

# **A Writer's Block**

## **The Writer's Block**

Words don't come easy. Just let them write.  
Words are emerging black onto white.  
Meaning gives life to shapes and to sizes.  
Emerging together as the fallen mind rises.

Written words rebuild a Babel that fell,  
Unites the phrases we're yearning to yell.  
So write with no reason; write word after word!  
Catch thoughts into shapes that sing like a bird.

Spoken words ramble right into a room  
They speak themselves once and echo their doom.  
The drawn words are planted and rise from their tomb;  
We read through these glyphs and their thoughts start to bloom:

A buried confession comes to new light.  
A thoughtful discussion finds a new fight.  
A letter exchanges to a lover's delight.  
Our dreams rearrange into symbols we write.

Words form the purpose, they fill in our life.  
But reach even further! Reach beyond night!  
There is the infamy! There is the light  
Of dawn just beginning for a darling young life!

Our words give the keys, give them the dreams,  
To all of our blessings, all of our reams  
Of paper with words, that tell what we mean:  
Build life that is given beyond words as they seem.

## **Pilgrimage**

I have the means for structure;  
A plan is all I need.  
My friends keep shaping houses  
At varying rates of speed.

I have a strong foundation.  
A dream might strike my will:  
I dream of exploration  
Which structure cannot fill.

We do not need a legacy;  
Progeny only die.  
Their houses slowly crumble.  
I stand here thinking why.

Why do they shape their towers,  
Prisons where they must dwell?  
In ten years they are different,  
And stuck inside a hell.

America is changing:  
The ways of old are gone.  
This restless generation  
Renews at every dawn.

My friends are shaping houses.  
Some burn to their dismay.  
I'd rather help rebuild theirs,  
Then move along my way.

## **Goddess**

I know that when her branches bloom  
Her petals she'll unveil

Will twist me firmly to her call.  
Her colors never fail.

I know that when her leaves arrive  
Her fruit that grows once more

Will feed me full before they fall.  
My Goddess I adore.

I know that when her sun burns strong  
The shade that she'll provide

Will guard me as she stretches tall.  
I'll never leave her side.

I also know her lightning strike  
Could burn my faith away

And bring me sprinting through her squall,  
My eyes in pained dismay.

## **In The Window Vase**

I pace a window shadow  
In my hot and silent room.  
Hate my hands and curse my name: I cut a rare rose bloom.

I dwell upon my actions,  
But I know that this is true:  
I cut the stem. I'm to blame for this rose belonged to you.

I lower within a chair  
In my hot and silent room.  
I resign myself to watch your wilting, dying bloom.

I cut beauty from this world  
Since my eyes had wanted more.  
I tense and breathe and hurt again as peddles coat the floor.

Dear, I shall remember you  
Long after this silent room.  
Truly all you meant to me was this bent and broken bloom.

## Medium

Over the falls and across the rocks  
We boil steam to turn the clocks  
That stand us up to follow snow  
To places where the waters go.

I

Drift or swift, swirl blue to white,  
Rise and fall like a child's kite.  
Churn, turn, burn or drown,  
Snow ten feet without a sound.

II

Canyon, crater, crumbling cliff.  
Dig them deep, steep, smooth and stiff.  
Empty, empty, dig and drain,  
Like blood flows through the thirsty brain.

III

Worldly wonder of water falls  
Through echoed thunder of water-calls.  
Tonic mercy of heaven rains  
Through manic, evil devil plains.

IV

Rapids roll like bedding sheets,  
When gurgling laughs of lovers meet.  
Her lips that swell, like lips that thirst  
For tears that fell with flavor bursts.

V

Flower, oh writer, on the windowsill

Write her rose 'til she's had her fill.

Pour, pound, and percolate,

Swim, surround, and circulate.

Water!

Cleanse and cement our liquid lives

From raw to rare and rare to eyes.

An iceberg frees, wet earth revolves,

And human stares but never solves:

It's a part of all and apart from none

Cleaves and ties us into One.

Human love, even human dreams,

Are spurred along by Eden streams.

So above the falls and upon this rock

My heart ticks like a living clock.

If I'm washed below by melted snow,

Good God, to who will all my minutes go?