

Why I write - Alison Farmer

With painting I have learnt to be free
Past problems of technique and worry of critique
Words trip me and whip me, confuse me and terrify
I do not write fast, or use words I cannot verify
These are kindergarten steps from boundless mind
A search for the symbols in words I cannot find
I desire to disconnect appropriate meaning
Cloth the words in my own feeling
I want to learn how to help letters flow outside their line
Unbound their tight capture held in my mind
I wish to create a page of type that captures the mystery
Of a blank page found in a book of history
Can I throw caution to the wind and risk exposure
Transform my fear of writing and bring closure
Can I paint with letters as free as brush
Intuitively trust that the words will gush
Boldly I step onto the writing train
Feeling my way gingerly over foreign terrain
Arriving in a new country trying a new language
With only a small dictionary as luggage
Can I learn to communicate my deep passion
In such a brave new fashion?

Walk with me, speak to me, dance with me word
Color me fantastic in sensory magic
Paint me a landscape of paradox, metaphor and mystery
Take me through lands of alchemy and mythic history
Be gentle and exciting, both rainbow and lightning
Transform my fear to love for you
As hand in hand we walk into view