

## **Push a Pen**

---

Lakisha Gavin

Some people ask me Why I Write...

I Write Because the energy from my pen sends electrifying emotions right out the end, creating a spark each time the ink touches my paper to express what I think.

I Write Because my mind is jammed packed with what ifs and why nots and she should and he did not. Each question and statement deliberating with one another, all in competition with each other. To be the first emotion to dance out my heart, to glide off my lips and to slide down my fingertips onto my paper.

I Write Because the many brothas and sistahs before me were whipped, beaten, and killed for writing.

I Write Because I am a free man

I Write Because when nobody's there to understand my fear or to enjoy my tears of happiness a pen and paper is always there. Always there to help purify my thoughts, which are like a tangled web until I get them down on paper. Then they find their place within my puzzle of poetry, mismatching and creating the perfect colorful masterpiece.

I Write Because without expressing myself my soul is restless, and as soon as my pen comes in contact with my paper, bits and pieces of my soul seep out and explain themselves to me.

I Write Because our creator blessed me with this gift to assemble my mental objects and position them perfectly on a plate to serve you up a taste of poetry.

This is Why I Write...