

PEN WHERE ART THOU?

Pens seem to be everywhere
with so many to spare
and yet why
I must ask,
when you face a public task
there is not one to be found?
Simply not around
so hide and seek they play
to embarrass and annoy.
Here I am again
Without a pen.
Is this some gag?
Have I changed my bag?
Check my pockets
your purse another time.
It prompts a whine
where is my pen?
Where do they all go?
Search the desk top
coffee table,
and the couch as well
between the cushions
perhaps they fell.
Under the chairs
the lanai.

One is clipped to a crossword,
sudoku claims another.
At times the find is met with glee,
or oops it's dry,
won't write for me.
Friend have you an extra pen?
I seem to be without one.

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