

Scents of Fresh Paper

By: Elizabeth Klein

Lying in the top drawer of my bedside table
Hardback covers, immortally bound.
Shades of blue and green decorate the white background.
Vacant pages,
Brimming with potential.
With every page turn
Scents of fresh paper,
Natural, comforting
Like lone walks outside.
My place to investigate thoughts.

From my open window,
Faded sounds of playful children remind me of younger years.
Tires softly graze the pavement
Who are those people?
What're their lives like?
Voices contrast in my head,
Argue about what to write.

Inside,
The cool evening breeze freshens thoughts.
Dim light pours from my lamp.
Candle flames tremble in the gust
Quiet music escapes my speakers,
Inspires me to write.

My mind runs
Trying to win a race
Rushing to get every word down
Desperate to ensure my storage of words on paper.
Writing,
Crafting words,
As if they are art.

Release of energies
Freedom of expression
Empowerment of words
My happy place,
The paper and the pen.

2018 KET Young Writers Contest Winning Entry



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