

Staying up until 4AM -
the words don't suffer.
They swirl around my head,
dancing, keeping me awake.

Transient, sleepy smile.

Am I obsessed?
- the lunatic is laughing
in my head -
"I think I am."

I don't have relationships.
I have a commitment
to my characters.

I spend more time with them
than with real people.

Real people are things
I study to further
the lives on my page.

I am obsessed with a great writer.
I want to smell the sweetness of
genius that wafts around him.

"You were to me what I am to you,
and somehow, you've changed."

Where do my priorities lie?

The writer is the God of
the world he creates.
The words are his reality.

It can't exist.
Do I exist?

I can't exist without him --
even though I can,
even though I think I can't.

Do I write to please myself?
No, I write to silence my mind.

The words swirl out of my head
and onto the paper,
leaving me empty again.

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