The Pencil

There was a time when the cool, hard wood of the desk healed my throbbing, splintering back.

There was a time when you set me down, grinning.

There was a time when Every Day was a new Masterpiece

And Every Day We created something incredible.

There was a time when the old grandfather clock, with its pristine wood and steep wisdom

Loomed over the cozy studio, gazing over it all with loving protection.

The plain yet caring oak chair,

The rotting yet determined mahogany desk,

The creaky yet knowledgeable lamp,

Even my own brothers and sisters,

lying beside me all in a neat little line of colors.

There was a time when that clock sang lullabies to us when you were away.

*Tick tock,* he sang.

*Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock.*

You came again.

The Special Magic that only you and I could produce from our youthful fingertips was created.

You left again.

*Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock. Tik. Tok. Tik. Tok. Tik. Tock. Tik…*

There is a time when everything must die.

There is a time when everything loses its use.

You may ask this with a tear in your eye:

Did we, your faithful minions, your best friends, ever move on?

But we would not hear you. We are too busy waiting for your return.

The grandfather clock’s lullabies grew somber and slow

One of the desk’s legs gave to termites some years ago

It threw everything off balance, the lamp to the floor

But no one was there to pick us up, no one opened the door.

My brothers and sisters, they still lie askew

And here we are waiting.

Waiting for you.

There is no more time.

My tip dull, my pink rear flat,

I am condemned to wait for the day when I am found again.

I chant the same rhythm

Though there is no tomorrow

When will I get a chance to write my poems of sorrow?

You were there to pick up the pace

To lift me up, to make me what I am.

Without your hand, what is my purpose?

A simple pencil, what am I on my own?