

CREATIVE WRITING: *On Literary Inspiration*

At some point ideas swell like heavy fruit up on the vine, softening in the sun of reason, yielding flavors for which the hungry, hollow spirits pine, pressing their lips against the vine.

The ink begins its rhythmic crawl, until the narrow glass of consciousness brims over—spilling, shimmering wit against the wall.

Even then the barrel of existence, dark and deep, has hardly changed & countless nameless ghosts & countervailing topics stay asleep, huddling in the hollows of the soul, awaiting the initiation of a page, to leave their quiet dust behind.

When intent gains focus & words ignite with a fire of their own, a strange alchemy takes place in hallowed air—there blooms a crocus, gold and rare, as silence forsakes its long, unbroken bound.

The air vibrates as ink and letters lean and light spills through the written gaps as resonance transmutes leaden thoughts to gold, and the music of the soul is finally told.

- T Newfields

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