

I Want to Write

Creative Nonfiction • Stephen Turner

I want to write something. I want to write a poem. I want to write a novel. I want to write about happy things. I want to write about scary things. I want to write about angry things. I want to write about peaceful things. I want to write about intellectual stimuli. I want to write about dumb jokes. I want to write about myself. I want to write about some other stuff first.

I want to write about morning. I want to write about the orange pill bottles lining my bathroom shelf. I want to write about the rising sun. I want to write about how it plots to blemish our skin every day. I want to write about the morning dew that drenches my shoes. I want to write about the songs I listen to to wake myself up. I want to write about the lone trashcan in the middle of the woods. I want to write about whether the trashcan has the fortitude to survive the alien invasion.

I want to write about bacon and how awful it is for you. I want to write about cantaloupe being an underrated fruit. I want to write about a cantaloupe god who goes on a holy quest to eradicate all bacon from the world. I want to write about all the ladies on duty at the register. I want to write about saying hello and goodbye to them everyday. I want to write about a secret network of service staff around the country, working to subdue the beast fed by the bourgeoisie.

I want to write about every professor I've ever had. I want to write about the professor who plays video games while we write papers. I want to write about the professor who makes his students curry at the department

social event. I want to write about the professor who let me walk her dog. I want to write about the professor that leads the ten most gifted students in America to defeat a celestial being approaching Earth. I want to write about how that would be an excellent adventure for me and my frie—

I want to write about all of the people I've met in my classes. I want to write about the party girl with platinum blond hair who screams every time I come into the room. I want to write about the car lover in a baseball cap who waves from across the class. I want to write about the sketch artist in a blouse who drew her crush during class one day. I want to write about the maniac with slicked back hair who wants to take down the government. I want to write about the monster in the basement we can all defeat together, and become heroes that get to visit Calvin Coolidge's secret bunker.

I want to write about all of my friends and their relationships. I want to write about all the crazy party stories they have. I want to write about the party girl who has three times the stories I do. I want to write about the car enthusiast who started his own club. I want to write about the sketch artist with a terrifying passion for love and justice. I want to write about the maniac who can recite 50 different philosophical stances.

I want to write about all the fictional characters that are still in the back of my head. I want to write about my portfolio that's mostly empty. I want to write about how none of my stories know what they want to be. I want to write about how little research they have behind them. I want to write about all the funny little ways they wind up being awful.

I want to write about something even more awful. I want to write about the shows I watch to distract myself from it. I want to write about the music I play to drown it out. I want to write about that one question that I try to avoid asking every day...

...what have you been doing with your time?

I want to write something amazing now. I want to write something so amazing it forces everyone to stop what they're doing and pay attention to me. I want to write something perfect. I want to write something everyone loves.

I want to write about how the sun would be a horrible villain. I want to write about how a trash can would be an even worse protagonist. I want to write about how stupid a cantaloupe god is and how the hell it would even eradicate bacon. I want to write about how no one wants to read about

service staff. I want to write about how cliché space monsters have become. I want to write about how no one knows who Calvin Coolidge is and that he doesn't even have a secret bunker. I want to write down everything that might grab people's attention. I want to write out nothing that even one person will dislike. I want to write about anything but myself now.

I want to write about bed. I want to write about the desk that sits before me. I want to write about how my laptop fits perfectly on top. I want to write about the white space of the blank page. I want to write about the blinking, black bar. I want to write about the keyboard, and how unmovable the keys feel before you know the first word.

I want to write about...

I want to write about...

After everything, I don't know what I want to write anymore. I want something to happen. I want something to come to me. I want to go to bed. I want to give up. But I don't want to, because there's one thing I want more than anything else. I type it onto the screen.

I Want to Write.

It's a start.