

Write from My Heart

Jaine's Musings on Writing & Creativity



RECREATE ME, LORD!

throw open the window of my mind —
let all thoughts, ideas, preconceived notions
flow out into the ether,
experience sensations of lightness —
a feather wafting on cushions of air —

emptiness, readiness to absorb,
sponge-like,
and filter reality, spirituality,
to grey cells, heart's wells,
fill all once more
with truth, bringing pure intentions,
inventions, sciences, arts —

thus the new may enter
the old depart

Recreate me, Lord!
Set me toward the path Divine
that I follow Your design.

1996



EMERGENCE

Lurking— in the shadows of my soul—
tucked in—opposite conscious awareness,

The Creative Self

The Artistic Child

not dead— frozen —against reality —
thawing—awaiting birth.

Who *am* I?

Who *should* I be?

Who *shall* I become?

Will waking the sleeping beauty within
bring chaos
to my snug, safe, systematic orderly existence —
open a Pandora's Box stuffed with stinging memories —
inflict an ache in the atrophied appendages
of my True Self
as I struggle through therapeutic exercises —
learn to crawl again
before I can walk,
before I can run,
before I can dance,
before I can sing

and BE —

at last—

as I was meant to be —

made in His image:

The Creator

June 1996 (Revised February 13, 2023)



METAMORPHOSIS

The slumbering caterpillar stirs—
the strong silken threads of it's cocoon
begin to fray.

Slowly, slowly it shakes off
the dust of apathy,
prepares to don vibrant wings
of awareness
and observation,
open eyes to the vast world beyond,
encompass more, much more
than self.

the anesthetizing effects
of ignorance gradually
begin to erode
as the tingling of
remembrance begins:
the childhood awe
of colors and shapes, fascination
with sounds shifts
to twinges of long-buried
cognizance, perceptions —
then painfully *erupts*

into pangs of regret
and remorse.

G-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y,
an emerging sense
of purpose alleviates
the pain, transforms it
into aims and goals,
develops into action.
A poem flutters forth.
Metamorphosis.
The butterfly is free . . .

January 10, 1997 (Revised March 30, 2026)



Birthing the Creative Child

In the shadows of my soul
I cry to break free:
"Creativity! Unblock the goal!
Please, please, let it be.

I see, I feel,
with the child, I behold
that I was an artist
though otherwise told.

To dance, to sing,
to paint, to bring
release from the well within.

Stifled and mocked —
my artist was blocked.
now, to learn it's true worth —
like a phoenix — rebirth!

2005



I Am a Creative Being . . .

I am Faith

in God Who created me in His image:

the Creator —

I am a creative being

I am Creativity

I live among similes, metaphors, and symbols

I play with nouns, verbs, and adjectives,

but avoid cavorting with adverbs

I try — I strive — to improve my relationship with commas,
semi-colons, and their ilk.

I am Self-Confidence

I know I can — and should —

finish writing the book

that will encourage and inspire

the creative inner child in each reader

I am Perseverance

I will complete the task;

It will be written and

I will nurture it to publication.



Tsunami Thoughts

Ideas bubble up from hidden depths
in the sea of the subconscious —
tickle the grey matter
with their effervescence,
short-circuit thoughts
as they dive
indiscriminately from one cell
to another —
an intellectual feeding frenzy —
cerebral indigestion —
drowning in the deluge of my musings.
Insufficient time to complete even one lap
before swimming into uncharted waters —
caught in an eddy of my reflections.

Is there a life jacket in my size? —
A Mae West to stabilize me long enough
to calmly float words onto the paper shore
before they sink under the weight of the next wave?



I Want a Poem that . . .

I want a poem that . . .
Tickles and makes me laugh —
that see the irony in all of life's moments —
happy and sad

I want a poem that . . .
that sends butterflies flitting
onto the tongue of my thoughts
and tastes of summer

I want a poem that . . .
cuddles and nurtures and
warms me from the inside out

I want a poem that . . .
puts a smile on my face
and turns a dreary day sunny

I want a poem that . . .
causes my tired self to
rise, sing, and dance

I want a poem that . . .
brings joy, creates hope
and makes me jump up
and say "YES!"

I want a poem that . . .
pulls the weeds and plants daisies
trickles water down the rocks into the pond
creates sounds calm and peaceful

I want a poem that . . .
makes me thank God to be alive
To have another day to savor
and inspires me to share that feeling with
family and friends — and to make new friends

Writing Exercise at “The Write Life” Writer’s Retreat
Desert Rose Bahá’í Institute 2009



Paint a Poem

As we use our thoughts and words as a painter uses paints and brushes, we step up the pace of our own evolution. ~ Mark Doty

The pen, like brush,
Paints word pictures —
As eloquent to reader
As painting to viewer.

Rich. Lustrous. Vibrant. Both
Infuse the mind —
Set it to ponder
The wonders of life.
Mine its meanings,
Strive to fathom its depths.

Search, sift, consider, opine
Then set those thoughts and opinions
On page — or canvas — again.

Process renewed:

Ever-growing,
Ever-knowing
That we never completely know . . .

3 February 1997



PEN A POEM

Happy? Pen a poem!
Elation will grow;
in its warmth you will glow.

Sad? Pen a poem!
Hurt will melt away;
you will get through the day.

Angry? Pen a poem!
The fire will wane
and calm you'll regain.

Confused? Pen a poem!
Clear the air
so you can see from here to there!

Smitten? Pen a poem!
The jewels from your heart
to your beloved impart.

For every emotion that stirs —
each want and desire —
pen a poem:
soon equanimity you'll reacquire.



POEMS HAPPEN

I cannot “make” a poem.

Poems happen—

when they wish—

at their convenience,

not mine.

Erratic.

Capricious.

Sometimes

they rush forth

at full speed.

Other times

they come

s-l-o-w-l-y

but steadily.

Again —

they’re sporadic —

now and then —

if they’re in the mood.

I’ll take any of the above.

I dread the droughts

1997



ORDER SHMORDER ⇨ JUST WRITE

Write ✍️ ⇨ think ⇨ feel.

Feel ⇨ think ⇨ write ✍️.

Think ⇨ feel ⇨ write ✍️.

Think about what you feel ⇨
then write ✍️ it.

Write ✍️ as you are feeling ⇨
without thinking ⇨
then ⇨

think 💡 about what you wrote.

August 1997



To STORY — To ESSAY — To POEM — To WRITE

To story — To essay — To poem — To write.

Something witty and wise
intelligent — bright,
that grabs — that beguiles,
causes tears or brings smiles.

The challenge before me,
I quiver and quake,
but it's one that I welcome —
will definitely take.

I'll look to my muse,
and look also within,
say a prayer,
sit down,
take a deep breath— begin.

See where it takes me,
whether now or back then,
or a peek at the future
and what it may hold
I'll set pen to paper
be honest — be bold.

Each try an adventure —
time very well spent.

No mush head from TV,
mind all warped and bent.

Better to do something

In which I delight:

To story — To essay — To poem — To write.

October 5, 1999 (Revised March 30, 2026)



I, TOO AM A PEN

Why are the words hiding?
They've gone into seclusion.
Am I really a poet,
or is it just a delusion?
Such glorious feasts
when I write in profusion—
Then come famines—
stress and confusion.

I can't write on demand.
Words come through inspiration.
Ah, and when they pour forth,
all is elation—
But when the pen's dumb—
I'm numb; no sensation.

This all serves to point out
that I, too, am a pen—
The tool of my Muse
who only uses me when
There are thoughts to be shared
with mortals again.