

Zach Morris

"Writer's Block"

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There is something there,
But you can't quite reach it,
It's on the edge of your fingers,
But you just can't touch it,

You live it,
And breathe it,
But still can't put it on paper,

It builds up inside you,
Getting greater and greater,
All this pressure coming from inside,
Eventually something you cannot hide,

Then it shoots out like a loose cannon,
Spewing and spurting,
No matter what you do,
It comes blurting,

You have to write it down,
It fills pages and pages,
Going for ages and ages

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