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She Writes

Emily C. Ryan
St. John Fisher College

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She Writes

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"She can't remember when the morning became confused with night, when the clouds of her unrest shaded the glow of promise, making the beep, beep, beep, of her alarm clock the only way to tell one from the other. Life, like a long drawn out play with mediocre actors, bored from too many cigarettes and a diet of saltine crackers, had started to play out before her on a stage. Her eyes had become useless from over thinking and under-emotionalizing everything - she was always rehearsing, but never taking the stage."

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EMILY RYAN

SHE WRITES

She can't remember when the morning became confused with night, when the clouds of her unrest shaded the glow of promise, making the beep, beep, beep, of her alarm clock the only way to tell one from the other. Life, like a long drawn out play with mediocre actors, bored from too many cigarettes and a diet of saltine crackers, had started to play out before her on a stage. Her eyes had become useless from over thinking and under-emotionalizing everything – she was always rehearsing, but never taking the stage. The little breaks that came from doing things she shouldn't with people who like mirages in the desert, left her longing, thirsty, and dry; were not enough to keep her going. She found solace in all things intellectual - peace in the finite black and white, and herself in the infinite minds of poets like Emerson and Gluck. What she feared most of this life wasn't the loss of human touch, but the loss of herself. Scared of getting lost between the desk shelves, between the beep of her alarm clock, between the action of everyday and everyday and everyday. Scared of not being able to find herself in her words, in a world that she can understand without a map, because map-less is how she prefers it. Where the white page becomes her foundation and she builds herself strong walls littered with puzzles of windows to let only the keenest light in, she has the reigns on infinity. She wonders when, if ever she will feel again? When will the morning be bright? When will the orange light melt like love on her tongue? When will she write and be real?

She wants to know and so she writes, she writes a manifesto. And it hurts. And she is not thirsty. And she is not lost. She is. She has word, and word has her, and she is. The morning ceases to be confused with night, and everyday does not dissolve, and the desert ceases to be dry, she thinks, at least, for today.