

## Wordplay

A blessing, a curse, a writer's question: always asking, always seeking:

How do we release the beast within?— the feeling too vaporous,

Too dangerous, to be caught and held by prose?

Tiptoe

On the brink of

honesty—

Embracing what it means

To live dangerously.

Risk all just to find the right phrase, the right time

Create a prison for everything you don't wish to keep

And when you have slaughtered (or subdued) the beast

Turn from that place, and pursue beauty, and recklessly

Follow where it will lead: Go to the place where love is—

Close the door—bolt it shut—breathe it in

Till the vapors are strong, and you're half-insane

With visions you saw in that wonderful place

Then write what you will:

Because your hands would burn with words unsaid

If they couldn't follow where those words led

And write it—record it—with paper and pen

Then write what you must: and write it again.