# Dixon Ticonderoga - 2 5/10 medium

*by* Carl Santoro

Thought to be
just a familiar object
but totally capable of more

Mothered by an ear...no,
cradled by an ear.
Agonized by teeth.

Its influence...mammoth.

Wearing a coat
of yellow.
Rigid but flexible.

Brother to
rich and poor.

It paints
without paint.

It's hot,
it's cold
without changing temperature.

Unknowingly,
it's praised
at an inauguration...
simultaneously
cursed by

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a movie audience.

It can murmur on
aimlessly
or gloat
of its apparent
virtues.

Its power
and fame
instantaneous
but
stagnant
without humankind.

My fingers embrace it
like a solo chopstck
escaped from conformity

Writing of love and loss
suffering and death.

I lay it down.
It is quiet until
next time.