

Laine Scott

Ode to the Pen

There she sits, her writing desk lit by the
Dull gray light of a kitschy kitty lamp.
Her slender fingers twitch, clench, pinch a
Squirty pen that is blue, that is ink-damp.

She bites its cap, she bites its middle,
She fights the blank pages much more than a little.
Very little she writes, very little she scribbles,
Down on those blank pages, awash in blue spittle.

Suddenly (so suddenly) there comes quite a squabble,
As the pen, with such cunning, such fury, such wit,
Berates poor paper! Brands blazing words 'til,
Paper's top, bottom, middle are an indigo tint.

But she, the author, writes unknowingly,
"This is my life. Written only by me."