

# Clark Anne, Short Story

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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 ...