

THE PASSIONATE PURPLE PEN

*Her thoughts and views
Trapped in an ongoing forest
Waiting to reach any sign of life or light*

*Through me,
She releases the clutter of emotions
Her insecurity and curiosity of the world
Flows along like the whispering winds*

*The motion and passion in her writing
Manifests the hand
That shields her mouth whenever she wants to speak out*

*I see past her disguise of a smile
And can see what lies beneath*

*I could feel her warm hand
Gripping me tightly
And moving in a slow, rhythmic motion*

*My purple ink
Flows across the paper
Like the winds that cause gently ripples in a still, calm lake*

*Shield me from the cold with your blanket of hand
Shield me from the cold*

