

MY

WRITING

writing

By:

AMY



A WASTE  
OF TIME



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OF TIME





Today I had an overwhelming fear  
that I love writing.

That I found a true peace in it.

Like the burden of my words is  
released with every drop of ink  
I lay on the page.

Still the feeling didn't feel like joy.  
It felt like fear.

Like a waste of time.  
a waste of time.

# A WASTE OF TIME

Now, who said that? Because  
those words are not mine.  
a waste of time.

What time? Who's time?  
a waste of time.

For something so fundamental  
So praised in my education  
a waste of time.

As easily as I deliver them to paper,  
they return to my head.

Who's burden am I picking up?  
a waste of time.

The only indulgence I allow my thoughts  
is my words, so you tell me...  
a waste of time.

# A WASTE OF TIME

Because no one said that to me,  
but as it is in my thoughts,  
it is in my words.  
And the fear that my writing's lifespan will be  
shorter than a career.  
shorter than the monetary requirements.

Thinking that someone will want to read this  
And I'll want them to.  
But have no outlet.

I will have to work.

And if I make my writing my work,  
what is left for *my* writing?

Where will *my* words go to rest,  
if not in writing?

My work writing will become my writing writing.  
And I will have to monetize it.

I will have to charge someone to read my writing  
so I can be charged by someone else to continue  
to write and then I can charge someone else to read  
what I write so I can be charged to live and write.

which means my writing is work

and my writing writing becomes

# A WASTE OF TIME



WRITTEN

Physically Writing Something Down.

I heard someone say the other day that they would rather use a pen than a pencil because you get graphite on the side of your hand.

Just a little bit of graphite on the side of your hand.

Something that is merely an inconvenience.

Washes off in the sink.

Isn't it just wonderful though?

To emerge from the depths with a little cloud of graphite on your

hand.

Words well written.

A mark left over from the time spent.

Proof that you indulged in a physical experience.

An unsterile, unclean experience.

The act of writing.

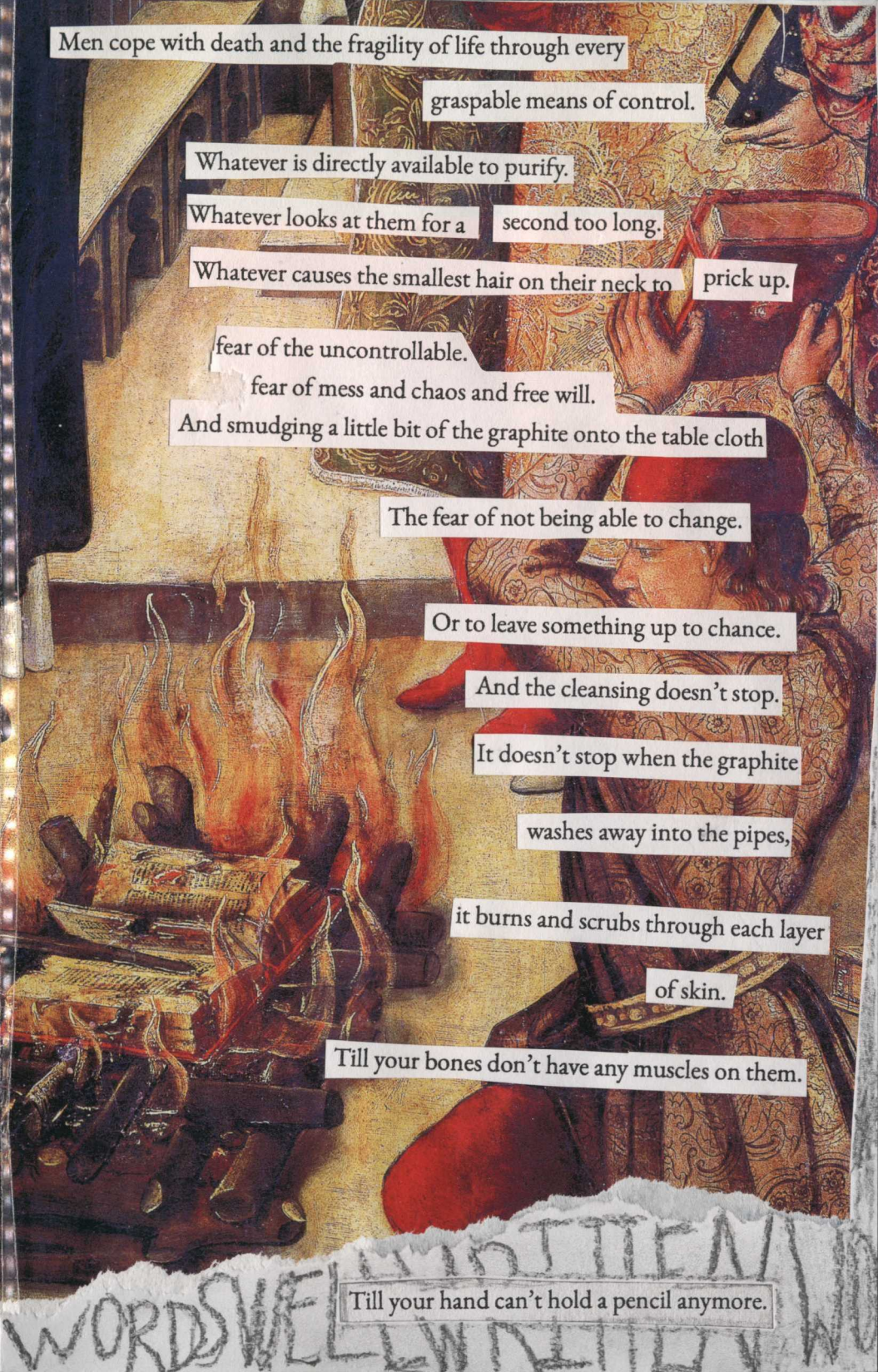
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OR TEN OR DS LAIK  
WRITTEN

