

Writer's Block by Audrey O'Daniels

Emptiness. It fills the minds of many. A complete vacuum devoid of sound, light, and any creative ideas. False hopes and naive wishes fill my head to the brink threatening to spill over the edge. Not a single original thought. Only overused scenarios that are seen in story to story as if they're threadbare T-shirts worn away after being handed down through generations. They're just words on paper. It shouldn't be difficult. All over the world people string together words and somehow make them seem like a lone oasis in the middle of the desert. Like the oxygen one craves while sinking in the ocean. However, the ability to produce something that captivating only comes with inspiration. But how do you find the spark of inspiration when your own development into the world taught you to shut your emotions away because it's easier that way and less questions are asked. How do you even find the strings to grab at when you've grown up being afraid of judgement? Anything that manages to slip past the core of my mind is only incinerated upon contact with the mantle, built up by my fear of judgement and my tendency to bottle things up. So I'll sit there some more with false hopes and naive wishes, waiting for inspiration to consume me. Waiting for the dam to break, allowing the cascades of my imagination to transform into earth-shattering words. Waiting for the cosmos of the universe itself to overpower the void of the black hole in my mind. My pen hovers two inches above a blank page, waiting, but nothing ever comes.