

Why I started writing

I wrote my first word, “sun” when I was 3 years old, though it may not have been legible. I have not stopped writing since. No matter if that writing has been a grade-saving essay, 2nd-grade cursive practice, or obsessively revising a poem I wrote years ago. I am fascinated by the range of the written word and how it can be a simple way to contain information, like a grocery list, or a great work of literature that is labored over and sought after. Writing can be everything or nothing at all. I do not know who I’d be without writing—or rather, what we would all be without it. I can not imagine a day when I won’t write. The poem below expresses my thoughts on what writing means to me.

I listen to the cries of a song, and I wonder,
how can someone pour out so much of themselves
through lyric and melody
for the world to see?

I learn the sorrows of history, and I wonder:
how one can connect the ends of the world
to the other
with a simple letter?

It is said that humanity's words
are what set us apart
from the rest of God’s creations.

Our ability to communicate and connect,
the meanings we attach to these squiggles and lines,
entrance me.

When feelings bubble up within me,
I am able to pour them out in the form of
curves and lines,
funnel them through my mind,
and end with something
true:

emotions and thoughts
that may have long been forgotten
cemented in lines.

They say a photo is worth a thousand words,
but I can not imagine a photo
that would capture as words and stanzas do,
The sensation of being alive.