

Silence

Sometimes my mind is
overflowing with so many
ideas that I can barely find
room to shelve them all.

Ideas for stories and poems
come so quickly that it's
almost overwhelming.

The urge to write, to compose
to create is irresistible. It doesn't
matter if it's on a computer a
piece of paper, or hurried notes
on my phone. I have to get it out
somehow. Someway. Any way.

Other times my mind is silent
stubbornly keeping its secrets
and well of inspiration shut up
tightly so no one can open it.

Sometimes my thoughts move
so quickly my fingers can't go
fast enough to keep up.

Then there are times when I
sit here staring at my computer
waiting for an idea. A thought.
A passing glimmer of inspiration
only to end up tapping my fingers
and staring at the clock.

Sometimes there is so much activity
in my mind that I would do anything
to quiet it down.

Other times I find myself alone
in silence.

--Written April 17th, 2014