

His Ink and His Page
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The page flourished at the touch of his hands
Scraping and humming, groaning and thinking
He bled through the ink in his pen

Not an object in the room was known to his mind
Not a stiff chair or cold desk
Not musty air or orange stripped bed
The world meant nothing to him

All that mattered was what lived in his mind
The ground rose up in front of him
Dragons soared and were chased by adventures

He saved the fair maiden of the valley
His castle was far above the rest
He ruled with the greatest riches of the world
Not a soul lived that existed to oppress

He flew above the erupting volcanoes
He fought the thieves who stole in the night
He commanded people with just his mind's eye

His wishes and desires, hopes and dreams
Anything and everything that mattered was all that came to be

All that mattered was the world of his design
Opportunities jumped like fish for him to catch
His writing bloomed and readers pursued his every word

He prospered over every adversity
He battled the critics who struggled to bring him pain
He led the youth of the world through simple ink on a page

His wife and children ran to greet him
The house was never dirty or un-kept
Bills were paid, extra money in the bank
Readers loved him, critics adored him, he had everything

...But then he woke up

No wife and child waited for him
No world knew of his name
No one had ever heard the sound of his words

He was a nobody living nowhere doing nothing of importance
Living in a broken world in his broken room surrounded by broken things
He was just a writer with his ink and his page