

Immortal Thoughts

I am a writer.

Worlds of infinite imagination
rush through synapses and muscle.
Electrical triggers from cell to cell connect
brain to forefinger,
twisting ink into shrill voices, soft skin,
and broken hearts.

In a moment
I create moment.
I pen a decision forced upon a character
that they must live with
(or not),
for I choose their fate.
Never is a decision their own.
Will-power's lost within the blank space on a page.
Black and white.
Write and wrong.

I am their ill, literate God.
They are my subjects.

Yet, how can I be a God
when they outlive me?
I am mortal.
They are immortal.
Who is the God now?
I may force their hand,
but at least their beat-less hearts
will continue long passed my own.

Words are timeless and permanent.
Even as I write,
my hand ages one moment more toward death,
but once the word is on the page
is it not living there forever more?
Death can't kill Irony.
I'm sure my characters can live with that.

I am a character writing about
characters.
I am a writer...
being written.