

“Make it Bleed.”  
By James Hogan

You stand before the page, petrified,  
Your stained pen in hand.

Raging terror strikes you,  
The pain tearing away your dreams,  
Your hopes, your petty aspirations, as it  
Awaits the words that could, simply,  
Stem from within you.

But you can't bear to see it,  
To touch it, to feel it,  
And your withered potential  
Will die with your final breath.

And you'll look back upon that page,  
That piece of paper that  
Conquered you, laughed at your  
Pathetic nature as you cowered with your pen.  
You could have been violently  
Cutting and slicing, letting the energy flow –  
Flow furiously as the deep, dark life force  
Gushed outwards from the wounds whilst you danced  
Into the everlasting darkness,  
Pouring your world into the night until your hand  
Weakened, slowed,  
And stopped.

But no. You shied away.

Forget it. It's just a page.

Make it bleed.