The Pen Your Teacher Gave You

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It waits with its blue tongue.
The world is black and white and gray, it knows:
sidewalks, sleeping computer screens,
the color of dreams we want to wake up from.

Lonely it is, discarded among paper clips
and keys that don’t fit in doors anymore.
It waits in inky silence.
It waits as we ignore it, looking through a drawer for
something we lost, sleepwalking through a day
where we never glanced out the window.

When it sleeps, it has nightmares
of drying up, drying up,
drying up.

Silent it is, encased in plastic and aluminum, its
mute tip hidden from the world, its music
waiting to be played.
How it would like to describe
a sunset, or an iridescent bird lifting its wings
from a tall pine tree, a thought taking flight from
the uppermost branches of our mind.

It waits to write its way into the future,
but only if we give it a chance. Only if we
lift it gently between our thumb
and index finger, waking it.
Only if we click
it, then let it dance on the paper as we write
that first, tentative
word.