

(begin) Timed Write 1

First there was nothing in the sky. Like a blank white wall, an empty canvas. She was poised for something to happen, anything really. But she sat gazing outward and nothing came. Or did it? What was that little glimmer of spark happening down in her fingertips? A heart attack waiting to happen perhaps? Or an itch from within, impossible to quiet through scratching?

“hold on, why follow that thread?” she said to herself as the cobwebs started to blow apart at the edges of her bedroom window glistening wet with raindrops diffusing on the other side of the glass.

“Where does looking happen anyway?” In body sensation? In memory? In surrender to the dream state of unknowing following of threads that weave and waft? Where does looking happen? What is it to look when you don’t know what you are seeing? Is the next thing that comes the best thing to be brought into being or is there some place that thinking about it helps?

Not in the looking. In looking there is not knowing. The such of it all not yet seen. The window’s clear view made mysterious by the soft molten bubbles of water that filter and obscure clarity, while expanding mystery.

(end)

Wrote the above and took a break. Had the thought – What if I now do the same exercise with speaking it (which is I think an easier thing for me to do). Next thought was then – What if I then shared that as a one of the springboard ideas to share with other writers looking to break through into getting stuff written down.

Then the thought, I can’t do that, there is so much in the way of me doing my “online show” (which is what I am calling my project/goal/opportunity).

Next thought: well, I should do that online show, but there is something in the way. What is in the way. (What is bubbling over that glass window in seeing, looking, creating)? Hmm. One thing in the way

- 1) I want to make money at it, so I keep thinking that I have to start with the structure for making money first. Hmm, what if I don’t start there. What if I create it, and share it with people like Charlotte, and all the others who said they’d be interested in a writing workshop? Hmm ok – but there is my goal to make \$40,000. Ok, yes there is that goal, but what I feel in my bones that what is stopping me is having to do it for money. Maybe I do it and the money will follow. But it really has to be about what I want to contribute, otherwise I will just keep stopping myself.
- 2) Next thought: Then there is the structure of doing it online. I’ve got to set up a website, build it out, get a domain name, - God, just choosing a domain name send my mind down a track I can hardly pull myself out from. That never-ending search for just the right name – then just the right name that is available to buy. All the tangents of availability,. coms,. nets,. infos/ (for

gawds sake don't use THAT, that won't work) Are any of those bastardized domain names that are available even viable? Aren't they just what desperate marketers use when they have no imagination and they have been corrupted by the economics of bad SEO solutions? Wait no – pull yourself back out of that train of thought – another trap another trap.

Ok back to the question: What is in the way of starting what it is I want to start?

Maybe it is asking this question itself that is in the way of starting what it is I want to start.

Maybe what is in the way is having to know what it is I want to start

Maybe it is the sitting down or standing upness of getting going. The putting on of shoes and heading out the door, the taking the turn to follow that path through the woods that led the Hobbit down to the dragon's lair. – Wait, wrong story – back to the point.

What was the point? Oh yeah, getting started.

Get started – see what obstacles appear and leap over them or sidestep them and get out of the way.

The idea was: Do the online show.

Next idea: Create it with Char in mind, like we talked about.

I'm inspired by how Natalie Goldberg structures the book *Wild Minds, Living the Writer's life*: She writes an essay on a topic about writing, then gives an exercise.

For me what has tantalized me about this project is doing a live improvisation: followed by an exercise that prompts people to create. I want to show how to open the door to being creative in the moment. Because the moment *is* when everything happens. – The looking, the seeing, the bringing forth, the melding and transforming along with what is going on around you when you are following the impulse. Others (who is it that is in your mind while you are writing – or who is it that is in the audience watching?) The input taken in (Is there another actor on stage with you? Another musician to be listening with?) Being true to self means being true to the moment and what is coming in – it never happens in a vacuum. That red dress on the page came from a comment that lingered in that flirtatious and seemingly offhand moment, but stuck around in the back of my mind until the moment that it wanted to make something fit with where the scene was taking me and suddenly the words, “You can have your black and white world, but I want my life filled in full color bursting with the bright red lips of life's juicy ripeness.”

What there is to do now? open a web page I have already to go, add a video, choose an exercise, and share it. --- hmmm it all seemed so easy just a moment ago. No, no I feel doubts again. I could so easily be back to the resistance. Have I now written myself past the moment of inspiration? Maybe I need to read Natalie again... Or watch Cheryl's new video.

Timed Write 2 – I remember

(begin)

I remember when the sun shone on the top of the trees in my backyard outside of our house on Canterbury dr. It was winter and the snow was newly fallen. In just from playing outside, after stripping off all of the many layers of snow suits, gloves, and other external garments that my mother wrapped me in in order to keep me from the cold. I headed inside to play again. Maybe this time I'd win that game that Ellie and I so loved playing. It was then that I realized that I could not see what was outside the window anymore.

I remember when I sat on my father's lap, lapping up the water of the bowl like a dog.

I remember making up plays for my animals to be part of, in the middle of the day, when no one was watching, I'd sneak down to the freezer and grab myself some frozen cookies. My mother had made them for us to have on Christmas, She was very very angry with me for eating them up. I can't blame her, now that I look back. After all, they were for everyone and I was eating them all myself. I didn't really get that until just this moment. I always thought that she was angry because I was fat. I thought she didn't want me to eat them because I'd be fat and ugly like her.

I remember yesterday, when I ate food. I remember getting mad at Dan because he was telling me how to do something. I began to see that it wasn't about this or that, It wasn't going to be about this or that if it wasn't

about anything at all. Here is the silly part – writing nonsense is my favorite thing. I am a nonlinear brain stuck in a bod that has no boundaries and I remember every time that I forgot. I don't remember every time I forgot, but that is ok. We always only remember every time we forget. But here's the thing. It isn't in the thinking or the remembering that we get access to ourselves. It is in the doing. That taking action is the first step to getting unstuck. After we slap some ideas down on the page we can go back and keep them or change them or give them away. TO THE WIND

I remember the time that they came to my college class and presented about the end of this world. The Hopi prophesy. There would be a time when all the trappings we hold out as being reality would disappear, there would be a new age, down a ladder into another realm of existence that wasn't based in the material world. I couldn't quite grasp what they were saying. But I remember going home and feeling like I had to throw away all my poetry. I am very glad I didn't, but I also am very glad that I had the experience of feeling like. Throwing away my poetry. I liked being free of having to have and keep it in order to have and keep.