# Buck 65, Pen Thief

pen thief, i sit with my back to the television,
thinking deeply, watching the ink seep into the page.
the wars i wage are fought to the finish,
with written symbols and nimble fingers.

i'm hooked up to poison iv and my pulse is irregular.
my body convulses and pain hides behind my eyes.
subtle floods of fluid collect on the floor in the form of blood puddles.
my lungs are sponges, and this pen is a tunnel
for the flesh that i squeeze into the mouth of my funnel.
i whisper my reports to the candles in private,
and try to protect my property from pirates properly,
when and if the plan of attack hatches.
parts of my brain are stained by black patches,
and i calculate the extent of my sickness
by sub-dividing the depths of despair by thickness.
my ideas incubate under my tongue for weeks,
are born, and take form in my cheeks.
when i say when and where, then measily
crumbs become banquets easily.
blankets wrap themselves around shivering swimmers.
a promise sits on the burner and simmers.
i stroke the breast of yesterday morning,
whirlwinds listening for the early warning system.
applying pressure to joints to crack its sockets,
and shove the stolen pens into my jacket pockets.
four in the morning, biting through pencils,
and makeshift writing utensils.

because i'm a pen thief,
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all i need is a pen to be self-sufficient.
watch my language when the hands reach the twelfth position.
i rob from the blind when i got no choice,
and think to myself in a robot voice.
my hard covered rhyme book complete with gold trimming, to write in with pens that i take from old
even if it means a black eye and a swelled lip,
it goes with the territory for a felt tip...pen theif.

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the wars i wage are fought to the finish,
with written symbols and nimble fingers. pen thief.