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“A Vacant Mind”

by
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Okay, all you early risers, if you haven't already been to the polls and voted over the last couple of weeks, get yourself up right now, get dressed and get over to your appointed precinct and cast that very valuable vote that only you can. Whomever you are backing needs your participation to make it to office so don't let him/her down. That's all I'm going to say on that... at least until 2008.

I'm really getting away from my norm today but hopefully you will enjoy what I have to say. I have a friend who reads the things I write and tells me he enjoys them very much. He says he cannot understand how anyone can sit in front of a blank sheet of paper and turn it into something worthy of reading. I know many who read my columns have said I have yet to attain that goal. Anyway, he feels he could never do such a thing although I reassured him he could if he put his mind to it. Your comments inspired this little verse Ed. Thanks a lot.

This is dedicated to Lacey and all those would be novelists and columnists who know exactly of what I speak. The rest of you, enjoy.

“A Vacant Mind”

(Or something equally, loosely connected)

A man of letters, I am not. At least that's what I say.
The words I write amaze me still, when they make somebody's day.

I can't say why I continually write, I really don't think it's pride.
There's just this need to share my thoughts that frequent and frolic inside.

At times they scream to be writ down. At times there's nary a sound.
I hark for a word but none can be heard, and no usable thoughts can be found.

Disjointed phrases, uneven verse, anything... an epic or rhyme,
An inspiration I must have or count it wasted time.

For hours I sit and tell my mind, to come up with the prose.
I'm all equipped with pen in hand, still nothing to compose.

“I'm finished,” I say to myself alone, “How can I face the morrow?”
“No more can I tease, exhort or cajole, no Novel,” my heart fills with sorrow.

My tools I lay down, and then go to bed, when so very close to sleep.
All at once the torrent of ideas come, to the surface they do leap.

“Here we are,” they rave and rant, “you thought you'd get some rest.”
“But not tonight, oh man of words, these thoughts shall be your best.”

From the Left side of my brain, Sequential logic takes the fore.
Objective, Rational thoughts come next, they're flowing more and more.

All of a sudden, my mind explodes as Random thoughts alight,
Amazing Intuitive and Subjective scenes are being projected from the Right.

**My whole cerebrum is now fully involved, wow, this is something new.
And all the ideas are mixing together, a veritable verbiage stew.**

**Poems, wit, and political trash, all flit before my eyes.
A Pulitzer, an Emmy, a guest on Oprah, won't Maya be surprised.**

**"Gadzooks," I cry, "I must put it all down; it must be set in ink."
I jump from bed, turn on the lamp, and then begin to think.**

**"My pad, my pen, I put them somewhere, just as I turned off the light."
"Aha," I say, as both I grab, "Now.....
What was I was going to write?"**

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