

Just a piece of paper,  
Oh how blank it is;  
Some are filled with words though,  
So just how great is this.

A page does mean so much to me,  
Of all the things that seem to be;  
It's worth is not that great alone,  
But its words penetrate down deep to the bone.

They all should have a number,  
In which we can refer;  
There quality is measured by,  
All the things that they infer.

Now it's not that we should count them,  
But it's good to know how many;  
For all the things we think of,  
Come from each and nearly any.

It's a great idea to read one,  
Perhaps in a chapter of a book;  
That all the lines of plenty,  
Are hard not to be mistaken.

Well if you've read a page by now,  
You might of just of seen;  
That all the words on this one,  
Would never be found on the screen.

So now it's done and ready,  
And you have read all you're allowed;

Remember that you're heading,  
Is to a page up in the clouds.

Signed,

Any other page