

JUST LABEL ME THE BEGGAR

Do you know what it feels like to feel like you are slipping further and further away from everyone you know and love? I feel lost. I have always felt lost.

I think of these things because there are times--most times--when i feel like this. I try not to be the type of person who projects their feeling into their writing but this is something i have yet to accomplish. Have you ever wrote something and it described who you were at some point and as you wrote the story you changed with the main character themselves.? I never thought this was possible for me however, it happened. In such a way I had not realized it until i was done writing the story itself. What bothers me is the fact that I know this story is a good story and yet I'm told that i need to take out various things about it. I expected this in some way but no to the extreme it was told to me. I don't mind making changes to it but my problem is I am thinking if i do i will alter the character himself. This is something i do not wish to do. For so many reasons. I'm not unwilling to make the changes needed but I know it will affect the overall story. Got any suggestions? I'm open to ~~_____~~

hearing any that may be brought to me. I have so many ideas of so stories i could write but I don't know how they would appeal to today's market. Of course i want them to sell but i also want readers to take an interest in the characters them selves and be able to relate in some form or another to them. Well, i haven't submitted any poetry in a while so here are 2 poems i wrote a few years back. January is the main theme of them. I hope you enjoy.

Just beginning to be beautiful,
After a long cold snow.
Nothing is left untouched while sleeping,
Until awakened with the sunlight.
Against the cold life springs forth.
Resisting the hibernation,
Yet giving birth to new beginnings.

In case you don't understand or are unfamiliar with this type of poetry the first letter of each line starts with a letter of the word i am trying to spell in this case it would be January.

Here is the second poem. This one is actually title "JANUARY". I hope you enjoy.

The sun rises
colors like the sea.
Clouds give way to
the coolness in the breeze.

The sun sets
giving way to a cloudless sky
Stars shine brightly
like diamond-made lights.

Winter is ending
swiftly it seems.
Clouds fast moving in
with snow or rain.

The birth of another year
comes quickly into motion
so many things in coldness
subdued in hibernation

The trees are bare
with only branches.
The grass is dry
and brown in patches.

Here you see January,
peace has come to reign
Forthcoming with triumph
A beginning with no end.

In the coming months I will writing some of the short stories I wrote. I haven't done this because of my schedule but I hope to have some down time soon. I'm wishing you all a Happy Easter!!

FOOD FOR THOUGHT:

Love is a choice, not a feeling.
Love is a gift--from God to us, and from us to others.
We love because we choose to love, not because we feel like loving. Sometimes love reaches out, and sometimes love lets go. Love must be shared, or it withers and dies. Love is a choice and a gift. Don't keep it to yourself. Give it away.