

## A Writer

Adrift on a sea of ideas  
Surrounded by boundless possibilities, endless opportunities  
Hopeless reality  
Straining every fiber in search of land

Beckoning lights on the horizon  
Figments of saline saturated thoughts  
Echoes reverberating off the wakes from imaginary vessels  
Teasing, taunting, tempting the will

Thirsting for significance, yet drowning in nothingness  
Hungering to move the very axis of the universe  
Yet gaunt in substantive matter  
Reaching out – groping in despair

Just a word, a thought, a sentence  
Concepts powerful enough to move  
Not tomes or tombs –  
Rather poems, pulsating phrases, cohesive patterns

One glint in a galaxy of light  
A mere freckle on the face of God  
“What is man that thou art mindful...”  
What is writing that one should dare to endeavor

To write is to change  
If not the direction of the universe  
The direction of one’s self  
Noble – maybe; honoring – always.

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