

Writing a Fantasy

By Kathleen L. Shay

Copying, pasting, typing,

It is like making a dress

Sitting on a chair that is too low to the ground

Papers crinkling as pages are put in order

How nice the sound

The feel of that pen or pencil

As it swims across the page

It still feels so nice to the hand that is using it.

Even when it is crossing out a mistake or a

Long winded line or just a plain bad idea.

Making it like a crazy quilt in all its reds, blues and sometimes purple ink.

The clicking of the keys

The faster it goes,

the longer,

More passionate the story becomes

(At least I the writer thinks or hopes so)

The little mouse was once so small

Barely a pinprick of an idea,

Then that once scrap piece of knowledge

Sparkled the mouse into a great Dragon letting it be free from its prison of the mind.

Its beauty cannot be compared

And comes into being

Only when it is thought of.

As too the reality it lives in  
With trees and fellow creatures  
Who have been long forlorn  
Oh, those Greeks, Vikings, Romans, Wizards, Tributes, and Vampires have had their time.  
Comes again the lore of the warriors of ancient Celts and Englishmen  
Here my dear Fairies and ancient beings that were driven away from their homes  
Your new home is here in this story made of my mad musings.  
Your magic flows again and as well as the dignity of the Dragons.  
No longer are you servants to humans  
Once again you will be respected and the humans will have to listen to you  
As untamed as the people whom spoke of you.  
As I write,  
I think back to that little eighth-grader  
Who when digging in the school library  
Found her calling again,  
Through a young boy with a lightning-shaped scar on his forehead,  
And then found a kindred spirit in a young orphan boy who becomes a sneaky Ranger.  
Now I sit here typing, editing, reading,  
And I hope to see  
Another little girl and she may find  
Whatever maybe missing in her heart,  
From a Girl with Dragon Shaped Eyes.