

A WRITING MIND

HENK DE KRUYFF

Socrates spoke
Eloquently
Bravely
And Wisely

Over 500 Listened
Attentively
Bravely
And didn't get it.



A writing mind

rhythmic thoughts

by

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Preface

This collection contains thoughts connected to the process of writing. Essentially they are thoughts that try to capture how my writing mind works.

As with most of my poems (see previous collections ‘Blues poems’ and ‘Mindful and aimless’) these poems are short and without the constriction of rhyme or rhyming schemes. I like to call them rhythmic thoughts.

I often discover meaning in my writing only during the process or after I have written something. An idea sparks a piece and then, while writing it, the piece comes to life. Often in a much different form than the original idea suggested. These poems try to describe, discover and analyse this mysterious process.

I think this is one of the essential ingredients of the joy of being a writer: to be surprised by one’s own mind. I can only hope that the reader finds some remnants of that joy of surprise in this collection.

Henk de Kruyff
Bennekom,
The Netherlands,
January, 2010

Thoughts flow
Into the empty riverbed
That is the mind
They seek silence

Only desolation
Needs filling
A river flowing full
Needs not water

Solitude
Makes heard
The inner voice
That speaks uniquely

The truth of that voice
Balanced in scales
On a skewed surface
Where life counter-weighs

Every angle contemplated
Arguments countered
The balance reached
A thought pours out

Desolation
Less desolate now
An empty riverbed
Less empty now

I

Words begin

Wars

Words instil

Love

Words move

Minds

Words cause

Pain

Words end

Everything

II

Blunt the tool is

Our delicate thoughts only crudely spoken

Yet words have power

Sledgehammer-like in force

Power to unsettle

The carefully laid bricks

Of constraining walls

That desperately need breaching

To be a writer is to have a birds-eye-view
To soar above all
And observe
And question
And answer
Then observe again
Question again
And realise the answer stank

Socrates spoke
Eloquently
Bravely
And wisely

Over 500 listened
Attentively
Bravely
And understood nothing

Few have the will
The inclination
And the courage
To allow a mind fully freed

Yet the emptiness
Thus created
Is fertile soil
For a writer's seed

To be happy
Be independent
To be happy
Be timeless

To be wise
Know nothing
To be wise
Ask questions

Ideas
Develop
Ideas
Live

To write is to be
 happy
 wise
 and full of ideas

The mind wanders
It treads the pathless fields
Of knowledge and ideas
It tries to cut
Both weeds wildly grown
And crops by others sown

Ruthlessly it scythes
Composts and burns
Ploughs and turns
To sow anew
Its own seeds that sprout
Ideas, fertilised by doubt

When time comes
To harvest
A new crop
Meant to surpass
Turns out as prone to rot
As the previous lot

Sometimes I wish
I were a great writer
One whose lines
As beautiful as Shakespeare's
One whose stories
As charactered as Dickens'
One whose colours
As fine as Lawrence's

But most of the time
I feel extraordinarily happy
To be a writer at all

The art of smoking a pipe
Takes a lifetime to cultivate
Successful enjoyment
Depends on every detail
Filling with care
Not too loose, not too tight
Tamping the tobacco
For an even burn
Lighting
The uppermost layer, no more
Then drawing with care
The scented air

The fire may die
There's no shame in that
Just knock out the ash
And re-light what's left

Some forbid this art
Called anti social and bad for health
But rebellious mind ignores
And rather enjoys
That which others condemn
And no more rebellious mind exists
Than that in a writers head
Which questions and contradicts
That which the herds accept
For true and wise and apt

The writer spends his life
Perfecting the art
Of smoking his pipe

I watch the people around me
Play the parts them assigned
On the stage that is the world
In the theatre that never sells out

There are not many punters
Always a lot of empty seats
Who takes the time to sit
And watch this aimless crap?

