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Peace at Last

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Peace at Last

By: Madison Meranto

I find comfort and peace in writing,
I have never quite known why I do
But it is my escape from the world.

It feels like hell on earth at times,
then other times it's tolerable.
But the way words form at a flick,
a flick of my wrist, smoothly, transitioning
from pen to paper my way to cope.
Time alone is my favorite
the two things I find myself going for
again, and again, pen and paper.
Helping when nothing else does, I'm thankful
I find comfort and peace in writing.
The quick strokes of my pen back and forth,
forming beautiful verse to help explain.

My life, a rollercoaster so many turns,
and so many twists, unable to brace myself.
It goes by so quick, life that is,
but the thing I always turn to
Pen and paper, my two best friends never leaving.
They are constants that make me happy.
Looking down at the dark hardwood,
steaming black coffee,
With my blank paper and blue point pen.
Ready to write my day away.

