

Why I write

by Finnegan Flawnt

I write for the bum on a bike with its missing spokes and the saddle of leather half eaten by rats.

I write for the woman, who bends the sun to her will behind her glasses.

I write for the people in power, who don't know half of the words for poverty.

I write for the children, who don't dare come home with reports red from their teacher's nib.

I write for the humble bumble bee flying clumsily from flower to flower.

I write for the truck drivers taking their love for the road to the streets.

I write for the barefoot men fixing things up for a woman's smile.

I write for the musician shaking and baking scores till golden.

I write for the gurus when they tumble down from their lofty location.

I write for the bricks bellowing verses at the heart of a house.

I write for the deaf, who hear from the mute, who speak to the blind, who see for the lame, who run at the flicker of a moth.

I write for the soldiers in battle drawn by adventure, the go-getter and the meek, the lion and the lamb, all in drag and ready to die.

I write for all of them before sunrise with a quill made of dandelions, and during the day wearing glittering gloves, and at sundown dancing like a dirty dog around a phrase-filled bucket.

I write when I don't write and I don't write when I write.

I'm a tunnel through gridlock and a bridge under water.

I sprawl, I spill and I splutter and when I stop writing the giant wheel comes to a halt for the tiniest time. Then I throw my summersault pen at you and you must continue my story before the bell chimes, before the chalice of God hits the cobble stone floor of my marigold mansion.

