

Grips

It grips my fingers and holds them

My pen escalates to super heights beyond me

So all alone and yet surrounded by many people

I escape to my own world

Feeling so good now

I was born to this

To feel it on paper

I know the tears, smiles,

Screams, laughter's, all of it

It sends me

I feel for mankind

May I ease the pain

Erase it all away

Renata Dawidowicz

