

A broken pencil lies  
Beneath the writer's desk  
A ghost  
Of what it used to be  
Unused  
Unwanted  
When it was, that broken pencil  
Had many adventures  
It wrote of tragedy and beauty  
A mother's tears as she watched her husband die  
The funeral of a fallen hero  
Endless waterfalls surrounded by dancing creatures  
That broken pencil scribbled  
Love and happiness, hate and betrayal  
Onto every page  
Forbidden love between a princess and her bodyguard  
A newlywed couple on their honeymoon in our world  
Or another  
An evil villain trapped in a castle,  
Plotting his revenge  
An inmate on death row  
Preparing for his death

A best friend betrayed the group of heroes

Giving them over to the evil ones

Dragons

Princes

Princesses

The broken pencil wrote it all

Poems and songs

The words were an instrument

In an orchestra of music

Stories and lives that the

Broken pencil wrote

No more

It's over

The stories that it once wrote

Are the house

And the broken pencil is the ghost

One that haunts the pages

Forever