When the Artist becomes the creation

He just sat there
For hours and hours
Sitting there, staring
As if waiting
For the ink to fall from the pen
Or for the deep emptiness
To dry up, much like the ink.

His hands still, like stone.
As if he was a grand
Mable statue himself.
As if instead of creating,
He was the creation.

As if there were no words,
No image, nothing
That could show the exact feeling.
The only way it could be shown

Was with the absence of it all.
Instead of creating,
He is the creation.
He represents the feeling.
And thus, he is greater
Than any creation man has ever made.

"Sometimes depression can be so overwhelming that instead of being able to create, all we can do is become its creation." -Kurtis Allison