

The Writer's Workshop
Mathis B. Rogers

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I wrote this poem for an anthology for the Plainview Writers Guild, and it is in it. But we kept our rights so I'm able to share it with this group, too.

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Sleigh bells ring,

Are you listening?

In the lane, snow is glistening.

Chestnuts roasting by the chimney with care,

No, wait, something else should go there.

Rip from the typewriter, yet another page,

This is how it was done before the Computer Age.

A pile of wadded up paper covers the trashcan in the corner,

Another tree falls, a tear glistens on the cheek of a Green Peace mourner.

As the sound echoes through the land,

Christmas is here! This is going to be grand!

My computer arrived this morning, came directly from the North Pole,

Delivered by Santa himself, that jolly old soul.

I recycled the trash in the corner,

No more reason to worry the Green Peace mourner.

Out to the garage goes the old typewriter,

Now I can be a better writer.

Got this computer hooked up, and it's working great,

No more whiteout needed when I make a mistake.

Just press the backspace and delete what I need to correct,

This will have a much better effect.

Now I'm all set,

In comes the mail, but I can't get to it yet.

I'm too busy surfing the Web and answering e-mail.

I haven't had a chance to write a thing, but on the Web, I just found a bargain book sale.

As the sun sinks deep into the west,

I open up the word processor, to write something now would be best,

A blue screen stares back at me,

Now if I don't like what I write, no one will ever see.

Sleigh bells ring,

Are you listening?

In the lane, snow has melted,

The fields, now full of clover,

That new stack of bargain books should have been belted,

It just toppled over,

Cobwebs in the corner sway in the fresh morning breeze,

The weeds out in the garden make me sneeze.

No time to worry, I've got to write!

But first I think I'll change the color of the background to white.

With all these words swirling around in my head,

Now I have something new to dread.

Did I save that last story before turning off my computer and going to bed?

Out of bed I hop.

And rush back to my workshop.

Stumble over the fallen books,

Can't worry now about how the room looks,

Boot up the computer,

And what should appear?

The story I was working on. Yes! It's still here.