

a writer's plight.

by Anthony M. Powers

it's a tricky thing, really.
when you're an artist- and i use the word loosely,
because god knows i don't think i can really consider myself to be an
artist-
but when you're an artist, and you start to get older,
and you just don't have the energy or free time you need-
well, actually that's getting a bit off topic-
but when you're an artist,
it really sucks to be alone.
you have no motivation, no muse, no
reason, really,
to do whatever it is you do,
or at least that's what it feels like.
but then suddenly, one day, completely out of the blue,
you're not alone anymore,
and then, somehow, it seems almost more impossible to get anything
done.
all the free time you have when you're not washing dishes
or parking cars or unloading trucks at 4 a.m.
that you used to spend drinking and wishing you could write
or paint or create or whatever it is you do
is now occupied by that person whenever possible.
and when it's not possible, you spend your time thinking about that
person,
trying to figure out when you'll be able to see her next,
and then just wasting time waiting to see her.
then, when you're together, you just lay around
and kiss and talk and watch movies and fuck and listen to music
and you don't really feel like you're creating much of anything,
but then you sort of realize that maybe you are creating something...
contact.
intimacy.

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/anthony-m-powers/a-writers-plight>»

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human
fucking
connection.

but then, if you get that far, you can't help but ask yourself
what's more important to you-
as an artist-
your art?
or connection?
and even if you made that choice,
would your decision really matter?
cause it sure doesn't seem like you're getting much done either way.
so what do you do?

...like i said.
it's a tricky thing.

