

## On Writing

I sit, staring at the blank screen in front of me.  
It taunts me, daring me  
To mark the pristine surface with my thoughts.  
The screen is like a window into my soul,  
A mirror,  
Reflecting my thoughts and feelings back at me,  
Directing them to places  
Where they very seldom go.  
I stand, pushing back from the desk  
And pace, backwards and forwards,  
As if movement will bring inspiration,  
As a shark gets oxygen by moving through the water.  
I glance over at the desk, the empty screen accusing me  
Seeming to threaten me with my lack of effort.  
I sit back down, drawn hypnotically  
To the empty screen.  
The lights shine behind me, and I can just make out  
My image in the screen, staring back at me,  
With accusing eyes.  
I start; a noise, a ripple of sound from the speakers.  
Email has arrived. I seize the chance to escape from  
The empty screen, eagerly perusing  
An advert for organic vegetables.  
As I read, another email arrives. I read that one  
And suddenly inspiration strikes!  
I go back to my blank page, only now  
It doesn't present a threat, but an opportunity.  
I am keen to get to work, eager to put my  
Whirling thoughts down on paper.  
I type; and as I type, ideas take shape on paper  
And I am lost in a storm of creativity.