



Paper Mate InkJoy 100 RT 1.M Blue
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4,732 weeks is probably all I got,
The page looked large to start
But I pick up my pen and go
Ahead, crossing off what I've finished

Life is a pen given by an imaginary hand and my memories are the paper
So many brands, so many colors, so many sizes
I could be given a bitten and chewed one that writes black
But once the ink is gone the marks remain
Each step and memory, leaves a trail behind

I do not know when my pen will die or when I will no longer have paper, but
I will experience death when I live it.
But I do not cease, hoping that one day my paper will be filed away to be used
Even when the pen is gone the paper remains
Telling the her story of the pen