

Words

There is something inside me which I must release with my own words.

I am a writer.

The words have been buried within me for so many years.

While I worked, found love, raised children, got by.

But the words are still in me.

Each time I write I sink a line down into them,

And slowly open a space through which more of them can escape.

When I was young, the words flowed like rivers,

I could barely write fast enough to get them on the page.

I took classes in creative writing,

What seems like such a luxury now was a chore then.

Although not as much of a chore as physics.

There is nothing like the first full time job to start plastering over your own creativity.

I remember being so tired that I would sleep all weekend just trying to catch up.

The only creativity coming in dreams.

And there was the constant pull to socialize, connect with others, find love.

The pressures of youth.

I remember that I thought it was important for everyone to like me.

Now there is almost nothing I would like less.

But the drumbeat of youth leaves little time for creativity,

And pickup lines aren't practice.

And the words slow, there just isn't time.

You think that maybe you are growing up,

The words just a remnant of childhood.

Then you fall in love, and there is only time for that.

Time to revel in each other,

Then, time to learn how to make it work.

You build a home together and fill it

With raucous love, raging fights, tenderness,

And children.

And the time that you thought you never had is now a lost extravagance.

The words almost stop. You think they are gone.

Except occasionally in the middle of the night,

When you are tired and it is hard to tell the difference

Between your words and your dreams.

And suddenly it is twenty years later.

You thought the words were gone,

Maybe a poem every few years.

And you were very good at the work words.

Convincing people with your pen,

Admonishing them with the truth in an email.

But those words rarely came straight from your soul.

The issues just weren't big enough for the real words.

Making a sale, writing an evaluation,

They only require work words.

But then life changes again.

You finally have time.

And you have to learn to write all over again.

Because you don't know that you still have something to say.

And you drop a line down into the well of words,
And it is deep and full.
They have been multiplying all this time.
Because a life lived is such great fodder for words.

And each time they come out it makes you cry.
Because you realize that you have the power of the universe within you,
Hidden all this time.
The power to tell the truth about the world
With your words.