

Of Writer's Block

There cometh time in one's schooling career in which they must compose a conjoining of words with elegance, "put pen to paper" as some saith; all for the gratification of the Architect of their artistry, who watches over them as a shepherd over his flock, judging their callous work with a harsh hand as if they are God. It is for this reason that the appentency of perfection in the Architect's eyes envelopes them; if only the futility of this was more amply known for there are but two ways one can proceed; they can either soar to the degree of perfection like a true shakespearean or even Sir Francis Bacon himself (though rarely) or they can plummet distantly below this level as to be put into a limbo and view as every obtainable gleam of hope is consumed by the corruption that has spread within; being swallowed whole by the Beast that hast halted their journey, this Terrific Monstrosity is most frequently known by the title Writer's Block. This Demon is a disease that hast the tenacity to limit and even destroy any and all growth of ideas, the seeds of creativity. All writers must follow their mind on an excursion of word and thought to unearth their seeds rooted inside themselves. On this expedition of theirs, every writer hast obtained a reasonable amount of battles against this Heinous Creature, even the great Architect has overcome this trial time and time again, it is whether or not one is able be his own Perseus and defeat his Cetus that disconnects him from success. However adversarial this Beast, even the dustiest of coals is transformed into a work of art under pressure and one's greatest triumphs are brought out from a confrontation with this horrifically Beautiful Creature. Nay Rather, many of times this is not how it concludes. Eventually one's mind is surrounded by the putrid fog of uncertainty flowing from Writer's

Block itself; achieving its final victory having persisted for such a time that it seems to be of irrevocable permanence.