

To The Writer Who Doesn't Write

By Julia W. Prentice

Call yourself a writer – Ha!
Where is the ink-blaze trail
That path from mind to mind
Blood exsanguination onto white page?
You avoid any judgement
Clutch the pages to your breast
But self-flagellation whips up a
Gale of defeat and births a
Storm of literary pitfalls,
They fiercely
Tumble you headlong over
A cliff of too few words
A writer – ‘Yes, she’s really good’
You’ve shared, and now
Devour praise like crumbs of
Bread sprinkled along that path
Nibble those few and far between
Soon sour, stale and mouldy
Starvation soon sets in
‘So you’re published?’
So what?
Write treatise, tracts and testaments
To insecurity and doubt
Penned and posted
Mailed and printed – no matter
If no one cares to read them
‘You should write a book!’
Hollow platitudes, jaded opinions
Critic cuts and red edits
Looming dread of commitment

Litany of inability

So you don't write it
The great missive, your
Revered tome stays locked
Inside your mind
Words grasped tightly,
Smothered possibility
Trail erased
Idle pen
The devil's due.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Year of Magical Thinking](#).

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