

I think I'll write another one and type it up quite quick,

Is this a book or a poem or am I getting you to pick?

It is if I am me and you are yourself just to tick,

It's easy to write now you've taken the trouble to help lick.

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Write another poem; am I mad or a different kind of book?

Do you remember me or are you watching out for a look?

Will I make myself a millionaire or die a bit cross?

Would you be a billionaire and have to be the boss?

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Write another one, are you reading a word or making money?

Are you in heaven or hell or just want some honey?

I'm not making much; it is poetry that you are reading,

You go to learn it from a university or a book shop leading.

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I used to sell clothes in a discount variety shop,

But they got rid of me and all this with a mop;

You might write another one and make your own book,

And think you are leading a look with the title you took.

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See all the figures and remember if it is what page number,

Do you need a calculator or pen or ink or cucumber?

It's quite a nice cover which takes you in by surprise,

Which might bedazzle or memorize the looks in your eyes.

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Maybe I'll change style or publish myself a bit more,

Or punish myself running or walking across the floor;

Write another one if you can copy or still dare,

And I'll read it and write it and we can compare.

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Signed,

Typed this to.