

The Flow of Words

Do you ever get the feeling
That there is something better than sleeping?

I close my eyes just like my pen,
But thinking of my pen gets me started again!

The words rush through the open doors

There are so many at which to look,
I fish them out with a hook

One by one I look them through,
See what every word can do

Some sing solo,
Proud and strong

Some like a duet,
Short or long

Some shy words need a group,
Or simply to be stirred like soup

I mix them to get the variation
It can take minutes, hours or even days
Then I look up in admiration,
At my creation!

I run it through and through my head,
So that when I am out of bed
I can share my work of art
With others, from the heart!