A play that has no script
No leads, no stars
An eternal run
A plot never changed

And yet, a few come and watch
They are never bored
They write the review
In next morning's rag

Sadly they are as much
A part of the play
On the stage, their lot
In the theatre that never sells out

Sometimes the stars fail to align
The energy is lacking
And the cap stay on the pen
A page, virginal white
Stares up from the desk
It begs to be spoiled
To be ravaged by words
And taken by ideas

But all that happens
Is a distrustful hovering
Of the tip of the naked pen
Over still white paper
Stared back at with pensive frown
The cap screws on again
Not today, not today

A random idea
The seed of writing
A chaotic idea
Organised into words
A fundamental idea
On which builds a story
A lunatic idea
Which the pen may heal

Everyday life
A phone call
A request
Intrusions
Thoughts like glittery fish
In a pool
Disturbed by a rock
Flit away
Ideas
In need of expansion
Halted mid-birth
Sometimes never live

The need for
Peace and quiet

Is greater than

The need for
Food and drink

A writer searches
Space
And time for
Peace
To attend to inner
Turmoil
A defensive
Structure
Against the battering
Ram
Of the world
Outside

To structure thought
Is like trying to grasp water
Clear though the thought is
And substantial
It resists formulation
The moment the pen is picked up
The thoughts slips through
The net you trawled

An unbeliever I am
Religion and the surreal
I do not accept
On this earth

But the realm
My pen moves the most freely in
Is profoundly and unapologetically not
Of this earth

A philosophy sits
Fragmented in my brain
Bits and pieces
Of a suspected truth

To write
A comprehensive treatise
That glues the parts
And builds a whole

Will take the rest of my life

Weather

Fog outside

Inside

Sun outside

Inside

Weather outside

Outside, in

Looking out over a wintery, Belgian landscape.

Skin coldly bitten

Life affirmed

Senses sharply dulled

Paradox affirmed

World stiffly frozen

Death affirmed

A riddle

Begun

By ideas

Expanded

By thought

Transformed

By writing

Thoughts like a waterfall
Crash on the surface
Of my consciousness

They splash and fragment
Creating a mist of ideas
And a calm pool below

Thought-containing mist
Condenses
Words like drops appear

Oozing down, collecting
Words flow into sentences;
Sentences flow into an ocean of coherence

Coherence basks
Fragments evaporate
Transported on winds of change

Winds that feed the storm
Of random thought
Raining down

Inspiration

A mystery

Where

Do words reside

How

Small

Unrelated

The spark

Ignites

Explosion

That

Sets words free

Poetry
To me
Is freedom

Free from
 Conventions
 Rules
 Chains

Let not a(n)
 Editor
 Critic
 Dictator

Lecture me on
 Lines
 Stanzas
 Totality

Poetry
To me
Is mine

Restless
Insomniac
Cranky
Elated
Ecstatic
Depressed
Cramped
Disillusioned
Hopeful
Brimming
Empty
Lethargic
Unstoppable
Pained
Angry
Lonely
Alone
Insular
Watcher
Listener
Eavesdropper
Aching
Workaholic
Alcoholic
Smoker
Grey
Observer
Sponge
Reader

Writer

An arid soil
Producing
Lush crops
Most splendid paradox

An empty purse
Inspiring
Rich words
Most splendid paradox

A barren mind
Conceiving
Pregnant thoughts
Most splendid paradox

A toiling artist
Thinking
Himself lucky
Most splendid reality

When first the mind

Wanders

Wonders

Asks

Writes

Mundanity irritates

When ambition demands

Time

Peace

Quiet

Writing

Mundanity cripples

When transformation causes

Commitment

Thought

Work

Writer

Mundanity crushes

The seed
Was of dandelion
But grew
Into a buttercup

The dough
Was for bread
But produced
A pizza

The egg
Thought a duck's
But hatched
A swan

The words
Were for prose
But became
A poem

Profound despair
When awake at night
A longing
Unanswered
For existence
To have never been

Deepest realisation
Should not be man's
It crushes
 Will
 Smiles
 Ambition

Blessed are the mundane
Who's gravity
Is equally burdened
By life's threatening growl
And the ranting of Simon Cowell

The creative
Brain
Needs
To roam

The creative
Person
Needs
To grow

But creation
Just
Needs
A Void

Reading,
daily

Thinking,
daily

Creating,
daily

Bread,
rarely

See me write
the pen moves
Paper
fills

See my thoughts
the brain suggested
Shapes
lines

See the words
the ink shows
Scene
action

See the result
the reader reads
Transformed
minds