

## Writing: the Blocks

*“and everything here like an incomprehensible explanation”*

-Arkadii Dragomoshchenko-

There are those times of overwhelm. Edit? Create? Organize? Submit? Wander about (for “inspiration”)? or sit and stare (“meditation”)?

There are those times. So much written, nothing sold. Years of working, thinking, learning, feeling...orphaned. Turned away. Left out. Sent back.

Rejection.

Here’s the open field and some more ever-uncertain time. Feels fragile. I feel I should be making, arranging words toward unknown meanings or inferences, but I’m also drowning in them – so many of my own, millions of others as well. Approved words, theirs, successful words, words now “bound,” where mine (I try the positive) are “free,” “independent,” “loose”... not owned by any other hands or minds.

But the words seem to want it. They emit their own desires. For partners, for dances, for strolls. Attachment. They even like to work! Anything at all – they just want to be, active.

Mine aren’t. They jimmed their way around my emotions and spleen; infested every nook, cranny and fold of my brain; strained my throat and cramped my hand...but once I’d rid myself of them – sealed them between the bars of blue lines, they began to wither and starve. Atrophy. My words – these voiceless victims.

They’ve got plenty of company all lined up and folded together – hell, they’re stacked on top of each other...but they need human parts for life. Need eyes and mouths, lungs and ears, hands and minds, *perceptors*, receivers and nerves. I look down on them all like leaves from last winter, or hidden away in mausoleum-like drawers. I feel sorrow.

There are zillions of others – exactly the same as mine but for their order – speeding all over the world – through wires and lights – through voices, canals – held gently in hands – slick and shiny on mags – proclaimed on billboards and signs. But not mine. Not these innumerable identical versions but for my script, my experience, my faulty manipulation.

What gives?

What gives at these moments, these gulag-ish terms of withholding and stasis?

A letter or email perhaps. A talk with my wife or my sons or my daughter. A glance at a spine or a page. Some music with lyrics. A friend. They are moving, alert. Every-ready for use. In use. Wording their function. My continued submissions might be jail-breaks for them. My blogs and my posts and my readings. The phone calls. We could try it? See how they still work?

Or even something like *this*. This query of what do they want? Working them into myself. Materializing them.

I don't know. I don't know if it helps. I can't tell at this moment. They seem stuck. And yet not. Here they are, ever coming, ever becoming, nothing.

Like us. Maybe *I'm* stuck. Becoming nothing (inevitably) but becoming nonetheless, all the while.

I guess I'm suggesting that there's really no such thing as stasis or block in living beings. Regardless what or who or how, we're becoming (the 5 Ws all taken care of). Now & Here all five essential questions are active whether I write down answers or not. As long as we breathe. Work is going on.

And words, so eagerly activated.

N Filbert 2012