

Writer's Block

By Jen Wieber

What is this illness that
infects the hand?
What is this ailment that
threatens the brain?

My words don't come.
They were stolen from me
when fear came lurking
in the dark of night.

Gone half mad, I hop in the car
and my tires squeal after him,
but I don't get far.
The flashing orange diamond
brings me to a full stop.
Detour. Road closed ahead.
And while I sit there waiting
for the flagger to nod my ascension,
to tell me it's my turn,
I wonder what damage to my hood
would be worth the end of this misery.

I have words to say,
thoughts to paint on this canvas.
It is then that the waiting becomes
more painful than the misery.

I pull my car into drive.
And with a rapid intake of breath
I am sailing.
Sailing through the roadblock,
sailing past the flagger with mouth agape.
This thrill, this wind
makes me wild with inspiration.

Bravery?

No, this is art. This is life.
When your heart screams
For you to get on with it.
To put pen to paper.
To be true to yourself,

you must.

Your Captor

By Jen Wieber

A writer is like a painter,
an artisan who strokes with words,
not color.

Until the reader gets ahold of your page,
and the words form shades and combinations
of reds, yellows, and blues.

Words on paper.
Art on canvas.

And when the words
don't come at all?

Who keeps these words
locked away,
never to see the light of day?

The only captor I see
is you.

Thank you

By Jen Wieber

Thankfulness can be shown
In reciprocity—
Like a plate of cookies—
In a notecard
Or typed as a consumer review

Or it can be shown in a kiss,
all wet and sloppy,
While waiting for the light to change
From red to green.

If

By Jen Wieber

If only I were born
some 30 years
before.

If only.

We could have
been friends.

Yet here we are.
You are my friend.
And my mother.

That worked
out nicely.

Weiherstrasse Street

By Jen Wieber

They arrived, all five of them,
tattered suitcases and tepid smiles
with a warm Willkommen that
led to a lifetime of friendship
and which served as a needed distraction.

The wonder of Germany would
affect her mind the rest of her years
and her heart still sometimes, mostly
during periods of nostalgia,
lives in that house
on Weiherstrasse street.