

Writer's Block

I wouldn't say I'm a bad person
but I'm not sure if I could tell the difference between the two,
good and bad that is.

I liked watching people,
the way they walked or the fact they didn't.
Drifting between an open gaze.
Studying the thing I couldn't seem to understand,
People.

Maybe I'm just thinking too much,
I mean who cares?
Nothing changes in the movement of sound,
only more of it.

Just spit balling ideas,
you're supposed to write about what you know,
but I don't know much,
at least not enough to write about.

So here I sit,
an empty head with jittery fingers.
There's a difference between artistry and boredom,
I think the greats maybe just had too much time on their hands.
That or they were on drugs.
Probably both if I'm honest.
Yet class after class we follow the footsteps
of giants expecting to grow in size.

Recently I've realized
watching the interactions
between so-called intellectuals
is better than being in the conversation yourself.
By no means am I saying I'm above it,

more that climbing into a footprint
with such depth gives no room to shrink.

But here I go
taking up some of that savored silence
we've worked so hard to have.

Maybe I'm just taking up room,
for who I'm not sure,
some great giant I suppose.

You're taught when you were younger
that if you're not the best then you're not much at all.
So either I'm the best writer out there or I'm illiterate.
Not much room for mediocre.
But I can't say that,
stay in the black and white when reality can be such a pretty grey.

So what is this?
Or what should it be?
I have no life lesson to teach
and rhyming isn't my type of speech.
I write and I read, and reread and redo.
Trying to figure out what type of sentence will grab your attention,
or give some sort of purpose to a blank page.

In reality, all I am is stating what is.
And what isn't that should,
and what shouldn't that is.
Repetitive lecture of sounds.
And reread and redo.
Listen and respond,
respond to make light of such a dull grey.

Isabella O'Connor
Second place, second period