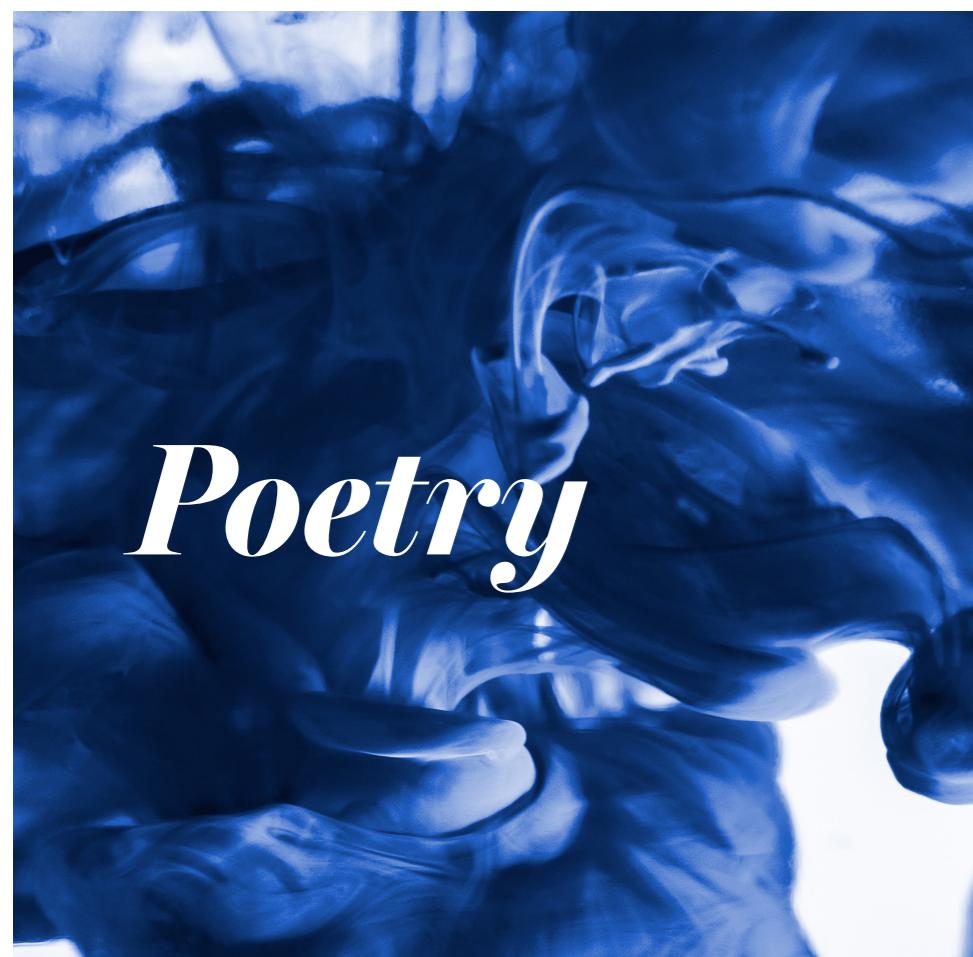


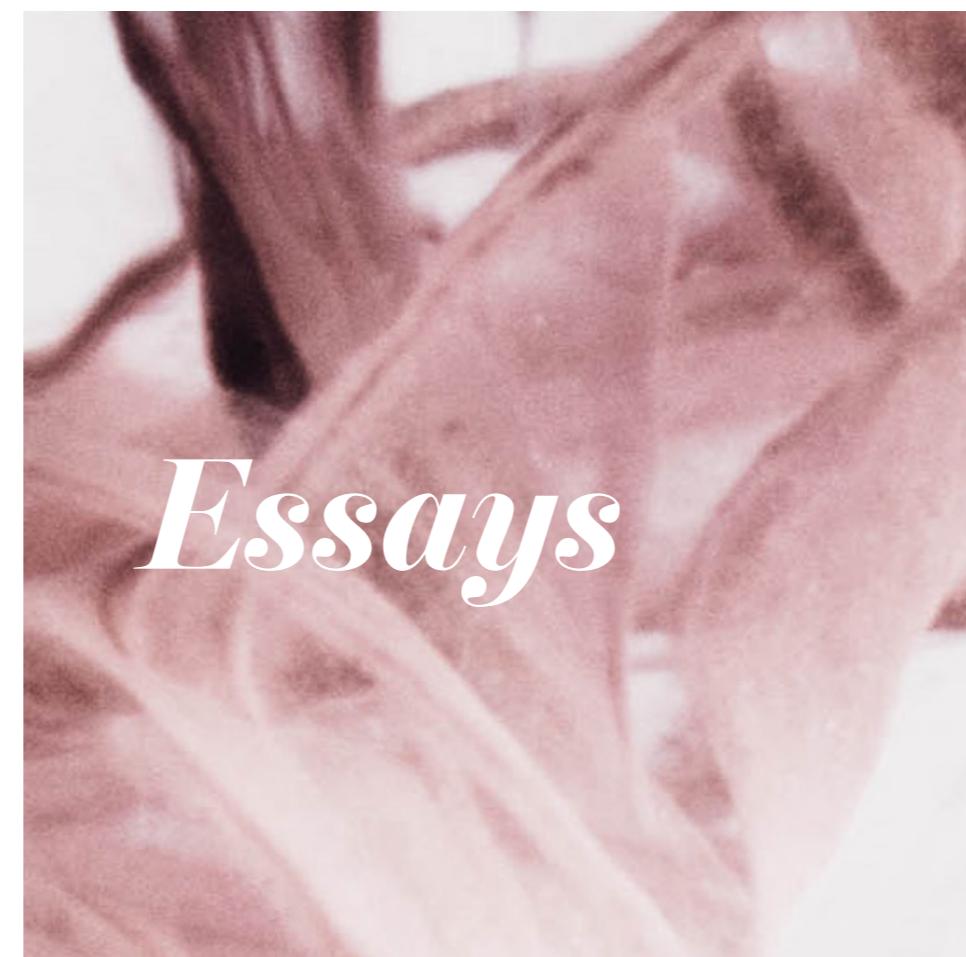
[Invision Prototype Link](#)



Into the Void



Poetry



Essays



*Short
Stories*

[VIEW ALL](#)



