Perfectly shaped

Into a piece of art

Its shaven form

Leaves a bolden mark

It's ability to efface

Its past mistakes

Is a wonder in itself

Faults wilt be forsake

Engraved with a name

So beautiful and gold

The mark of its maker

Presented loud and bold

Carved to a point

For those who make use

Can create works of art

With much profuse

Made for its work

Its purpose is plenty

Used everyday

Its task a many

All its life a slave

To another man’s hands

Trapped in chains

To only follow commands

Every day

Its life grows shorter

Shaven down

Its bears the torture

The end draws near

Its life becomes pointless

It is thus thrown away

Unable to protest

This object I speak of

Is a tool used by me

A thing called a pencil

Purposed in many degrees

I can't live without it

It's the basis of my work

It's variety of hardness

A wanted perk

The Pencil another Perspective