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My Writing Life: In Fits and Starts

At times my writing life comes easily. I might be out tossing scraps to the chickens, or pulling weeds in the garden. I'll notice a certain slant of light and suddenly I'll think of a way to add that image into my latest writing project. I'll drop my hoe and run to the house for a pencil. I might look up 3 hours later to notice the sun has gone down, imagine my abandoned garden tools rusting in the dew. But I've been writing, and that's good.

Other times writing even one sentence is like pulling an onion from rock hard earth when the stalk has wasted away.....