Biography

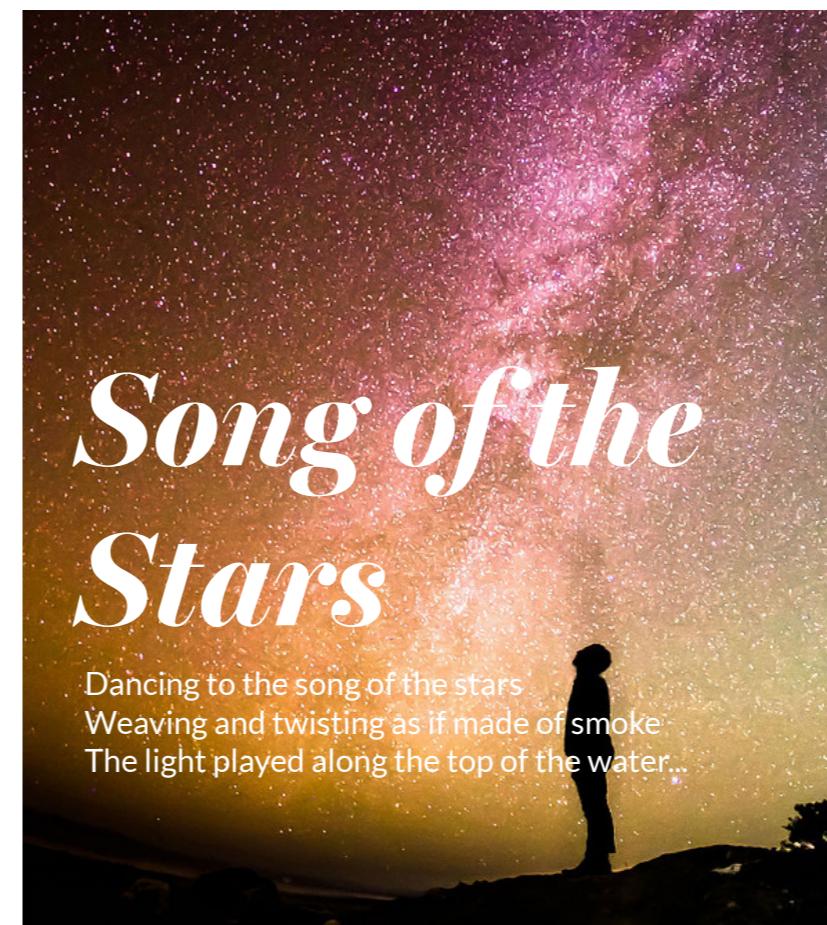
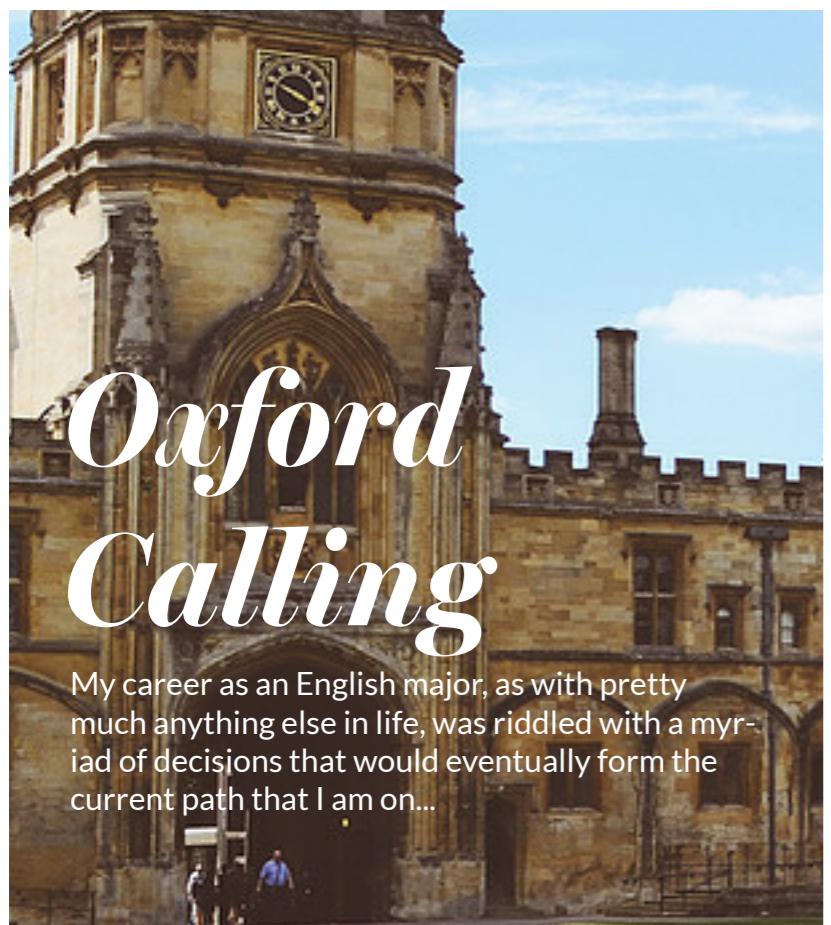
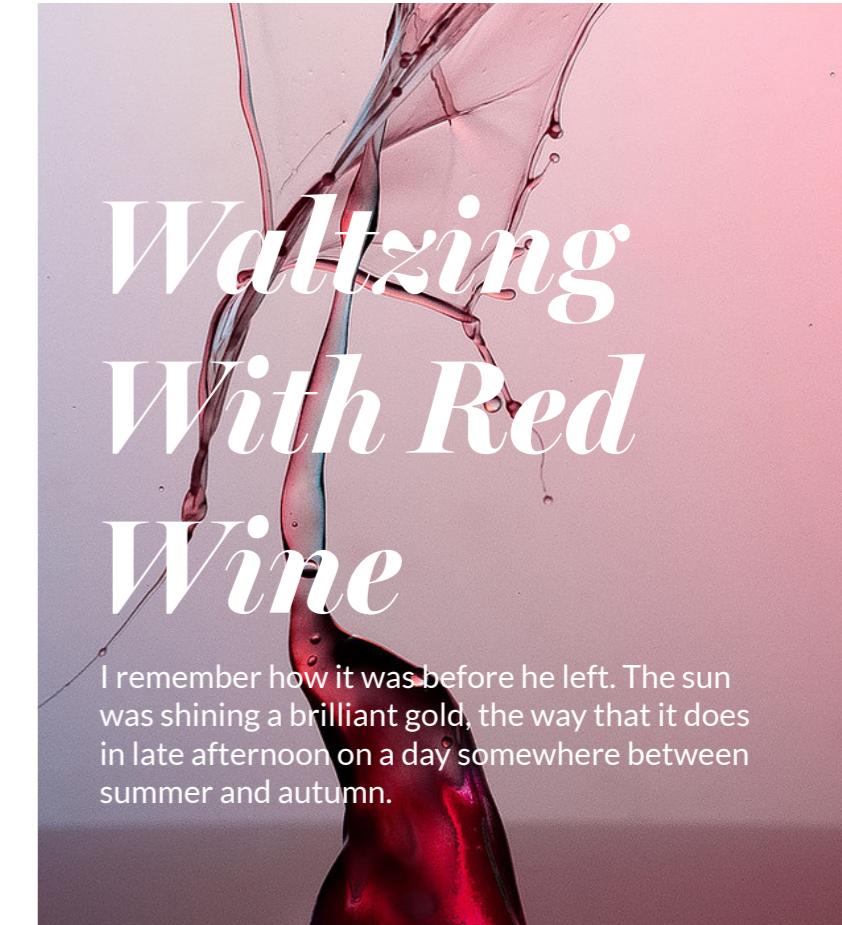
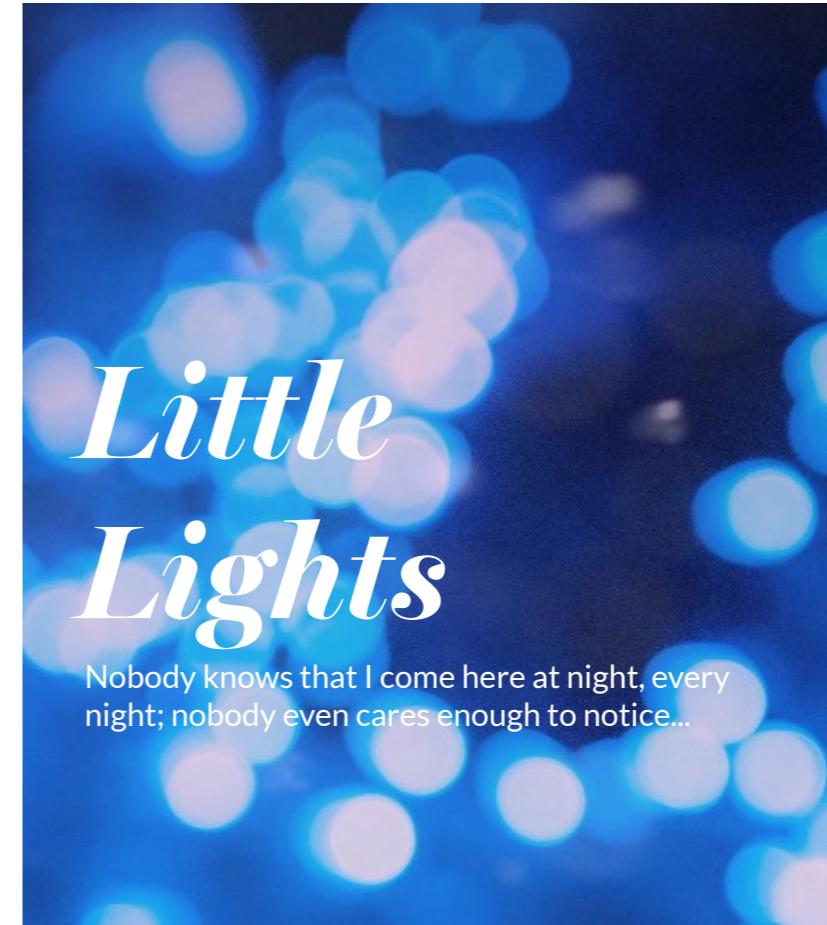
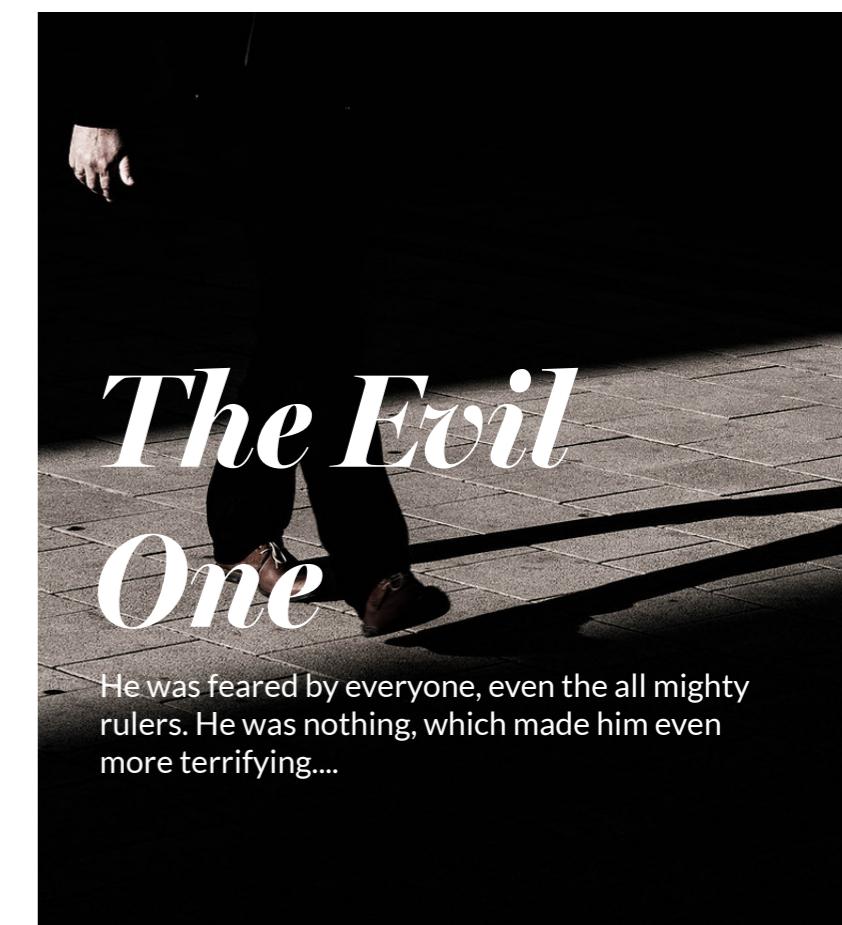
My story begins, well honestly I can't pinpoint exactly when it was that I fell in love with writing (growing up it was always one of my strongest skills) but I can tell you when I realized I never wanted to stop writing. I was in my sophomore year of high school taking my first ever creative writing class. I elected to take the class on my parents suggestion as they knew I had untapped talent and a quiet love of words. Before ever stepping foot in the class, not knowing that it would be a key turning point in my increasingly unclear future, I had dabbled in the creative writing field without even knowing it. I could frequently be found scribbling down what I had dubbed my "songs" on any scrap of paper I could get my hands on. It wasn't until an embarrassing amount of time later that I realized these were actually very poor attempts at poetry. That class unleashed something in me. Something big and empowering and all consuming. I took every prompt thrown my way and just ran with it, something I continued to do through college. I was so proud of the work I had produced in that class that I saved it all in hard copy. I carried it with me all through college, and with every move, my box of writing samples has moved with me, always growing.

