**A Writer’s Tool**

I. Supporting the weight of the instrument,

You keep the pencil upright;

Your brute strength is unmatched,

Mightier than a thousand scrawny pinkies.

You sit away from the other digits:

Short. Sturdy. Different.

It’s okay, though; you’re needed there.

II. Index finger - you’re second on the list.

When the ideas come quickly,

You feel all the pressure.

Severely angled - bent out of shape -

Stressed at the knuckle,

A sudden “snap!” seemingly inevitable.

Somehow, you always pull through.

III. In the center of it all,

The tall man in the crowd.

You play your part,

However minor.

You provide aid,

However slight.

Keeping the pencil straight.

IV. Oh, ring finger.

Your job is not the hardest,

Resting while the others work,

Floating in no man’s land.

Your life is simple.

Oh, so simple.

V. Last but not least: you, dear pinky.

Forced to fight through the wake of words,

You push on,

Covered in slippery, black graphite.

It’s clearly the worst job,

But someone has to keep your companions grounded.