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Stylus

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STYLUS

Megan Drozan

I was young
 full of purpose
 created in mass
 to avail the hoi polloi

After what seemed to be
 eons and ages and ~~immeasurable spans of time~~
 she picked me among the many.

I had longed for someone to
 take me home
 tear the plastic and
 let me breathe.

But my anticipated gasp of air was
 cut short.
 Her grasp suffocating;
 holding me tight won't make the words
 come faster.

I am her tool.

She must hate me,
 though my subservience to her
 was inevitable.

Now I lie waiting in fear,
 feeling cheap and used.
 In the darkness I dread the moment she needs
 me again,
 and I cannot refuse her.

But sometimes
 when the mood is just wrong,
 she will rub my nose in the mess
 pushing my face against the cement script
 while my black blood bleeds
 to fill an empty page.