

# The Statue of a Writer

*by* Colin White

As I sat down finally  
finally to write  
Some brooding heretical  
hour of the night

With my ballpoint in hand  
poised to blot page  
Time gathered momentum  
although I did not age

Years passed in that moment  
millennia lay open wide  
Spiders spun webs around me  
and grew old and died

My unblinking eyes glazed  
as the desk mounted dust  
Its parchment withered  
and my pen turned to rust

The statue of a writer  
testament unrecognised  
A legacy frozen:  
of what could have been devised

Beyond my window  
Heaven wrestled with Hell  
Civilisation  
smartly rose and then fell

The world grew silent  
its inhabitants scattered

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Their cities lay crumbled  
forsaken and battered

And once again flora  
swept over the land  
Embroidered the derelict  
embellished the grand

Left no temple unaltered  
it breached even my door  
Unfurling a jungle  
where there was none before

The carpet bristled with roots  
while vines crept up the stair  
snaking the banister  
and bound my legs to the chair

Then as tiny green tendrils  
investigated my throat  
On the cusp of my passing  
I wished I had wrote

Now or never, I realized  
are both one and the same  
We have naught but this moment  
merely ourselves to blame

Oh this timely epiphany  
if only I could attest  
Leave a record of insight  
before I digress

With concerted effort  
and the desire to tell

I forced my stony hand  
to un-make the spell

So finally, finally  
as I scrawled my first line  
The spiders packed up their webs  
and hurried outside

Fallen empires reconciled  
flora faded and furred  
Pen ran away with paper  
and I re-wrote the whole world

