

Blocked

By: Fatima Abdul Razzaq

*The art comes out when it wants to,
For me this has always been true.
I could never plan it,
It has a life of its own,
Which I only put on paper.*

*I have constructed outlines,
I've put pen to paper,
I've connected where I can.
But this is not my art,
These are just words.*

*They are foreign to me,
A language no one speaks.
A song that no one hears,
A force that doesn't move a soul,
But simply scribbles on a page.*

*My craft is something that lets the mind wonder,
Something that lets the heart beat,
Something that lets the lungs expand,
And gives courage and understanding.
My craft is not writing.*

*My work tells stories,
My work ignites the conscience.
My art takes one on a journey,
To lands never heard of before,
And finds what was hidden within.*

*My creation brings me peace,
It gives me strength and bravery.
My creation is my healing,
And the essence of my being.
My creation is who I am.*

*In a land where I am in control,
A land where my rules are law,
Where my words are fate,
And I create independent life,
And I am a god.*

*Nothing stands in my way,
But me alone.
I am omnipotent,
I am the past, present and future,
I am in the midst of a war.*

*I have been shut off,
I have been beaten.
I have been powerless,
I have been a coward.
I am blocked.*

*But I will keep writing,
For I simply must,*

*If I ever want to move souls,
And bring courage and understanding,
Through the blockage,
I will write,
Until the wall crumbles before me,
And I become a god once more.*