



Pseudonyms offer a liberty, of sorts - inky nibs readily poised to sign my manuscript: an arduous yet fully loved toil of pages and fractious ink spill. My tattooed hands bear marks. A smudgy literary industry bleeds folds of unspoken words.

I pause - deliberate - second-guess whilst inky royal-blue globules drip onto the crisp page, hovering below my eye-line.

Charlotte, she signs so assuredly, swiftly, without conscious thought or self-correction. Robotic.

I cannot be so.

Writing poems was, and still is, an inner sanctum: sacrilegious, silent, life-surging. It is an eagle in full flight, talons navigating heaths below spread wings, soaring on uplifts, marvelling upon wild meadow flowers; the shrews that tumble from plains of golden wheat.

A public exploitation of our craft demeans us - a childhood venture commands privacy, privileged penmanship, protection. The worlds are ours. Not theirs. Not fodder for the masses.

Glass Town, Angria and Gondal lie ransacked - peripheral castle walls demolished by prying, predatory eyes. Public disapproval washes fantastical coastlines, dulling waters and disturbing natural ebb and flow.

The once fictional, fragile beauty of minuscule, fairytale worlds is lost, dissipating to dust in concrete hands. Tiny, bound books lie opened to the world - calligraphy demurely fading thin, illegible with time cast within membraned borders.

She delved, devilishly demolishing inner peace.

She.

She forced locks. Moved freshly inked parchments. Visual time prints of the moors shifted. My prized poetry now reeks of her sabotage. A slight against me. Unforgivable intrusion.

I hate unravelling of secretive words, forms, exposed public preening as if we are porcelain dolls upon a toyshop shelf to prod, assess and own.

Ellis
Bell

by
Emma Wells