

## POETRY > THE PENCIL ~ BY ROB MACK

Have you ever looked at me?  
I mean, really looked. Hard.  
Studied my every angle, precise point, smooth yellow?  
No? I'm not surprised.

Who else can be your tool / weapon but me?  
I am the unlikely bridge,  
( wooden, with cracks )  
that connects you to your writing.

To me, creation is no big feat.  
I do and undo it all the time,  
without the need for faith or hatred.  
Do. Undo.

I am the fickle spirit of the written word,  
Your two-faced best friend.

Wanna really hurt somebody? I'm your scapegoat,  
ready to slander the innocent.

Wanna really inspire somebody?  
I'm your apprentice.  
Write it down.

I can be your portable righteousness  
or your pocket-sized evil.

I can create. I can destroy.

I can't do it without your help.  
I am nothing on my own.

No will, no heart, to write.

I need your gentle touch,  
your guiding caress,  
to work my magic.

So grasp me, and let's begin ...

**CLICK ON THE LINK BELOW TO TAKE  
THE AIMS PRACTICE EXAM**

<http://www.quia.com/quiz/1649112.html>