Flight Feather

I soothe myself amongst the lines
which warble from beneath my pen,
which flutter in their heedless pace,
which scratch across the paper’s skin.
A bath of words to soothe the ache,
a balm of words to heal the scratch,
words to pump within my veins,
a flock of thoughts for words to catch.
Bold and black, dark, distinct,
my thoughts are not confined to ink,
but soar along on papered wings,
and my heart with them;
the paper sings.

Sarah Lewis
Grade 11, Hall High School, Carol Blejwas