



Pencil + Eraser 4-Ever!

Oh Eraser!

Keeper of my secrets, knower of my mischievous graphite heart.
Before I even had a point, you had my back.

So maybe I draw a curly-ended mustache on a muskrat,
a booger on a boa constrictor,
and tiny heiney cheeks... well, everywhere.
And maybe that boa constrictor toots, and I need to SHOW that he did
by sketching a little cloud trailing behind his... behind.

Butt, do you judge me?

No. Not even just now, when I wrote “butt” instead of “but”.
You, with your gummy grace – you erase – you make it all disappear.

Before the teacher walks by to collect my work,
you wiggle and shimmy to remove my sneaky doodles.
And for that, I love you, oodles and oodles!

Lizzie Brooks

