Wand:

We hear of fabled men,

Every now and then,

Who from their magic wand,

The mind’s wonders were spawned.

From heaps of gold to the undead,

Spitting images from their head,

These wizards of a foreign land,

Left us not without a hand.

Although they left,

We’re not bereft,

For though we may not have their books,

Their tool we still know how it looks.

We hear of fabled men,

Every now and then,

But we are now these fabled men,

For we kept their wand, the pen.