



**CANADA 150**  
**EXPLORING OUR NATURE**

**“The Joy of Writer’s Block”**  
**by Sienna Notley**

You sit down at your desk,  
Pen in hand, paper lined up neatly.  
“It’s time to write,” you tell yourself,  
“Oh, good luck,” your brain whispers, sweetly.

The pen touches the paper,  
And glides beautifully as you write your first few words.  
But then your hand ceases all movements,  
And you realize all you have is “the first.”

You lean back in your chair,  
You think long and hard.  
But your mind draws a blank,  
While mocking you with blatant disregard.

You ache for the release,  
Of your emotions and thoughts on paper.  
But soon you give up,  
And decide you’ll just come back later.

You go for a walk,  
Thinking the outdoors might help.  
But when you sit back down,  
Your mind is still blank and you curse yourself.

Suddenly you feel your gears turning,  
Buried in the back of your brain.  
Your excitement builds up,  
But you’re only disappointed again.

Nothing! No ideas!  
No inspiration, no muse,  
Nothing at all,  
Not one thought you can use.

You drop your head on your desk,  
And groan in frustration.  
You begin to rip out your hair,  
Because of your growing irritation.

“Think you useless brain! Think!” you say,  
Into the quiet of your room.  
**You can feel yourself straining,**  
**Like a villain fighting their inescapable doom.**

Oh! There you go!  
You've got an idea!  
It's all coming up to be,  
Exactly what you needed.

Your arm shoots out,  
Your hand finds your pen.  
You hold it high in the air,  
With the strength of ten.

You put pen to paper,  
And you get out a sentence.  
But then you stop once again,  
Drowning in the agony of your blank-mindedness.

"Why?!" you cry out,  
Desperate to write.  
"This is all I want," you say,  
Thinking hard with all your might.

Your pen falls from your hand,  
Your heart simply sinks.  
What's left of you now,  
Lies on the brink.

You slip from your chair,  
And fall to the floor.  
You start to feel the defeat,  
Brought on by this war.

Being a writer,  
You expected such mental torment.  
But you didn't know,  
It could go to this extent.

Soon someone walks in,  
And you let out another cry of anguish.  
They just close the door,  
It's better to leave you alone like this.