

The Journey of an Author

I grew up with Charlotte and Wilbur
Laura Ingalls and Nancy Drew
Stuart Little and The Boxcar Children
I woke up one day and just knew

So I scribbled off their names
My desk littered with paper
Ink smudges on my hands and face
Feeling taller than a skyscraper

Through childish short stories
Through novels and poetry
I wrote on and on
It felt like setting myself free

Then came the questions
The questions of what to do
Of what to be
Where to go

I found a college
I found my people
Through years of scraping and struggle
I was done with being weak and feeble

Forging my own path
I bought my own home
I studied and scribbled
I pushed through on my own

I wrote my stories and my books
Sending them out into the sea of our society
To be judged and loved
To be read for years

I wrote
I write
And I will forever

By, Penelope Pell