

MY MANIFESTO

I write to tell you things I cannot say. I write for the moon, for the spirits I can't reach and for the words I must hear. Thumb easier than tongue, I write for relief. My mind holds tight to an ever going poem. A broken faucet that remains ever flowing. When pen meets page a stream of conscious uniforms. It flows steady and stays true. When emotion boils over, I turn into you. A reliable love. You give what I need while allowing room for growth.

I write because I have to. My words encapsulate who I am. In search of purpose and passion I call back to you, love in plain sight. Scared to accept I indulge with fear of failure and lack of confidence, as all writers do. How could I be great when there are so many of you? What is one more creator? How could my words ever reach you? Doubt forever dampens yet I still write my truth. A love letter to you.

Passion remains inescapable. Realized or not, it is not something to be captured. With patience and trust it will always find you. So why do I Write? It is because I am a writer. It is just what I do.