

My Pen

By Chris Birrane

My pen slumbers, lying prone
upon the virgin page.
I do not begrudge it rest;
it has earned it.
Harnessed to the yoke of my mind,
it has ploughed many furrows
on this white field,
since first the sun
made light of night, this day.

It has taken the praise and abuse
with equal resignation.
It has seen some of its
hardest work, scorned
and cast into the fires of derision.

The desk lamp sends a sheen
the length of its slim tapered body.
The golden arrow, that is its hook,
points toward me, telling me;
one of us is a writer,
the other wants to be!

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