Can words and syllables and syntax break the mold of the trite, the commonplace, the cliched, the same old song, and still convey meaning and get published? Can words slide from the pen like liquid, be amorphous, fluid, uncondensed, letting meaning arise only after the ink is on the page, not before?

What about thoughts? They too get molded into deep grooves of habit and become stale and worn and close off life and newness. When do old thoughts get bumped up so that new thoughts can have their place--can see daylight, chart horizons, build skies? A hundred thoughts a day, like the ripples of the ocean, bang into sand, crash against reality or other thoughts that distract and dizzy and pale, then wash away.

What if, universally, there were a practice period every day for new thoughts? Or is it not old and tired thoughts that are the problem, but how to let thoughts ripen, move, settle, form, create heft and shape and color? Would the mold be broken then? Would the world know peace? Would hearts rest?