

## M Y F R I E N D S

See this sheet of paper, this pencil and pen.  
This pen is my friend,  
And it keeps me sane;  
This pencil and this pen,  
They are one in the same,  
They compose my passion and flame.  
This pen and pencil,  
I use as my tools,  
To paint angst, joy and happiness.  
When I dwell in the jaws of loneliness.  
They stretched a smile on my face.  
When the pain is too much to bare,  
On the damp and gloomy day!

See this piece of paper.  
It is at times a lined sheet of paper.  
It is sometimes purely white,  
Some looks at as light and useless,  
And I'll stare at it like bare ice.  
Yet, it is a mirror of reflection for "My Soul".  
Like it is a mirror, that shows me their souls.  
It brought, from beyond "Inspiration".  
I fell in love with them all along.  
This piece of paper caught my imagination,  
Before anyone will know who I am.  
It gives me comfort,  
When I can't conform.  
I have friends in pen, pencil and paper.  
They have been with me all along,  
And have never left me alone!

See this piece of paper,  
I have ripped it in pieces, I can't number,  
Balled it with my hands: and wonder  
And thrown it in the bin, and flutter:  
Not once, or ever on me it wished.  
It sometimes tells my wish,  
To one "Dear", and greatly missed.  
But, not once, or ever it took leave.  
No words of envy, or jealousy did it breathe,  
Because of "compeers" the pen and pencil:  
Who on it have violently cribbled, and randomly fled.  
Then, when I am done thinking and scribbling,  
They have all laid quietly, and next blessed session awaiting  
I must confess: they are genuine and true friends  
If I ever lack for words they make-up the difference.  
Oh! My friends: Paper, Pencil, Dictionary and Pen!