

Jarelle S. Stein  
March 2013  
Newport Beach, CA

## **Living the Life of a Writer**

**(Work in progress)**

I walk on the beach, breathing the clean crispness of the salt air and watching the unceasing power of the waves. They wash onto the beach, reaching...reaching...scattering birds and walkers who have misread the water's stretch. They charge the rocks, smash against them, and then leap high—white and frothing. Though they fall back, it is only to gather strength and rush forward again, each time leaping higher.

The ocean is undaunted; despite all of efforts to weight it down with oil spills and garbage dumps, with toxic chemicals fed into its river arteries, which carry the poisons out to the ocean's heart. And I think, "I should be like the ocean. I should not let those who would pollute my words win out. I should not let them dam up my creativity. I should throw myself forward and when I meet rocks, spring up and over!"

If I allow my words to be dammed up and made into a placid pond, then the moss and detritus will slowly but inevitably overtake me. My creativity will stagnate, be unable to flow, and there will be nothing but still, putrid waters. Nothing will live there; nothing will grow there—that is, nothing that I shall want to claim.

So I walk the beach and watch the ocean with envy and hope. Hope that if I gaze long enough, I will learn the secret of living in the face of obstacles, living the life of a writer.