

# Return of the Mistress of Word Play

By : Mistress of Word Play

For a very long time I stopped writing. This was the first thing that came. I know it's corny but it wouldn't leave me alone till I wrote it down.



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"Why is it you don't write anymore?"  
The paper asked the fountain pen.  
"You used to love to write before.  
Will you please scribe again?"

"She has no words to write,"  
The pen said to his life long friend.  
"I feel her loss that bitter slight  
and fear her love is at an end."

They watched her as she walked by  
barely looking at the tiny table.  
The two prayed they'd catch her eye  
and whispered, "Perhaps when she is able."

Weeks and months came to pass  
and still she would not see the two.  
Then one day she paused at last.  
Her writer's block was through.

Such sweet things she sat and wrote  
and the pen and paper did sing.  
She penned as the two did dote.  
The verses were of everything.

At last she stopped and sat awhile.  
She knew each tale had been spun  
as on the desktop her friends did smile  
for they knew the task was done.

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