

Why I Write

I write because if I can't draw or act silly, I write. My imagination chases after the first to come out of the chute. Why the chute opens I don't now. My teachers used to send notes home complaining all I did was daydream. The only way I made it through sixth grade was a steady flow of skits and reports with drawings peppered through the text. I've never known any other way to escape the loneliness of moving to a new town, from shutting out uncertainty or the daily blood and bruises from two brothers. Maybe all that is normal, although I have no more business defining normal than I can really describe why I write. I guess writing provides consistency. It also allows tears to roll behind closed doors, permits laughter in a room all by myself without worrying about men carrying white jackets; it extrapolates deep hidden breaths, releasing some type of energy that likes to hide out in the shadows of my meridians. The kind of release I felt with a lover but only sporadically because too much relationship stuff interfered with my self-indulgence. Writing is my martial leaded art. I use it to jab at gluttons, egomaniacs, and all sorts of bullies. My fantasies and illusions from writing have vanished. They hit the road with the two agents and more than a few disappointments. The drool of fame replaced with visuals of my grand son reading my work years from now; putting the paper down; shaking his head and wrapping his arms around my soul. Writing is the only thing my fingers know how to do that is legal, hard work and allows me to go to bed with that "good, tired feeling" described by Harry Chapin.