

Inspiration

By Helena Trifillis

“I like what you said about the soil earlier!”

She called to me from down below

I popped my head through the window

We said the soul of the Earth is kinda like soil

It grows the green,

The heart of the Earth

We said soul and soil are similar words

And soil contains microbes and nutrients

It ain't just dirt

She said, “You'll have to excuse me, I'm not my best today,

I'm recovering from heat stroke and my head still feels funny”

And so the thought struck me

What is my best?

Is it the state I attain when inspiration is flowing

And my hand glides with a pen with no sign of slowing?

Why

do

I

feel

like

I can only write

When my mind is burning like wildfire?

Divine inspiration hits me in waves
But when it dissipates...
I feel low and slow
Like I'm standing in still water and just can't catch the flow

But my intuition says, Fear not!
Bring your book and your pen and sit in one spot
Look up at the trees
Look down at the leaves
Observe each piece of food before you eat it
Marvel at the rich brown color of your tea
And write

Write one passage
Could be grand or small
Write!
Even when you can't feel the fire
Just light one candle for us all