

Stumbling Block

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Artistic talent is a beautiful gift
To possess it is the mark of a wondrous mind.
Imagination sprouting expressive tales
From fable to story, from picture to art of kinds.
Intricate insight inside internal worlds
Dormant ideas that come to life, freed from their binds.

A community of talented and very welcoming people
Proves to be the very thing that drives one to inspire.
Collecting the magical element that allows one to explore
Unseen portal that connects to another world's pyre.

But a time comes when all of a sudden
The will to draw or write disintegrates into dust.
The doorway to the mind is then blocked off
And the sharpness of thought becomes clouded with fresh rust.
An element of self loathing stands tall
Bequeathing all achievements against your will it must.

The block that hinders an artist or a writer
Is something imminent yet so demeaning and degrading.
Inadequacy spawned in whatever way known
Is a pain that it feels will never cease, horizon fading.

Methods of relaxation, ways of escape
Whatever art is to a soul, there's no denying it will hit.
Imagination's power, ways of crafting
No matter how vast your resource, under an art block it will split.
A loss of will to proceed, ways of waning
But no matter what the feeling, there's always a way to shake it.

No matter how bad it might make you feel
No matter how dark and low the stormy cloud above,
There's always a way out of this black hole
Even if it feels like you've burnt out in this love.

From just one moment's rest to a week's retirement
A calm mind performs best when you're in your ideal alignment.
Each creator harbours their own way to recover
Urges to work and rest must not be ignored in consignment.
Creative minds have their limits like any other
A treasure that is not to be wasted in strained resignation.

