

Pen

In the brilliant white desk drawer,
With its organizers holding paper, notecards, highlighters, and more.
There is something there.

Silvery-gray body
Sleek as silk.
Pure black ink flows out like a waterfall.

It travels with its owner
To the office and airport.

Words hidden inside, wanting to burst out,
Onto the crisp white paper.
We both have ideas.
We both are surrounded by work supplies, and find a joy in it.

It represents a work of art,
With words or lines.
This object helps express what I feel.

I use it more than once or even twice.
I always have one of its brethren with me.
This object that I cherish is a pen.

