

Muses

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Prior to quitting my job and career, writing was merely an outlet for life's frustrations and jubilations: a way to record notable occasions.

I've always found simple enjoyment in putting pen to paper. The free time that I now have affords me the opportunity to explore of what I am truly capable. I have nothing to lose- not a job, sleep, a relationship, or money.

The universe has told me on several occasions that I must write. Friends and family have put much faith in my abilities based on just a few- a very few- pieces, which were merely the result of small fleeting moments of inspiration- unbidden and uncontrolled.

Learning to write has been and continues to be a process in itself. If I approach inspiration with aggression, it flees like a cockroach from the kitchen light. Too eager and it will flee. Too confident and my voice wavers and fades or becomes confused and jumbled. I can only have faith that these small sparks of inspiration will eventually start a larger fire if nourished and cradled. My moments of inspiration will become steady and controlled and more than just a flicker.

For some, it is easy to touch their emotions and convert them to art. For me, it can be a struggle. I have too much training... too much baggage. I have to work to hush the rules of logic and English to hear my muse. She speaks quietly until she knows that I listen. But even when my muse is silent and dull and I become frustrated, I am trying to remember that my role is simply to listen.