

## **my weapon**

My ink stains the page  
tattooing the pure white surface  
with bold strokes.

Secrets quietly seep  
into the eager sheet.  
They are not my secrets,  
but it is my ink  
that spills them.

I am brushed, gushed,  
smeared, blotched,  
looped, flung, stabbed, torn—

at the will  
of my wielder.

I feel every thought  
etched  
onto the open canvas.  
A letter to a lover.  
A need to enlighten.  
A dream.  
A final statement—  
A new beginning.

My ink bleeds across the page  
to fight battles  
so weapons don't have to.

It stitches wounds closed,  
soothes broken hearts,  
allows  
healing  
and peace.

I am a conduit—  
a bridge for thoughts  
to travel farther  
than lips ever could.

I am mightier  
than the sword.