

## Why The Writer

By  
Delores Johnson

Words and thoughts pour ink onto blank paper  
from our minds, down our arms,  
through our hands and out of fingertips.

We write.

Worded sheets of paper and scraps  
litter our desks, our tables  
and the floor around our chairs.

We write.

Listen to the voices of our words  
feel the rhythm of it jump from the page  
into your fingertips, through your hands,  
up your arms and into your minds

We write.

Words sing through our bodies  
extending its experiences to your soul  
binding us together with written images  
created for you  
but especially for ourselves

We write.