

From written red and written blue,
The black and white to make it true;
The paper colour the ink that flows,
Aligns those words in frozen rows.

A miracle of words said he,
Of black and white and what might be;
The message and the context taken,
The meaning read and not mistaken.

A million times I'd smile and write,
Of what would be true and in the night;
A million words written black and white,
All turn in truth from wrong to right.

Black and white a zebra crossing,
A newspaper with news still tossing;
A book all read upon the shelf,
All I've written black and white myself.

The coloured picture now starts to form,
Of old tradition becoming new found norm;
The intermingling of the words themself,
Produce the creation of the vision itself.

So when at dusk my pen is down,
And the black and white is written and bound;
The circle where it all came from,
My new found friends to whom I now belong.

Signed,

The true blue ink