And the Writing Helps

Susan Booker*

*Iowa State University

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AND THE WRITING HELPS

by
Susan Booker
Journalism Sophomore

The nighttime locks four walls around me—forcing me to look at the stars through spotted glass and wire windows. I can't feel the cool breeze or hear the sounds of night. I can't touch you—

A prisoner of sorts—just when I need an openness around me I instead meet a sleeplessness of dark and fear—just when I need someone like you I find an empty bed and have to face my own thoughts and feelings.

It might be insecurity. Or maybe insanity. Or all of this may be exaggeration. That uncertainty exists—it is real. Maybe that's the fear—uncertainty, instability, the future.

But the music helps—it is there to remind me of all that's good and all that's sorrowful in life. It takes the edge off of the uncertainty and it brings me back to reality.

And the writing helps, acting as an ambassador between my childish want and more mature conscience. And it has to be there—or the insanity creeps back in. It keeps me going straight ahead—always ahead.
And you. You are always here to ease the hurt when I slip and look behind me. I say goodnight to you every night before I crawl into my fantasy. And I think of you especially hard, hoping to meet you later on in my dreams. You are here when I wake and when I hear young children playing outside my window. You are here when I see the rains disappear and the sun finally set at the end of the day.

The lyrics of love songs make everything sound so complete. But they are really too shallow to believe in—I have to think that everything is just much more uncertain and incomplete than a simple rhyme with a tear attached to it.

But the writing helps to unlock me. And then the sun rises.