

# A Writer's Notebook

(a [four-metaphor poem](#) inspired by four students who keep their own notebooks)  
poem written by Mr. Corbett Harrison

Bait it. Splish, splash.  
Like fish, your thoughts dash  
Through currents, through tides that ebb and that fall,  
Towards the wide white-lined sand of each notebook page.  
Catch them all,  
Or dare to try. You fish that ocean 'til each school has run dry.  
Then bait up again the next day at least.  
This, eager writers, is your path to a feast.

Light it. Flicker, flame.  
Like a match, your ideas quickly claim  
That tiny stick we call a match that burns so fast. Wise brains know  
Touching match to a wick, well, that's the surest way to  
Carry the glow of  
Thoughts so warm. Keep candles nearby in notebook form.  
When matches catch, fire is handled  
By writers who know the best thoughts are candled.

Stitch it. Hem and sew.  
Like fabric, your notions tend to grow  
When joined, when seamed, when tatted and laced.  
Turn your threads into dresses with thoughts from your page.  
Ultimately your ideas just might grace  
A fashion runway stage. Watch for patterns and ruffles  
In the words that you use. It might take a while,  
But those threads, young writers, will lead to style.

Pop it. Snap and ping.  
Your words, like kernels, aren't anything  
Until they roll in oil and burst forth as a buttery treat.  
That empty bowl—your notebook—needs constant refills. And  
You need words good enough to eat,  
Good enough that re-reading them thrills you enough  
To pop them out once more, then again.  
Those kernels, you writers, are fuel for your pen.

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