What is our obsession with cleanliness?

With our hands being untouched?

With purity?





Men cope with death and the fragility of life through every

graspable means of control.

Whatever is directly available to purify.

Whatever looks at them for a second too long.

Whatever causes the smallest hair on their neck to prick up.

fear of the uncontrollable.

fear of mess and chaos and free will.

And smudging a little bit of the graphite onto the table cloth

The fear of not being able to change.

Or to leave something up to chance.

And the cleansing doesn't stop.

It doesn't stop when the graphite

washes away into the pipes,

it burns and scrubs through each layer

of skin.

Till your bones don't have any muscles on them.

WORDS WELL WRITTEN

Till your hand can't hold a pencil anymore.



I feel crowded pretty constantly  
Even when I'm not.

I've been watching more TV  
and listening to more podcasts  
than I thought I would.

I keep making sure the room is full of sound.  
Even when it's not.

Makes me feel comfortable.  
Allows me to pretend that I'm not entirely alone.

And get lost in whatever content I'm consuming  
And forget for a couple of moments the lack of people around,  
Until something outside of the screen reminds me where I am,  
Usually a glimpse of my reflection and catching my own eye contact,  
And then just as easily as the first time,  
I immerse myself back in

I feel crowded when there are people nearby,  
Yet when there isn't, I fill the emptiness with  
More artificial people watching

Why do I pollute my space?  
Why must I still be surrounded?

I want to be uncrowded, undisturbed  
Still, I have to have something on.

Cause if something is on, then I have an excuse  
to not participate in my aloneness.



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# THE H T O B R E A L E A F

So light yet stale  
So still yet movable  
So stoic yet quick

So warm yet bright

A different kind of sun shades  
Could barely make out the tops of the trees

So I cover again with something more substantial

The roof

And just before I turn inside

The clouds roll in

And the wind sings  
And the tree tops are available in my back drop

Much like the leaves  
Clustered by wind

Independent yet strung

As it bellows  
The leaves are chosen

Individually yet unison