

ELIZABETH WHITTON

Ink

Nobody cries when the pen dies.
Nobody mourns the plastic life.
Did anybody consider the thankless time
as they signed away checkbooks
or filled up notebooks?

Nobody cries when the pen dies.
A disposable manufactured soul.
Mother Ink and Father Bic collide
into a slender child who pours itself onto papers
and bored skin.
Used up until it's just a dark shell.
It pokes holes through the garbage bag.

Nobody cries when the pen dies.
Laid to rest in a landfill.
A hollow carcass,
once caressed in hands and held high atop ears,
forward facing in pockets,
always on the cusp,
now buried with seagull vultures.

Nobody cries when the pen dies.
They just stop at the corner,
where inside new inks wait
like newborns in a plastic hanging nursery.

Only \$1.99 to purchase new life,
nobody cries when the pen dies.