

A Look Into My Mind: Why I Write

Any individual who asks, “Why do you write?” must understand that it is a very loaded question. He or she must prepare for a wide range of answers, because –like hair color and skin tone –each person’s reasons for writing are different. The editor at Vogue magazine writes to fulfill her passion for fashion. A high school student writes to improve his college application. A struggling journalist writes to make next month’s rent. Of course, all of these are invented personas, but my point stands. Writing is a complex process that is unique to every individual. We may only know a writer’s intent by asking.

Now I am being asked this same daunting question: why do I write? Well, there is more than one reason, because I write in more than one outlet. I write as a student, an intern, and an inventor. Each of these types of writing requires from me a varying set of skills. I use different vocabulary when I write an essay for my Communications class, for instance, than when I write a review for a new indie album. I write more abstract, more creatively and imaginative when composing a fiction piece. Each of these categories of writing are unique in their demands and purposes, but they are all necessary components of my life.

I write to stay in school. That’s the first of my honest answers. From slavery to syntax to Simon and Garfunkel, the topics of these academic essays have varied. Writing them can be exciting, exhausting, but effortless? Never. Writing as a student has taught me how to plan ahead, to discipline myself. Like my father always says, “Proper planning prevents poor performance.” Writing as a student has taught me this, and I am thankful for this lasting lesson. But this writing is done mostly out of obligation. I know I depend on this writing for my grade point, graduation, and good standing with my parents. Sure, sometimes these essays can be interesting. But too often the fun, the fantasy, and the freedom to explore options is limited by a strict essay prompt. Other students will know what I mean.

Outside of the classroom, I enjoy writing much more. I have had a talent for writing since my high school years, and grew an itch for it. I took a Creative Writing class my freshman year of

college –one of the few courses I have taken that has allowed me to write with nearly no rules, no restrictions, no rights or wrongs –and my desire to write grew more. I loved being able to put my pen to paper and create something that was mine. I knew writing was something I wanted to continue to do in the future –for pleasure, practice, and professional means –so I sought out a writing internship. I found one last summer with Limerence magazine, where I joined the team as a music and film columnist. It had been my dream since high school to write for a big magazine, and Limerence was my way of proving to myself that my dream could come true. My lust for music combined with my fervor for writing made it a wonderful experience.

The most enjoyable writing I do is the writing I do in my mind, when I create my own stories. I love to lay back and listen to music –indie, instrumental, and everything in between –and let the music take over my mind. Before I realize it, a story is occurring in my head. Just the other day, I was lying in bed when “Prologue and Birth” by Audiomachine came rushing into my ears. Suddenly, I pictured a man hiking through the mountains. One minute and thirty seconds into the song, and I knew his name and where he was from. Two minutes later, I knew why he was hiking, where he was going, and what he would find. The secrets, the successes, the stories of this man I had learned in less than five minutes. Writing allows me to take these ideas and make them poetic. Writing allows me to escape the dread, the deadlines, the disappointments of reality, and delve into a new world created entirely by me. I can insert myself into these worlds as a character of my choosing. I can be a milkman, a marmot, a magician who lives in a cave, a castle, a cornerstone of some country I made up. I don’t have to worry about pleasing someone else; the only critic is myself.

There can be sadness, stress, even schoolwork in everyday life. It can bring us down, but every person has a way of bringing themselves back up. If you ask me how I escape the world for a moment and clear my mind, the answer is simple: why, I write!