I am…

by Joey Littrell

I’m the one who sits in the corner and writes

instead of mingling at a party,

who notices the odd stares perhaps the quiet giggles,

and goes on about my writing

because I really don’t care what they think.

I’m the one who writes of faith,

of men and women who are tortured because of it

of its sustaining power in my life.

I’m the one who likes to play with words,

to shuffle them on the page to create a new

picture,

the one who can experiment with syntax

while showing fear to create new words

like Shakespeare.

I’m the one who bathes in rich imagery,

rambles over lush, green mountains,

dapples in dark foreboding valleys, wades through crashing saltwater waves,

the one who wants her readers to

see what she sees,

hear what she hears,

feel what she feels.

I’m the one who struggles with line-breaks,

with creating a deeper, symbolic meaning,

but who glows with excitement

when words begin to breathe on their own.