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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