

## The Maker

And so, now, the pen's plume rots,  
It's nib rusting in dried inky blood,  
Yet the scratched eloquence remains,  
Engraved somewhere,  
Nestled between folded trees

Speckled quill that has served well,  
Slowly dies,  
Having given birth to lines that live forever  
Embedded in page, in mind, in history

More reliable than memory,  
A legacy hard to lose when copied  
Digital quills daubed in mechanical inks  
Hardback, paperback, back to back

The hand that led this dead quill  
In the maker's dance across paper  
Succumbs to time's irrelevance  
Making mortal relevance visible

Scattered marks draw out moisture  
The hand too shrivels,  
A reed exposed to fatal winds  
On the dunes of mankind

But the music that played  
As they glided in their prime,  
Swirled with written grace  
Upon the page,  
That music,  
Plays for eternity to hear it

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