

## UPON WRITER'S BLOCK

My poetry may seem to mock  
that ghost perceived as writer's block;  
but till I feel the Muse's knock—  
to shake and rouse my mental stock  
or make creative gates unlock—  
regardless of my whining squawk,  
no ships of verse sail into dock,  
despite how long I watch the clock.

So, when I hit a witless rock—  
some sterile, empty stumbling block  
to inspiration's aftershock—  
where verses fail to interlock  
or rhyming sheep fast flee my flock  
of lines that echo double-talk,  
I don a paint-bespattered smock  
and play with brush or pastel chalk.

— *David L. Hatton 4/9/2019*