

Writing
7/11/18

A spark.
The orgasm of an idea.
The conception of the premise.
Deep inside, growth. Time. Gestation.
I sit at the keyboard, giving life to a narrative.
The pain of writing: contractions, verbiage, stretching, pushing
Until something beautiful emerges.
Dependence, nurturing, feeding the story
Fostering its growth, its future
Until it stands on its own
Walks with her own feet
Has his own voice.
All the while playing characters; trying on masks.
We share with trusted others who help give perspective.
Years of worry, of joy, of dependence,
Knowing that one day it will leave; we'll need to let it go
Out into the world.
With the knowledge of what it should stand for.
The value of having meaning,
But when it leaves, what will others do to it?
How will they see it? Treat it? Judge it?
Fear and worry, and yet a need to let go.
Knowing it no longer belongs just to me,
But to the world, to itself.
The magic moment when it has a life of its own.

Eric Kay