

The Statue of a Writer

by Colin White

As I sat down finally
finally to write
Some brooding heretical
hour of the night

With my ballpoint in hand
poised to blot page
Time gathered momentum
although I did not age

Years passed in that moment
millennia lay open wide
Spiders spun webs around me
and grew old and died

My unblinking eyes glazed
as the desk mounted dust
Its parchment withered
and my pen turned to rust

The statue of a writer
testament unrecognised
A legacy frozen:
of what could have been devised

Beyond my window
Heaven wrestled with Hell
Civilisation
smartly rose and then fell

The world grew silent
its inhabitants scattered

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/colin-white/the-statue-of-a-writer>»*

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Their cities lay crumbled
forsaken and battered

And once again flora
swept over the land
Embroidered the derelict
embellished the grand

Left no temple unaltered
it breached even my door
Unfurling a jungle
where there was none before

The carpet bristled with roots
while vines crept up the stair
snaking the banister
and bound my legs to the chair

Then as tiny green tendrils
investigated my throat
On the cusp of my passing
I wished I had wrote

Now or never, I realized
are both one and the same
We have naught but this moment
merely ourselves to blame

Oh this timely epiphany
if only I could attest
Leave a record of insight
before I digress

With concerted effort
and the desire to tell

I forced my stony hand
to un-make the spell

So finally, finally
as I scrawled my first line
The spiders packed up their webs
and hurried outside

Fallen empires reconciled
flora faded and furled
Pen ran away with paper
and I re-wrote the whole world

