

Untitled

By Jaye Johnson

i didn't know who i was until i was so deeply plunged into writing from my soul. i'd kept diaries and written wonderful school papers, but until women writing for a change became a part of my soul, my perspective on writing was naïve and technical. i thought writing was meant to tell. now i know, writing is feeling.

when a pen is in my hand and graces the page softly, when the pain and the anger and the happiness flow from the core of my heart, mind, and body, all at once: writing is feeling. my writing is written on hundreds of surfaces—in journals, loose sheets, passed notes... written on my skin and in my hair and it is pumping through my blood, filling my body with the words that explain my existence.

oh, how it feels when writing is coursing through your entirety.

i've expanded in my awareness of the words around me, clip the ones i like from magazine pages and the slang of everyday people, adapting their words into extensions of myself. since i've discovered the feeling of writing, i've felt myself immersed in cycling of words. sentences come full circle. this recycling and reusing of language; twisting cycles of the passage of letters between brains and hearts and mouths, ears, eyes, conveying emotion and images... from one girl, then to a piece of paper, then to another.

the emotions my words are able to convey are everything. i can write the story of the world, my world, your world. i can write injustices on my heart and scream them to the masses, and through my writing, i know someone will hear me. if there is only one, that is enough.

and writing is telling me who i am, reminding me where i'm from, reassuring me that despite my anxiety and despite depression and despite my ultimate frustration, it will be better soon. and i can make it better.

i'm learning what i love and who i love. i'm discovering what makes me panic and what makes me giddy in my new confidences. and the most, i am learning that i am special. my mind is special and my heart is special and my spirit is special and my body is special. **i am learning that my words are special.** and that is why i write.

it's a processing process, decompressing from the social anxiety that plagues my and the general nerves that make my heart race during the simplest of moments. it is relief from a feeling of imminent doom, turning that into a feeling of infinite meanings and perspectives and possibilities.

where would i be without writing? sad and lonely. i feel in my heart that without the connection writing provides between the parts of my whole self, i would be lost. there are people and things i would not know. there would be feelings i could never imagine. a life without writing terrifies me. i would feel such pain without it.

and while a delve into the depths of my mind doesn't happen every day, i am gifted with, every day, the presence of a part of myself that could have only been exposed by the scribbling of my words on paper.