

## Journal's Journey

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The last poem I wrote  
is my favorite.  
Until I write the next one.

An endless parade of ideas march through my mind;  
to be committed to memory,  
or scratched on paper.

A small notebook -- my constant companion;  
makes the familiar journey from pocket to palm;  
a trip it's seen ten thousand times before.

Its pages, well-worn and tattered,  
are filled with fluid thoughts,  
and smudged ink.

I leaf through soft paper looking for empty space;  
like searching for a stretch of beach with no footprints;  
so I can plant my own.

Fingers, pen and paper touch;  
and sentences flow from person to page  
like electricity.

My hand writes on its own as my eyes wander up to remind me  
where I am in the bar, on the bus, in the park --  
ideas happen anywhere.

My hand stops moving and I glance down  
to see my thought,  
solidified.

Sliding easily back into pocket -- until we meet again,  
my companion leaves me with a parting kiss  
of ink on my thumb.