

On Writing

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PROLOGUE

The life of a writer is lived only as reflections of the pen on delicate paper. The life of a writer with her glances and walks is seen only as shadows of her pen on the bright paper. The life of a writer is true only as ink breathes paper. The life of a writer is lived in secrets stored between paper walls.

THE RITUAL

Here I am, at this desk: writing for it feels most clear to me to do so. The preparation is that of a ritual, with the cleansing of the face, the dimming of the lights, the clearing of the desk for the warm cup of tea nearby. It is a ritual that has crafted itself over the years, adding what necessary for the release of the real ceremony.

Writing is more than an act of marking paper with pen. It, for me, is a time for release of these thoughts in clear form. How divine is the ability to transform lonely feelings into permanent declarations of the common language. How comforting to find solace and understanding in the words that speak back to you, echoing what you know to be true but heard from lips other than yours.

Writing, for me, is the stop of the clock, the pause of the river's currents, the peaceful embrace of an evening's settling air. When I write, I feel impossible walls break before me to release these emotions that had no form before. Now visible, I see their birth in the day's encounters or the air's adventure or even the invalid point of reference, thereby declaring the hoax of believing such a feeling came solely from within. I see the feelings in front as I feel them still linger in me. And in their physical form, I wonder who I am but a medley of these emotions of the day's collection of currents. Who am

I but a mosaic of all that surrounds me, and me just an expression to what I have found beyond my eyes and in the palms of my hands.

Writing, for me, is the release of the ties of each breath destined to tie this body for life. These breaths follow the path of time where beginning was my first and the end will be the last. But the breath ties every moment in time together with my body the reference point of moving time. The feelings that come and the limbs that grow, these are promises time promised breath when asking help to create. These words release the ties of time as the world stops when I write.

Writing, you see, is not a play of words or the passing of time, but the unraveling of ties to find your body a sculpture of meaning inside.

WRITING TO WRITE

What is the difference between what one does and what one has done?

(Part of me feels uncomfortable to open my thoughts as wide as I do, to then etch word by word of what I feel out here, to be naked and cold alone — but that is what excites me, really.)

Writing is natural; it's a breath of air for me. There is no fear of the words themselves. Writers can only applaud at the quality of these letters for not tearing apart at the seams of their thoughts. To withstand all that can come, and to stand still in their place, even still with fear to run to spell a warmer feeling.

There is no fear as I sit down to write what may come in memories or thought. There is enjoyment in the process of thinking and feeling enough to be worth describing in words, a foreign shelter. There are stories behind every letter I type, from the uses of these words back to the first introduction of the word in my life.

How admiring it is to look at these words I've learnt and used in the context of my own life. To write is to release all the moments of excellence: to have heard a word and to have expe-

rienced a moment so wonderful to have found your memory in the expression of that word. Writers admire the words they have come to first introduce themselves to. And to receive permission to craft their own experience of the word and its story. The word allows constant change for the writer, but no other. To trust in the one who changes you constantly is to part with fear and apprehension of the one who loves you, sees you, for all you are. Words do what ultimate sacrifice they can, and that is to offer their life on the line for scarred ink in veins of writers who need every hit of the life they feel.

I believe writing about oneself in third person's view is much safer than entries so explicit. No longer are you alone in the room, but there is another to aid in comfort and warmth (although they are the same you from another view.

All of the sudden, I feel quite cold realizing I've left myself alone in a room in every entry of mine the past 6 years.)

It seems the mind of a writer feels like no other: in the state of sleep or falling in love or feeling warmth. The writer feels it all at every moment of every day (and that means the wake in the late light, the solid floor at your face, and the cold on the edge of warmth, too.)

What people feel are the memories taking place. What writers see are the memories being organized in folders and shelves of where they belong: in words categorizable and removable from inherent structures of time, place, or sense.

I see the intuition, to hold some marker and clear paper to write what I feel, is like no other instinct to find food, to find

shelter, a partner to be still. But writing, I grab so dearly, to rather be dead than without blank surface to write.

I first understood of this world in a language I never learnt to speak. I first heard of the birds, and the trees, and the father and sister through words my parents whispered in my ear. Their language, their mother tongue what they know so well. I heard whispered my first scenes of this world in a language I never learnt how to speak.

I speak in a tongue so cold after seeing the odd room that holds no semblance to my father nor mother nor shelter. I hope myself protecting myself in this strange world of a language that should offer some sense.

