The Maker

And so, now, the pen's plume rots,
It's nib rusting in dried inky blood,
Yet the scratched eloquence remains,
Engraved somewhere,
Nestled between folded trees

Speckled quill that has served well,
Slowly dies,
Having given birth to lines that live forever
Embedded in page, in mind, in history

More reliable than memory,
A legacy hard to lose when copied
Digital quills daubed in mechanical inks
Hardback, paperback, back to back

The hand that led this dead quill
In the maker's dance across paper
Succumbs to time's irrelevance
Making mortal relevance visible

Scattered marks draw out moisture
The hand too shrivels,
A reed exposed to fatal winds
On the dunes of mankind

But the music that played

As they glided in their prime,

Swirled with written grace

Upon the page,

That music,

Plays for eternity to hear it

Anika Valentina Maric