

## The Pen

My hand engulfs it.  
My heart seeps beneath the see-through plastic,  
surrounding its smooth, spiraled mind.

*There's something within me  
I must get it out.*

The *Click!* in the silence resounds, "That's it!"  
Its soft, pointed tongue caresses the page  
like your hand on my cheek  
until suddenly it pulls back,  
scribbles,  
*tap*  
*tap*  
*tap*  
against the table.  
With the next *Click!* it decides, "not quite."  
The thoughts withdraw inside,  
running lost through the maze  
until the right path is found.  
*Click!* My eyes flash open.  
Passion spills onto the page once more.

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