

## **Manifesto**

I am going to write the best Manifesto.  
It's going to be earth-shattering, boundary-breaking...

I'll write it in a minute...

Make that two minutes.

Make that an hour, maybe two hours?  
Or a month,  
or 300 years.

Wait.

Oh no. I know this feeling.

This blank page is void of Imagination,  
creativity–  
words that fall upon it are deleted–  
backspaced–  
erased–  
reworked to only be removed.

But it's not the page.  
It's not the pen.  
It's not even that I'm tired.  
It's–

## **Writer's Block!**

I'm doomed,  
ill-fated,  
unfortunate.

But wait–  
If I'm still writing words on this paper–  
Maybe I can still write this Manifesto after all!

## **Ephiphany**

The ink glides across paper,  
words pressing themselves into parchment,  
formulating an idea,  
a first sentence.

Then a page,  
brightly sparking in the darkness—

first a flicker.  
then a flame.  
Manifesto complete.

By Hannah Goertemiller