

I am Afraid to Write

I am afraid to write.

I am afraid.

I fear that collecting, organizing,

And presenting my thoughts is too daunting.

I fear exposing myself to unwanted criticism.

I fear my own criticism.

I fear that my voice will not be compelling.

I worry about cadence.

I worry about flow.

I worry about arrangement and tone.

I worry about the subjective reader.

I fear being wrong.

I fear being right!

I fear making hard stances

Which fail under broader systems of thought.

I fear I have no business writing at all.

Who granted me the authority?

What school, institution, agency?

Might I tell myself that my opinion matters

And believe it?

Aren't we all competing in the economy of attention?

*I fear my prose will not compare to Proust's
(a rather droll thought to entertain).
I fear that the landing place of my philosophy
will lack Kant's logical rigor.
I fear that I will never make anything of writing.
I fear nothing I write will inspire in the way that writers
(too many to mention) have inspired me.*

*I worry about conveying ideas simply.
I worry about omitting alternate points of view.
I worry about organizational and structural points.
I worry about restating something that has already been
stated succinctly by someone else.*

*I fear conflict.
I fear resolution.
I fear my experience and my inexperience.
I desperately fear being drab.*

*I am afraid to tell stories.
I am afraid not to tell them.
I am afraid for every reason imaginable.
I am afraid for no good reason at all.*