

Short Story

Anne Clark

There is a little place in a little room
Where a little chap hides away amidst the gloom.
Tucks his little legs underneath a well-worn chair
Plucks a piece of paper and attacks at his despair.
A stubby lead pencil scratches through the fears
Of every little cruelty that reduces us to tears.
Sharp is the lead but well it penetrates
All the nooks and crannies that this world creates.
There is so little time for us to stop and look
As he places the cover upon his little book.
There will come a day when this little man will die
And they'll put him in a tiny hole underneath the sky
His little lead pencil book and chair
Will be placed inside a plastic bag and taken who knows where .
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