

What's on your horizon?

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"CREATIVITY"

Creativity is indeed a rare commodity. One that's as elusive as my shadow, as powerful as a hurricane, yet as gentle as a reverent memory of peace and loving. There is no way to force it, tease it, or tempt it out of hiding when it chooses seclusion over intellectual and analytical gyrations of mind.

Creativity is truly galactic mental calisthenics that triggers a seductive, aromatic bouquet which emanates from thoughts. It reawakens the need to fill my heart and nurture my soul with colours, language, words, communication, then using them to expand my mental horizons. Creativity is writing about everything I see, and being able to put those views into the file cabinets of my memory bank.

As we trudge through life, without realizing it all of our experiences are deposits into that personal memory bank. When we get too old to create new experiences, we begin withdrawing on those deposits to once again relive them, only this time in the reverie of our mind. Creativity, my creativity will tell the tales in words and become those deposits, and will be the withdrawals in the years to come.

My stories have to be perfect, complete, and more vivid than what the casual observer might see because they will at some time become the life experience of the reader. I, as a writer, am bound by that obligation and responsibility. Writing creates the experiences for those who otherwise would not have them. I have to write for everyone, creating something tangible to fill the void in those who seek, in those who cannot write, for those who can no longer experience on their own.

Creativity is reaching out and grabbing onto what I see, feel, hear, taste or sense, then pulling it closer until I have my arms firmly around it. Creativity enables me, the verbal artist, to paint the scenery, sketch the emotions, draw the faces, color the clothes, and put wind in the hair, yet I have only words upon my palette. My words are the brushes, the colors, the canvas, and eventually the scene.

Creativity is describing the hand of dawn as it pulls back the curtain of night, allowing the ever vigilant luminaries their rest. It's recognizing the light, the glory, and through the gates of time, remembering your past, reliving the story. Forever is like that you know, no ending but always the same to begin. Creativity draws you in as the audience, both captive and captivated.

I may have heard the same words millions of times before, yet void of the perception that guides them through the nerve-laden highway between my thoughts and the paper which they will eventually call home. I must taste them before they leave my lips, must feel them before they leave my fingers.

Being creative is like taking on the job of moonbeam catcher. It's elusive, imponderable, difficult, and a formidable task, but it's not impossible. At least not to those inclined to believe in moonbeams. Moonbeams and stardust are inseparable. Chasing those elusive moonbeams with the inconceivable task of defining them leads only to the haven of stardust wherein the rewards are bestowed. And the moonbeams must be chased, because without them my mind would shrivel up and become useless to me, to us. It's a goal, a job that few fervently pursue, and without the incredible emotion and obsession to write the words that flicker through my soul's mind, I would forget the romance in the spoken and written word.

Writing is a perpetual love affair, falling in love, and staying in love. Writing is to be nurtured by the sounds, syllables and harmonics as they resonate through my soul, my spirit, sparking my imagination to reach out for the unfathomable, the unreachable. It's reaching to edify my body, mind, soul and spirit, and the sounds weave their tales throughout my being. The sounds fulfill my soul, activating my abilities to look beyond the horizon, beyond the galaxy, beyond infinity.

And what about infinity? A single word is finite, but words together are infinite. The impressions, thoughts, and feelings created by stories are forever. When our bodies die, our soul remembers, and our souls are not bound to this third dimensional existence. The word infinity automatically creates a question in my mind, like how far out there is infinity? In our limited thinking we cannot grasp the meaning of infinity. That word instantly creates the idea that there is a boundary somewhere out in the vastness of the universe, supposedly, beyond our ability to discern and understand it. So, if it sets up that limiting thought pattern, then I must use my spiritual eyes to look beyond it.

I, by myself, must forever strive to tear down the walls in my mind. The walls that encase me and hold me prisoner in the time-space continuum I affectionately call the little blob of gray matter between my ears. Our brain is far more than that but few believe it, few strive to prove it. I do.

Death marks the end of learning, so until then, it's never too late. We all have a particular set of tools that we choose to work with, and we have to make the best of them. There are people who build skyscrapers, breathtaking bridges, space ships, you name it, and their tools are all different, yet they bring the same sense of fulfillment to the bearer and beholder. My tools are my mind, pen, and paper — that's all, nothing more and certainly nothing less.

But you see, there is nothing greater than the mind, and I choose to dwell in the prodigious chambers and lobes that house the amphitheater of creativity, ever striving to bring forth the stories and tales of long ago, now, and of future worlds that know no boundaries, no limits, and dare to defy definition.

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