from my pen,

Which comes from my head and my heart, hand then and when.

I think there is no greater pleasure than to read and to write,

For the peace in the reading and the great right to delight,;

The beauty and treasure and the richness that is being read,

Is the primary colours of black and white, yellow, blue and red.

So if we mix up our thoughts and become so confused with the grey,

The words down on paper are seen by the pupil as colours in say;

For the duty of the writer is to be clear, concise and concede,

That his right as a writer is left for the reader to receive.

Now the brilliant of the intelligence is to be judged by the best,

For you are that person who telling me by the hard test;

As I won't have anything if you don't see what I write well,

And the right to the eyes is the focus of what we now tell.

Signed,

You lead and right