

Inspire Me

How does your inspiration strike?

Does it brush your attention
like the rustling of wind
through the trees?

Does it tap steadily at the
windows like a light rain on a
cloudy day?

Does it knock harshly
at the door or stand by
patiently as you push it
aside to attend to other matters?

My inspiration is a whirlwind.
A tornado. An earthquake.
A lightning bolt that crashes
down three feet from where
you are standing leaving
you breathless and excited with
fear and adrenaline.

My inspiration does not knock
lightly or stand by patiently.
No it slams open the door and
races inside letting loose a constant
stream of words before I can
even begin to grasp what's going on.

I shoves aside all other cares and
rips away whatever I have in my hands.
It ignores all pleas I have about
anything else and it forces me to pay
attention.

It clears out any other thoughts
or tasks and slams down its book
full of ideas and theories with such
relish and such enthusiasm that I
cannot help but be captivated by
its pride and satisfaction.

My inspiration does not whisper,
it ROARS. It screams, it cries,
it pounds at the door of my

attention so loudly that
I cannot accomplish anything
until I first give it my full attention.

It refuses to be ignored and it
works tirelessly in the
background even after I
am finally able to work again.

It writes itself in the pages of
books and on the screens
of tv shows. It whispers to
me through the words others
speak and write and it sings
through the music filling my ears.

My inspiration comes not with
a polite call for attention but
with selfish demands and an
insistence that I give it my
exclusive devotion whenever it
deems necessary to drop by.

My inspiration is all consuming.

And it supports me like nothing
and no one else.

My inspiration refuses to be insulted.
Mocked. Put down. Bullied.
Disrespected. Abused. Reviled.

It will claw and tear and rip
apart any who dare to say that
it is not good enough. That I
am not good enough.

It points out the flaws in
my writing not to tear me
down but to tell me that next
time it will be even better
than before.

It refuses to let me sit in
misery or wallow in
discouragement.

It believes that all obstacles
can be overcome with enough

will power and perseverance.

It will not allow me to listen
to anyone who would tell me
that my writing is not good
enough.

My inspiration is loud.

Demanding.

Overzealous.

Confident.

Proud.

Arrogant.

It changes its mind all the
time and loses interest all too
quickly sometimes.

But it has never let me down
and it will never allow me
to give up.

--Written April 22nd, 2014