

Typewrites before time
By: Dan Marek

I guess typewriters were before my time.
The endless punches onto the ribbon rhythmically ringing.
The corncob crunch as the reel ends its mark waiting for the 'ping.'
Tipity, tap, tipity, tap, tipity, tap.
The endless soundtrack that writers listened to over and over.
Ringing over and over.
The words all change, but the tapping stays the same.
Pieces of life crumpled up on the floor while fresh ideas lay still on the stark white pages.
The long lull in sound as you wait for the words to come out.
Bending over your hunk of metal and paper.
Losing all sense of all colors outside of black and white.
Tipity, tap, tipity, tap, ding.
How do you start the next line?
It's inside of you, but the words are all piled together.
Only when they strike the page do the words come in as one.
First drafts, second drafts, tenth draft...
Tipity, tap, tipity, tap, ding.
I like the lead, but the rest is a little jumbled.
Outline, outline, outline.
The story is in you, just let it out.
The metal will absorb your pain and suffering.
Then turn it into just another masterpiece.
Masterpiece's that you had in you, but only the metal could bring to reality.
Tipity, tap, tipity, tap, dig.
But would you be able to bring a masterpiece without the metal?
Tipity, tap, tipity, tap, ding...