

Writer's Block

- Becky Twaalfhoven

An author weaves their tale from one small thread
And slowly, every slows, builds an earth
Which, always-hungry, eats all it is fed
And all the while extending its great berth.

'Cross silver strands of time a plot unfolds
Ensnaring idle ink-with passing page; And spider
spins out twisting patterns bold
While in its brain grand ideas rampage.

Anticipation reaches out his claws
To grip those waiting for the big reveal. Yet time commences
to expose the flaws
That drag away a dream no longer real.

So faithful storm eclipses fleeting sun,
And dust eats all remainders, leaving none.

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