

Ode to my Pilot G-2 07 pen

Ashley Wilson

My lovesick knuckles creak
as they clutch you,
for fear I may lose you, my voice.
You bring soul to my symphony.

Your flowing ink a river,
bringing life to the words
that sprout into sycamore groves.

I wear the muddied remains of my words
down my hand like battle scars.
You, my sword and my shield,
the warrior cry I will croak
until the end.

I imagine if they cut me open
your gel would be pumping
through my bruised, black heart.