

Endless Pencil

(By Much Sharper Than the Pen)
By **Robin B Lipinski**

Never, ever, does inspiration run thin.
Soupy mix, blood bone brain matter brings to light the word.
Spoken or written, it never ends.

Neural synapses, clicking fingers, grasping tight the number two pencil.
Flick of the wrist, taking time for a tryst, it bubbles forth where it matters.
Show me love of a woman, I'll show you the words that she follows.

Show me love of a man, I'll show you the words that he follows.
Flick of the wrist, this yellow pencil, hacking apart the word.
Flick of the wrist, I print this matter because this is what it is.

Bubble forth this brain of mine.
Spoken or written, it never ends.
Flick of the wrist, with time for a tryst, it only gets better with time.

Iain works hard, this is true, sharp of eye and heart.
But wicked 'no', it is his nature to make the writer work hard.
To him shall there follow, the poems from our hearts.
To you shall there follow, stories released from our brains.
To the reader shall there be the choice as there is 'enter' or 'delete'.
To all, do as you please, but take warning, do not become addicted to writing else you share my disease.

The End