

The Feather Pen

James Goldberg

The angels' wings are molting, so I'll make my pen.
Sound me down to earth or hell, but let me take my pen.

While I was sleeping all the stars burned to ash—
perhaps this emptiness of night is what will wake my pen.

My mind? A Zen garden. My memories? Stones.
And where in all the chaos is a rake? My pen.

Break my bones, break my heart, break my spirit for his sake:

He speaks like rushing waters; I write his words to ice.
Imprisoned where clear walls have turned opaque. My pen.

It wasn't till I saw his finger writing on the wall—
I knew what I could be if I'd forsake my pen.