

ARW

I hate writing. Well, I have a love/hate relationship with it. I love the idea of writing - what it represents, what it accomplishes, what it conveys. Very powerful. I just hate doing it. For me, the simple act of sitting down with a pen and a blank piece of paper is a great show of willpower. Because for me the actual act of writing is not so simple enough. I imagine that for most people, they just pick up a pen and as thoughts develop in their heads they easily form into words that transfer directly to the paper. Not so with me. It took me five minutes just to complete that last idea in a written format. My statements/sentences have to be worded just perfectly, to convey the exact thought I am having, to keep down confusion. I suppose. But finding the right word isn't always so easy. Compound that with an oppressing need to have each word properly and exactly placed and you have a very painstaking process that I endure. It's anal retentive writing. In the end what I normally end up with is a bunch of convoluted and over-complicated speech. For instance, I'm positive that all I have written thus far could have been expressed in much simpler language, but ask me to do it again and it wouldn't come out much different. Maybe even worse. The irony is that the very process I'm forced to undergo for the sake of clarity in the expression of my thought may, in effect, just cause confusion in the language. So I

just say fuck it and throw my hands up.

Believe me, I wish I had a passion for writing. I have a lot I'd like to say and I think I could actually be pretty good at it. But I hate this shit. Where you people find freedom and power in the pen, I only experience a painful vocabularic confinement. I envy you people more than you can imagine. Particularly now, as I find myself longing for freedom and power in a place where trying to etch out a meaningful existence in life means to do so while being devoid of both.