

Weapon

Alexa Sussman

Black, everlasting.
Stagnant in its clear casing
Waiting to scorch a page:
Nouns, names, prepositions, prose,
Love and loss of magnitude unknown.
Ammunition tucked inside
My weapon of choice.
Catharsis through my fingertips.
 My innermost now exposed,
 My dark night's dawn,
 My company in solitude,
My weapon of choice.
My pen.