



The Written Word

By Donna Marie

It can come over me, whether day or night,
When I'm compelled, inspired, I have to write.
What is it that makes creative juices flow?
From where come the seeds of the words I sow?

The desire wells from somewhere within,
To induce a tear, prompt a grin,
Or find the need to express my heart,
Perhaps words of wisdom I wish to impart.

Yet words can elude me, leave me stumbling in the dark,
Groping and searching for that one little spark,
While other times they kindle, then burst into flames,
The fire in my mind ablaze with refrains.

Whatever the reason, whenever the time,
Be it long or short, a novel or rhyme,
A keyboard at my fingertips or pen in hand,
The "whys" of writing I need not understand.

For with its utterance, man's language once heard,
Came desire to express it with the written word,
And so I appreciate, try to be a small part,
Of this word-filled wonderland, this timeless art.

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