

Ode to Pencil  
By Amity S.G.W.N

Picking you up from  
that flat prison  
my fingers gently pressing  
on your sides.  
I push you up against  
that fresh sheet  
and watch magic begin.  
Like a magic wand  
anything is possible.  
Glorious streaks of  
gray come from you  
Oh, the creator  
of history.  
As you swish around,  
In your lovely dance,  
We can see your  
masterpiece.  
From your natural  
Beginning to your now  
Modified state,  
You still conceive that  
beauty.  
Your fine tip  
Creating the  
most wonderful  
art.  
The pain,  
The joy  
Of those who  
Wield you.  
The creator of emotion.  
The essentiality  
Of education an tasks  
Oh pencil, what more may I ask?