

Your Writer's Notebook

(a four-metaphor poem inspired by four students' notebooks)

A beehive of buzzing thoughts,
Which land, and fly, then land.
Where the queen touches paper
A memory is preserved forever.
It's rough, it's larval still,
But it's there on that papery substance
And soon to become a potential
Producer of golden honey.

Face your notebook's white pages
As one faces the blowing wind,
For it is a gust of air,
That white page there.
That white page there.
Its infinite possibilities
Might jet right past you
If you close your eyes for safety's sake.
Let caution disappear from your brain
And write what the wind
Allows to land on your writer's eyes.

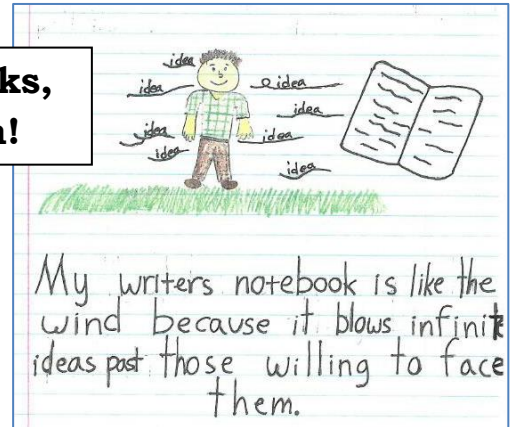
Once in a very lucky while
That wind may blow in fireflies
And your notebook becomes their crystal jar
That holds them there in place
Until you allow them to return to space.
While they're there, shining the glow worth remembering,
Write them down. Create the time
To record each one's visit in a unique way.
Years from now your crystal jar may be empty
But flickers of remembered light will keep it glowing.

A beehive, a breeze, a lovely container,
But it's also a car that might drive you
Quite far. A vehicle that brakes then speeds.
Quick turns, alert driver, the blank page is ahead,
But so are the obstacles, the exits, the rest stops.
We all need to stop, but limit that stopping,
And drive forward each day.
Keep a good, steady speed.
You'll never arrive anywhere great
With a notebook that doesn't accelerate.

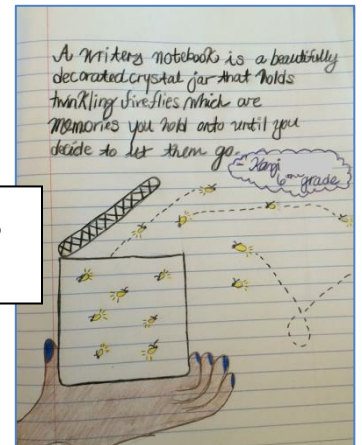
**Thanks,
Hannah!**



**Thanks,
Tim!**



**Thanks,
Kazi!**



**Thanks,
Lily!**

