

475-1000
Blank yellow pad

Look at me staring at the blank yellow pad
What is there left to say
I can find more words to put down
But the selfsame message they will convey

At one time a man who with a cynical bent
And eye for pretension and ill
But changed to the core for all i have seen
And yet the pad's empty still

Phrases elusive, often don't come
But everyday try yet i must
Then low and behold a gem oft appears
The product of time and of trust

When in a memory, in decades to follow
These words will drift and decay
No one will know the pain that i felt
No one will hear what i did say

But here in the present the big yellow pad
Beckons to me to press on
For even though words sometimes stick in my throat
I know they will never be gone