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The Creative Process

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The Creative Process

Berta Moellering

Abstract

A woman must be a poet for she knows the process of birth...

grandchildren. He had been so careful to raise his own children strictly. They should take more time with their children. What a boy this grandchild was! His green apricots, the cat and the outhouse, the muddy ditches. The old man looked down and smiled at the back of the boy's head.

"How old are you now, Jimmy?"

Jimmy turned, raised four fingers, and said, "Six."

"You mean four?"

"Yes." The boy paused a minute, glanced up at the apricot tree, and climbed down from the old man's lap. He picked up a green apricot and then dropped it. "Grandpa — you know what?"

"No, what?"

"I wasn't green when I was little — I was pink — Mommie said so." The boy called to the dog and raced after it.

The old man shook his head.

—John J. VonKerens, *Hist., Soph.*



The Creative Process

A woman must be a poet
for she knows the process of birth.

Impact upon consciousness, the idea;
then forgotten, grown used to
as she grows used to her swelling body,
yet deeply aware of all influences.

When the time is right
the idea comes forth (a body and soul itself)
with soon-forgotten pain
and much love, so much love.

A woman must be a poet
for she knows the process of birth.

—Berta Moellering, *H. Ec., Sr.*