

The Voice Behind the Words

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Searching to penetrate the mind
Words traveling across the crisp
White paper
Raped by blue lines

Releasing emotion from the tip
Of their pen—escaping the pain
Embodying the soul
Freedom

The hands and mind are paired
Creating an art that may not be grasped
The work of others stolen for their own
Claiming it in thievery

Molding words to fit the shape of others' minds
This cares not of the art of their work
But rather an art so shallow
So rich no joy comes from this practice

True writing is not categorized by
Penetration emotion thievery or molds
But rather
To write is simply to live

