

Ink Incompatible with paper

No words can be written,

When the pen is crying ink.

No emotion is detected,

Except for the very fear that is intended.

If you believe the pen can't move,

You'll be stuck on one word,

If you get lost in your thoughts,

the story will remain unended,

Remaining unfinished,

Characters left unmovable,

Remaining uncompleted,

Until time runs up,

And I remain unfinished.

Ink incompatible with paper,
Words fighting every hesitation.
Just me and a flying test,
Flying beyond the orbits.
Filling in the blanks,
But blackness is the only state of mine.
Repelled from papers,
But a strong force in the pen,
A reactive pen that leads me to no solution.

Every word written is insoluble,
My broken words written with a broken pen.
A bleeding pen,
As molecules refuse to create an attraction,
with this endless test,
A Spilling pen,

Opposite charges formed,

With no rest,

A piece of paper and a hopeless ink pen,

A pen as empty as never before.

Elements on a table left unscrambled,

In this confusing puzzle of mine.

Four choices,

Though all appear correct,

I guess that's just the curse of a test.

True or false,

Truly desiring something more,

A little more from this eager pen.

And the pen got a little tired,

The pen stopped abruptly,

And the pen stopped completely.

A pen that wanted different paper,

Papers filled with drawings and doodles,

scribbled with truthful ink.

Just a pen,

Just a paper,

And a person who got the wrong test.

And the pen stopped abruptly in my hands,

And the pen died completely at last.

The test vanished away,

Yet the pen and I remained.