I am a …

I am a typewriter …

My life is a series of words that brings others contemplations into existence.

I relish the measured release of a narrative as my keys click passionately in my master’s den.

The nearness of my friend, the pen, my most trusted companion, alleviates my loneliness during moments of writer’s block.

I feel grimy and embarrassed when my keys are soiled and I long for a quick wipe and rinse to return to my authentic glory.

I dream about assisting in the creation of a Pulitzer Prize piece of literature, however I fret that my journey will be interrupted by indolence along the way.

My most cherished undertaking occurs when an author’s fingers flicker to the rhythm created by my keyboard.

My far-reaching fear is that I will be stashed away in an attic.

My former glory forgotten and replaced by tomorrow’s technology.

I am a typewriter.

