

Writing For Me

By Aneesa Alphonsus

These are two questions I get asked at least three times a year. “Why don’t you write a book?” or “What haven’t you written a book?” Now, there are several reasons why people have asked me this. One could be that they think my writing is saleable, or they think that just because I write, I should publish a book. Or maybe they think it’s such an easy process fueled by coffee and cigarettes.

For starters, I have ghost written a book – three books actually, for a corporation I used to work for. I’m a writer without aspirations to write my own book. What would really rock my world is to someday see my article published in The Rolling Stone magazine, TIME or the New York Times.

I would write a political or social satire that will allow me the opportunity to laugh at myself as well, and hopefully have others laugh with me. I have been working on something lately which will be completed in a few months. Apart from developing my writing skills, I’ll also work on getting a thicker hide because I plan on shamelessly sending these articles to the three said publications.

Once this is done, it will be the very first time I’ve written something for me. I’ve been writing for more than 15 years now and I have never been passionate about it. I love it, of course because of how I have helped others through it.

Lately, I read a marvelous little book titled “Who Moved My Cheese?” – it’s a book about change in case you’re wondering and I couldn’t have read it at a better time. You see, I’ve recently asked myself why am I not passionate about writing since I obviously love it so much. I wanted it to have more meaning for me – and I figured (after reading the book) that I can develop a better relationship with writing if I decide that I want to. And I want to – badly.

It is with this in mind and heart of course, that I’ve decided to take this route through the writing maze I’m in. For sure, there will be dead ends and I’ll have to retrace my steps – but it’s ok, because that’s what the writing process is all about and I know I’ll find my way out if I just keep moving.