

## Bob and his Writer's Block

"Oh come on, Bob," young Susan said  
    "The sun is shining; let's go out.  
"It's fine; no clouds are overhead;  
"The Spring has come so let us shed  
    "The winter blues; for all about  
"Is nature waking, birds are singing,  
"And from the earth are flowers springing.  
"So rouse yourself, you sleepy head!  
    "Aside with gloom! Don't look so glum.  
    "But smile! Be joyful! Come, Bob, come!"

"Oh go away, dear Sue," said Bob.  
    "I can't come out; I'm stuck you see.  
"My head's a blank; my mind's a blob.  
"Just go away and please don't fob  
    "Me off with platitudes of glee.  
"I can't get any inspiration.  
"I'm dried up, blank; and mere frustration  
"Just hurts my head. My grey cells throb!  
    "The Muses do me surely mock  
    "And make me suffer writer's block!"

"Oh don't be daft!" young Sue replied.  
    "It's discipline you lack, I fear.  
"Your foolish gloom I can't abide.  
"And have you really, really tried?  
    "For plots don't mysticly appear.  
"Your trouble is procrastination.  
"Dear Bob, you need perseverance.  
"Come on! Buck up and don't backslide.  
    "Let not your mind be paralyzed;  
    "But get a grip! Be organized!"

"Oh let me be! Just go away!"  
    Groaned Bob. "Be off! Enjoy the sun!  
"While *you* may have the time to play  
"It's here that I, alas, must stay;  
    "I have to get this writing done.  
"The Muses all their leave have taken  
"And left me here alone, forsaken,  
"With no ideas I might essay.  
    "I've lost th' ability to write;  
    "Agraphia's now my woeful plight."

“Good grief!” cried Sue, “What utter tosh!”

“And Muses as you know full well

“Do not exist. It just won’t wash

“Your blaming them. It’s blatant bosh

To say your mind’s an empty shell.

“For thoughts will come in great profusion,

“Unordered, yes, and in confusion,

“But let them whirl and let them slosh

“Around your head and mix and match

“Till some on others start to latch.”

“Oh stop it, Sue,” said Bob, “Please go!

“It’s you, methinks, who’s talking rot.

“Unordered thoughts all whirling so,

“As round my mind they ebb and flow,

“Will merely form a mental clot.

“It’s *inspiration* I am lacking;

“And not some crazy way of cracking

“My glitch with psychic vertigo.

“My mind is blocked. I’m stuck, it’s true.

“But you’re not helping one bit, Sue.”

“All right,” said Sue, “I shall depart.

“But try at least what I have said.

“Those latching thoughts may form a start

“To get you writing. So take heart

“For from them there may grow a thread

“To guide you while you are creating

“Your written piece. In vain you’re waiting

“For something to inspire your art.

“Just try it, Bob. You’ve naught to lose.

“I’ll leave you with your writer’s blues.”

And so, dear listeners, off Sue went

And left poor Bob inside, alone.

To roam through fields was her intent;

She smelt the flowers, enjoyed their scent,

And strolled where daffodils had grown

Along the banks where brooklets babbled;

She watched as ducks and ducklings dabbled.

She felt at ease, carefree, content.

As she returned, whom did she meet

But Bob who looked no more downbeat!

“I’m sorry, Sue,” said Bob, contrite.

“I’m sorry I was such a grouch.

“For I was stubborn; you were right.

“To test if what you said just might

“Succeed, I tried it and can vouch

“That soon ideas began converging

“From which I saw a plot emerging.

“You’ve saved me from my woeful plight.

“So thanks, dear Sue; your method rocks!

“I’ll suffer no more writer’s blocks!”

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