

The Fear in Ink

Why do I write it's not for the money?

You could write a best seller or something enduring or trail on and write something boring.

Stare at a blank page, tear it up in a rage.

Pace the room until the carpet is as bare as that spot where you pulled out your hair.

The joy well that is fleeing compare it to where you put the meat in.

Oh they may say that good writers write and great writers steal.

The truth is that any Zeal in such a theft is quickly bereft.

You've stolen an Ikea table and you still have to put it together.

That's your chance to feel clever.

Sure it's missing a leg and if it was a dog it would be shot in the head, but it's your work.

Until you read a master's curse and swear proclaim disaster.

Then you see the way the light catch's a bottle top idea's begin to drop.

That's when you reach for you pen ignoring the voice of dead writers

Ignoring the limitations of form .

Ignoring the failing of language.

The fear

The fighting

We say f*** it! I am just writing.

By Joe Rennie