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The Page Fills Up

First comes the nerve-wrecking thought-processing:

What am I going to write? How will it flow?

I take every spare minute I have to do my thinking.

Eventually I get an idea, which is harder than it seems.

I keep thinking about it in my mind, so I won’t forget,

the page fills up with words, coming out in streams,

revealing my inner thoughts, which I listen to like a cassette.

But in no way is it easy, it’s definitely not.

Lots of obstacles to overcome,

I feel like my brain is in a knot,

it seems I’m writing into an endless chasm:

writing about might,

writing about fright,

even writing about the moonlight.

All my dreams and emotions coming out on paper,

except they’re reenacted by another character.

It feels like a freedom I’ve never had.

Sure, it might be far from easy,

but nothing good ever comes freely.