The Writer

By: Latashia Portia Terry

I aspire to be a writer
The kind you read in books
The ones who tell a story
The ones who really feel
The tears that they shed over the years
The torn childhood, unspoken words
Flow through the very pen they script on paper
The pain of a loss, the overcoming of another
The breakthrough of knowledge
Love lost and found, the power of "NO"
Spills like juice on the floor
Word vomiting the things we never said
On sketch paper, our fans know what's in our heads
Or we keep them as secret treasures, buried in deep
Poetry is what I must lead
To keep my sanity
It details my life, and touches another
Writing is my destiny, what is yours
Love is indisputably easy
When you open up yourself
Accept what may go wrong
And look forward to the beautiful effects
Of a long lasting friendship, for me writing is this
I aspire to be the writer
The one you see in books
I'd tell a story
Of your life, and mine
Of your friends, and relatives
Of the life we're waking up to
And of childhood dreams masked by need
Poetry is what I must inscribe
To maintain my judgment
It details my life, and touches another
Writing is my destiny, what is yours