

# Bourne toWrite...

creative writing  
workshops

## Same Old Story

by Richard Lewis

It was the same old story. Every day he marched into his study to do battle with those enemy pages. Like going into a fight with one hand tied behind his back, he thought.

Battling against the self as if a part of him had seized up like a rusty old tap that refused to turn and allow those watery words to flow from the deep reservoir, he knew was inside him. Some days he attempted a few lines only to crumple the mean sheets and toss them in anger. Another deposit for the grateful bin. At times he thought of himself in the same way. Just a discarded writer, lost in the chapters of life.

It was the same old story. A writer who couldn't write. The act of putting pen to paper was so sensual and that old Freudian interpretation was not lost on him. Sometimes whilst away from his study, ideas would start to flow, yet once sat at his desk he felt impudent. The ink in him running dry, like the moments of passion with his partner that could suddenly drain away when it came to the act of penetration. The dread of violating those virgin sheets held him like a chained wolf. He knew he would have to let go if he was ever going to make any kind of mark on the world and fill those empty pages.

It was the same old story. He would redouble his efforts but the resistance within fought back, neutralising the attack. His severe inner critic, cutting the legs off of any idea that presented itself on the battlefield of his mind, forcing him to discard it. He might as well be trying to write on the velum sky or across the dusty face of the moon.