

I have two lives I live, and they are equally important.
One is contemplative, quiet and philosophical.
The other is creative, fiery and unbridled. Darker.

Without the balance
I grow restless.

It comes and goes in waves.
Some mornings I wake up and have been dreaming of creativity all night.
I rise smiling. Opera in a library, songs in the halls lined with books.
I kiss creativity in a mad rush down an unlit street.
We fumble with the skeleton keys.

And then the wave of disgust comes and creativity is self-indulgent, short sighted, leggy and weak.

Unwilling to grow without constant pampering!

I have an idea and creativity says, "How stupid." I blush and change the subject.
But three days later, it has been worked into a song.
I say, "Hey, that was my idea first!"
Creativity says, "I plucked it from the universe
like a wild flower.
You took too long to make your bouquet."

I'm stunned! So I say timidly,
"But I need to build a home to put the bouquet in."

And that's when contemplative speaks up, "I can show you.
But it takes time. Read about it. Build a garden wall first.
Go gather rocks from the top of the hill."

I say, "Will you hold me?"

Contemplative says..."Yes, we'll wake up to watch the sunrise
(*implicitly*: rather than stay up all night drinking to see it.)

There's a difference in the colors."

I say nothing at all.
and head straightaway for the quarry.