

A Writer

Poem by Anna Richman

I am a writer.

That does not mean my words are woven with pristine perfection

I am human like you

My commas are spliced, my word choices messy by definition

I am unafraid to make mistakes

Because fear of the pen and page is like fear of your own mind

And I am a mind, a creative mind

A creative mind with twists and turns that I get lost in

I am that maze of wishes and thoughts, constantly

Flitting from a gnashing of teeth to boundless creativity

And in those creaks and crannies I find a mirror

A shining mirror

In that mirror I see something, something, something fluid like hot glass

Molding, shifting, changing, growing

I am a reflection

A writer's reflection

Someone just like you

We are writers.