

Primus "Pressman"

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By the light of the lamp I sit to type
my notes on tab at my side.
I don't see the sun much these days,
a fluorescent tan covers my hide.
How much impact shall I have this time?
My goal today is to reach the deadline.
I write between the lines. I deal with fantasy.
I report the facts. Give them to me, please.
Ham and egg salad on white bread...
keeps me company on nights like this.
A pack of mentholated cigarettes....
keeps my air nice and thick.
When I write, words flow like coins from a candy box.
Get out of my way. I've got something to say!
The pulse is beating louder now.
The cramps in my hands grow more intense
with each tik, tik, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap on the keys.
My social life is at an end so it seems to be.
Why don't I trample on your lawn today?
I'll take skies of blue, turn over old skies of grey.
I write between the lines. I deal with fantasy.
I am the pressman. Acknowledge me!
Mother always told me never stray too far from home.
The little lady said,
"Boy, you'll never have to be alone, because..."
You build with fountain pen.
You create the memory stain
You are the pressman.
Stand up straight, boy.

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