

A Writer's Block

Vinayana Khurana

I heard this many times,
Never really understood,
 Until it happened,
 It happened to me,
I had everything at hand,
 The phone,
Coffee with extra sugar,
 My cosy place,
And a room of my own,
 But it didn't happen,
Maybe the magic was over,
The chemical X was finished,
 I was scared,
 I had people saying,
Maybe you don't have it anymore,
 No imagination,
 No stories,
 I locked myself,
 Trying to write,
As secretive as Dexter's Laboratory,
 I wrote something,
 I never liked,
 I deleted it at once,
 Didn't wanted to confess,
I was losing the power of writing,
 But
 I realized,
 It's not good or bad writing,
 It is my heart that matters,
Now, stop my fingers if you can,
 Never let your passion fade...

Vinayana Khurana is pursuing her Master's in English Literature from the University of Delhi. She is a young woman with Cerebral palsy. A writer, a poet and a dancer, Vinayana prefers to be called a writer without a pen. Her work has appeared on Youth ki Awaaz, Campus Vibes and Inclov. She blogs at Vinayana's World. She has published a collection of poems by the same name.