



Volume 25
Issue 1 *The Velvet Night*

Article 6

4-20-2017

The Pen Is Mightier ...

Amber Bains
Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Bains, Amber (2017) "The Pen Is Mightier ...," *The Promethean*: Vol. 25 : Iss. 1 , Article 6.
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol25/iss1/6>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.

The Pen Is Mightier...

Amber Bains

Love is sand slipping between your fingers and feeling every grain drop in despair.

Love is being told no, not yet.

Not yet. Tick tock.

To the point where love is gone.

I used to love the feeling of a pen between my fingers, the stack of papers – clean, untouched, virginal—that I would bleed the ink of my pen onto.

But that love is gone.

That feeling, the spark in my chest when a new idea would form, and I would tear sheets upon sheets of paper until it displayed itself in angles and shapes called letters that merged into beings called words that would give the idea a meaning, that would give it a life.

I thanked the pen and paper for helping me put my nightly dreams onto them, so that they might help me translate them to anyone willing to read.

But the ink dried up in my pen when it was halted. When my fingers were told to stop moving so much. When my brain was told to stop thinking in tetra-chromatic colors and told to see in black and white.

Writing gets you nowhere in the 21st century, they say.

This is a time of machines. This is a time for tapping fingers onto black squares rather than holding a pen. How outdated the pen has become. Rather than letting my fingers take the virginal paper, I inserted it into a bulky machine, which stabbed and poked the paper until it produced the words it wanted.

Slowly, with each stab and poke, with each tap on black squares, with each tick of time of days gone by, the love stopped.

Responsibility piled on. My time was filled with more than just sheets of paper. And as things piled and piled, what could be seen of the paper thin?

Sometimes, I try to fall in love again.

I remove the heavy burdens, one by one, tossing them to the side for the time being. I find the thin sheets at the bottom, now crumpled. I hold the pen in my hand and try to force the ink to the sheet, but the ink has dried as my mind struggles to break out of the monotone.

Sometimes I see pastels. But they fade back to white.

I yearn to see vivid colors again. I yearn to have ideas pop into my head that are original, that are mine, that will light that fire in me again.

Sometimes I see pastels, but I yearn to see vivid colors.