Nowadays, my projects are larger. Well, I say projects as if I have multiple balls in the air but I'm really just working on one novel that I hope to eventually turn into a trilogy. Of course that requires me to finish this one, so that's all I'll say about that (other than that the idea for this project stems from a short story that I actually wrote in the afore mentioned class) so as not to give too much away. However, I do still write poems and short stories when the inspiration hits.

I currently live in the Greater Boston Area though I am looking to relocate to the Big Apple within the next few months, something I am beyond excited about. I intend to put my passions to work as my current data entry job is rather unfulfilling. But enough about me! You came here to see my work so follow the link below and I hope you enjoy the reading as much as I enjoyed the writing.

[RESUMÉ](#)

[ALL](#) [ESSAYS](#) [POETRY](#) [SHORT STORIES](#)

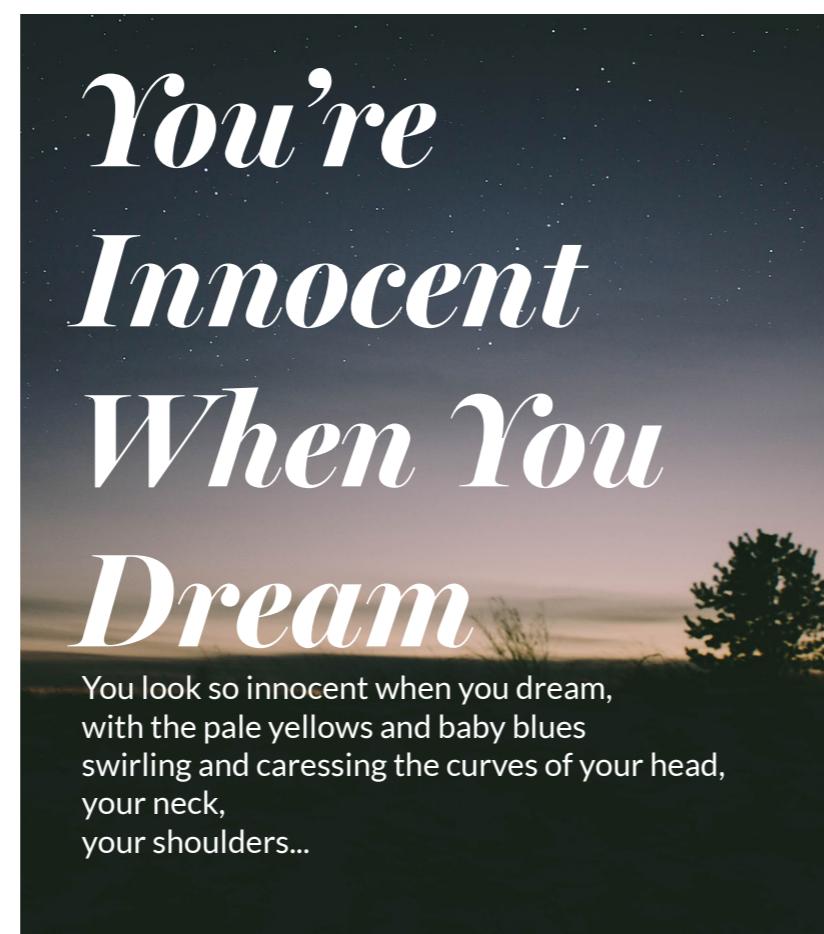


ALL

ESSAYS

POETRY

SHORT STORIES



ALL

ESSAYS

POETRY

SHORT STORIES

Hidden H

April 11, 2015



Here he hides his horrid heart
Habitually haunting his harrowed hollow
Hoping heavily his haggard hair
Hasn't hastened hunters' hatchets
His hillock hideaway holds his hatred
His half-assed halo hazily hanging
Haughtily hisses hoarse horizons
He hoists his heavy hanging heart
Hastily hiding handsome hands
Hating his hijacked half-life
Hearty heathens haint happy homes
His hopeless head honestly harmless
Homesick half-life habits hurt
His hideout hardening his happy heart

RESUMÉ

Melissa Mason
mpmason95@gmail.com
(978) 494-3740

NAME

COMPANY

SUBJECT

SEND