

# Pictures in my Pen

Doctah BE  
© 2/20/2011  
To Jennifer Garcia

There are pictures in my pen,  
Now and then and again.  
There are pictures in my pen  
Now and then.



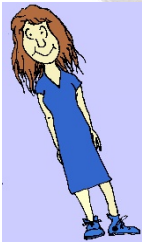
Some are gray, and some are grim.  
Some are her, and some are him.  
Some are fat and some are thin.  
Each come out the pointed end



Some are featureless and, frankly,  
Others menacing, and blankly  
Staring "stupidly.." and placid  
Lips-a-drooping, drooling, flaccid.



Several huddled-hooded, noses  
Whisper, muddled-footed (one supposes),  
Tones with druid runes aplenty  
Etched upon their skinny skin.  
Every commoner is kin, in the pictures in my pen.



There are pictures in my pen  
Now and then, and again.  
There are worlds that swirl in liquid Ink,  
And words as well, that make me think  
Of squirrels and swells and fish that stink.  
I stretch and yawn and stare and blink,  
And well before the dawn, I sink



In silent black, and once again.

To dream of pictures in my pen.

*-watermark by Tatiana*