

Writing **(Weaving Words)**

It's greater, by far, than the sum of its parts
Of its dots, and its loops, and its flicks
And the wonder it brings to the hungering heart
Is the magic of sorcerers' tricks.

In the hand of a master, the pen is a brush
Or a wand, or a sword, or a knife
And the words once they're down can build up or crush
Lying deep in the heart and for life.

The well-chiselled phrase can stop a man dead
And where there is dark shine a light
And the shadows dispelled bring wisdom instead
And unto the blind confer sight.

If the words that you weave
(A thousand years on)
Bring hardened old men to tears
Then the spells that you cast
Will never grow old
And your stories
Will outlive the years.