

What can I write that hasn't been written,
A note to a friend about something committed;
Writing is not easy when so much has been said,
It's hard but its better you've read or are lead.

I once wrote all day but what was the point,
For most of it is waiting to find some sort of joint;
Poetry or prose fiction or nonfiction it's does not matter,
The story is created in the time of the latter.

Written is something that lives in the past,
The factor only coming to tell what will last;
The whole things conceived at the point of a pen,
Not given til the writer only knows when.

God will judge all writing since the bible was written.
Written for understanding and meaning for people;
Books and more books now fill the shelf,
But after all I've written am I now still myself.

Well it nearly all amounts to a prayer and to faith,
The love of the words written or are saithe;
Just the touch and a hint of written at all,
Every stroke of the pen even large or small.

So what has been written was all thought at some stage,
Vaguely appearing for even on the last remaining page;
I don't know if I can do it to just finish this rhyme,
For no I know what's written is something you just do in time,

Signed,

I'm right