MUST WE WRITE?

I wonder if there is a need to clarify all, to list or archive what darkness demands illumination in the single file permitted through the tunnel of attention I can spare it. I wonder if I have always done it this way, of shoving every thought into its dress of words addressed to the date or filled to location, to steal its precious privacy as a sole thought in time and declare its death on memorialized bleached papers. I wonder if there is a need to process it all, to prove it all (yourself, your thoughts, your beliefs) to others to deem yourself worthy of a life left alone in peace. For I have given myself no freedom but the reduction of a single authoritative figure who asks of me to inscribe my insides out if it means writing of my days in advance of my body's current time and place. Where is the rest? Where is the rest I promised of ease to the mind that thinks spelling its blood would bind its wounds?

WALK THE LINE

Walk the line,
my dear friends,
if you desire a glance of recognition.
I've given you enough,
in the darkness of our cave,
to have you know me as your master and slave.
I have let you push me,
trod me in your dirty boots and trailing bags,
your newest ways with your latest finds.
I have let you seek shelter
in the enclave of my mind.

Here, the darkness so pure
viscous of the mud mixed for Adam and Eve.
I have done no fault, separation or disgrace,
have let each of you rise and occupy your space.
I know each of you, have taken the time to feel each of you
even in your birth, without light or face,
I have known each of you as the feelings that you are.

So, my friends,
do stay in the line.
The light shall find its way
through the mud at its pace.
Order yourselves in a line, single file, right behind,
let me feel the light to
introduce our guest to our mind.

My friends, my feelings, my masters and slaves,
shall I introduce the new way our life shall proceed?
Prepare yourselves for the light is on its way.
Watch yourselves for soon you shall see
the mud that has dried as your feet.

WHY I WRITE

A writer understands that his words are no truer than the words of the others, no truer than the stories passed down one another, no truer than the mirage of the last glimpse of the road. He understands that what he writes is not truth anymore: as long as a thought dies in ink, every piece of work of a writer is pure fiction. Words are tangents tacked on the full presence of an experience. This experience has colour, sound, texture, scent, even the vibration of its own velocity — the distance of the experience from its home or truth. As soon as this experience is transcribed into words, the whole depth of experience is dissolved, fragmented into pieces to pull on a string and adorn the throats of those who speak best.

The vocation of a writer is not one of piety or disillusionment. Days come and pass in the seemingly predicted form. Babies birth and die, fields green and brown, life lives and rot. But in pauses, there lies the uncertainty. How can it be predicted with a stop in motion where the resurgence will lead? How, in the midst of the set form, can it be expected for day to come again, or to pass for more than the last of this evening? There is no truth in the telling of this gap, there is no telling of the truth that lays in this gap. What can be done is the grasp of the experience, and to permit it no suffocation of a word or song that promises truth served on a fictional plate. I tell you, this is the vocation of a writer.

Writers are no word-whisperers, nor world-sorcerers, but in fact the weakest to succumb to the breaks of movement. A day might pass into night without notice from a passerby. But show the sky to a writer and you will watch the evening drip

like a river on the watcher's face. A writer speaks no truth in the words he falls prey to. He can only permit some release of the depth he finds in seemingly every passing in the day. I tell you, the beauty you feel in the words of a writer is only a fraction of the experience he is allowed to cut off his heart and present on a plate.

Do not fall for the words of a writer, to kneel in idolization of the fragmented word. The full beauty rests in the experience of the writer, the one sensitive to the breaks present in everyday life. If you find his words beautiful, cherish your innocent heart that has yet to reveal itself to the fuller beauty of this life. The writer simply lives in awe, as if having read his end and now seeing his past through a field of roses.

SIMPLY PUT

I think of how natural the thought of, the feeling of, writing is. How precious to have nurtured, cultivated such a practice for the true beneficiary of the self. It is for the present, and through time, the gift unfolding for the future's memories as well. Some days pass, and I feel I must write. I tell time's passing only by these pages filling. And how fluent I am in my own thoughts. I know the language of my feelings for ease at transcribing thoughts into words and those into creations. I did this for myself, I did this to myself.

EPILOGUE

It would be a shame to fill the beauty of silence so whole in orchestral nature with the light weight of words. Yet it would be a shame the same to mourn the thoughts born too late. For a writer, the journal spells the cure between contamination and constraint.

