**The following are not exactly poems**

it crawled from my ear and sat on my head

write me oh write me oh write me it said

i said i cannot, for you aren’t a verse

you’re a thought, an idea, a concept or worse

i am a poet, no philosophiser

politician or clergyman proselytizer

it said i don’t care you will write me because

i will sit on your head, and dig in my claws

and i won’t go away til you write me at last

i’ll whisper and whine and hold your brain fast

i knew at that moment i was losing this battle

so i opened a file, submissive as cattle

i proceded to write, and the claws were retracted

each word that i wrote was one claw subtracted

this is the result, this thing that you read

not brilliant or perfect, but serving a need

and now i can sleep with no thing on my head

i wrote you i wrote you i wrote you i said