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