

Wet Hands Can't Hold Pens

I

I want to write the most beautiful words. And I want to write the most ugly words. Words that make lovers love and worlds collapse like lovers scorned. I want to write words that will change others' words. I want to write words that will change the world.

I hope someday to be able to write something that justifies the constant flow of good-intentioned advice from an ill-intentioned point of reference.

I've got knowledge inside of me.

I want to write it down.

I think I can have a positive impact on all that I meet.

I want to write it down.

I want to tear myself open,

wide open,

to open up like Northwestern skies and pour out all the pain and confusion, all the inspiration and agitation, and all the constant contradictions of everyday life.

Wide open,

to spill forth blood, guts, and electricity on paper to produce words that give grip to the ladder of life.

For it seems that life these days is just a series of rungs.

And we're all compelled to climb.

But I don't want to climb; I want to write.

I want to write words to change the words on the lips of all the brilliant people.

To change the words and the minds,

the minds of the climbers,

I want to give grip to wet, slippery rungs,

and catch all that fall,

and stitch up the sky,

before we're all wrung out to dry.

I will change the ways we climb, and the ways we rhyme! I will change the words of all! I will change the words! I will change the world!!!

Someday...

II

But what 'til then?

Will I just read and regurgitate?

Spend my days taking in all of the beautiful words and experiences of others with nothing to give back myself?

I must write not of my own feelings and social critiques, but instead of the beautiful words of others that I cannot relate to, and of utopian worlds I cannot escape to.

I must lay down critiques of works that had no affect on me. I must manifest original statements about brilliant pieces of writing that need no comment, least of all from me.

I must write down word after word after sentence after paragraph about historical figures I can't learn from or historical atrocities that no one has learned from.

Then simply dry and bandage my world-worn hands, and gather myself after my own falls off the ladder.

Maybe after all is finally said and done, read and redone, I can muster enough energy to not simply fall asleep with my head resting on paper, hoping that my drool will spell out some beautiful and underrated word that I have not heard or spoken in many years...

III

... like PASSION.

Because that is what this is all about, right?

Maybe just *supposed* to be about?

Isn't it about how I just have no passion? Isn't it about how I can't feel the passion inside of me?

Right? Isn't it about how I don't truly believe? How I don't truly believe I have something worthwhile to say? Isn't it about how I just can't change the world?

Or is it about how writing actually gives me time to think? Could it be about how writing down these feelings and thoughts and emotions makes me confront them?

Gives me time to think about me?

Or could it be that writing gives me a solitary moment to look not just at myself but also at the world around me? A solitary moment to examine closer than before the places I drive and walk over on a daily basis and the historical atrocities I learn about or the provoking ideas that I read about?

A solitary moment to examine the ladder.

Could it be that writing is my only time to look out on the world?

Could it be the time to use my own unique vision to examine the world around me?

Could it be about how writing gives me a moment to look out on the unjust, unprovoked, uninspired world we live in,
one that pushes us to constantly climb,
reaching for rung after rung,
in hopes of reaching a mythical top,
and realize that... maybe I can't change the world?

IV

Well, that may all be true.

The world may be hard to face when you only have two angles from which to view it: back and forward.

And maybe I can't change the world.

But I can change the way I look at the ladder.

The angle at which I view where I'm going,
and from where I've come.

And I realize that I don't want to climb...

...I want to run!

I want to tip over the ladder and run,

and dry my hands in the sun.

And wring out my mind all over the page,

and spell out words to myself that say:

I *can* learn from the past.

I *can* contribute to a better world.

And I can do whatever it takes to wake up with a smile on my face,
and face the world I fight to change for the better, the only way I know how...

...Passionately.