

Parker's Ink

Through its red glass, I see red ink
Like the colour of blood
On its old, black, rusty, lid
I see the word "Parker " inscribed on the top
86 years old
Its antique-like figure reminds me of the shop where I bought it from
And as it sits on my desk, next to my quill,
I look at it with pride,
Longing to know who its first owner was

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