

Breaking up with Writer's Block

Prompt 1:

It's time for you and Writer's Block to part ways. Write a letter breaking up with Writer's Block, starting out with, "Dear Writer's Block, it's not you, it's me ..."

My story:

Dear Writer's Block,

It's not you, it's me. I know this will be difficult for you to hear, particularly for one who has stuck by me so faithfully. Someone who has been my ever present companion over the multitude of hours and days which have been spent trying to coax my novel out from behind the gates which you have constructed in the rooms of my mind. The unformed words have been simmering there, shackled, waiting to pour out in a fury of clicking keys; but still you are stalwart in your decision to never let my words flow out as they should.

Perhaps you are afraid of what they might become, because if they came out glorious, then you would be shamed. But you, Writer's block, you don't need to feel dismay that you have failed in your task to prevent my words from taking shape. In that task you have excelled. You have never failed to show up when I have set my hands on my old black keyboard; expectant, filled with hope. Your dedication to your work is unrivalled, but the truth is, in the end I am the one at fault. I have listened to your simpering whispers, paid attention to your insidious tendrils of thought that steal confidence and fuel distraction. I can't blame you for doing your job so well, for drawing me into your embrace where, in all honesty, I have felt safe. Behind the safety of your veil, where no words escape, there is no chance of failing, because to fail one must actually try.

So I should commend you for your perseverance over the long hours I have spent pondering and yearning to bring the vivid scenes out of my thoughts and into the physical world. As with all things though, at some point they must come to an end. I know this will come as a shock to you, but it is necessary that we part ways. I know what you would say; that we have enjoyed each other's company, enjoyed the contest of wills that would always be the backdrop of our time spent together. That we were partners in an eternal dance where the steps had become so familiar that deviating from the norm did not even occur to me.

But the truth is, I can't live joyfully if my words are not free. So with all due respect, I ask you to be on your way.