

A Writer's Tale
(to the tune of Greensleeves)

Chorus A thesaurus is the perfect tool
 A book of quotes is useful too.
 Spelling and grammar fall behind
 The need to choose the perfect word.

 For many years I have tried to write
 The pictures of my imagining.
 Advice from workshops I've applied,
 Polished with ruthless editing.

Chorus

 With joy I fill a book, page on page
 With the story I long to write.
 Words flow into the Book of the Age,
 The prose perfect, the voice just right.

Chorus

 But alas, the spring dries too soon.
 Dread writers' block creeps into view.
 The hero won't dance to my tune.
 Heavens! I'm only half way through.

Chorus

 I stare at a blank page of white,
 Hour upon hour speeds by and fades.
 Until I find a sentence so right,
 And words flow again like music plays.

Chorus