

Finalist, Poetry

A Daily Routine
By Amelia Diaz

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Create,

Feel with your fingers the cool flat surfaces.

Spring upon the keys like children on a trampoline bouncing up,
and then down,

Up, and then down,

Up, and then down,

The sounds like a dissonant clacking of trains on steel railways

Hard and flat and rhythmic and wonderful.

Feel the muscles tense and relax as you translate thought into words on a page.

Fingers jerk frenetically powerfully purposefully.

Notes poems stories lists everything's thrown from your brain to your arms, and it flows,

Flows down your arms into your hands through your fingers onto the keys,

Never stopping never ceasing never pausing,

You don't need to stop to think because thinking is what's guiding your fingers and making them
dance,

They dance to the rhythm of the song of your thoughts and they sing,

Wild and alive and alert and free,

Fingers pounding, churning, keeping time with the beat of your mind that only you can hear,

Sounds reverberating, echoing through space and time,

And then you stop.

Reflect.

Your brain releases the tension and your fingers become pliant, supple.

Retrace the path you've created with care and precision.

Ingest.

The letters forming and dissolving beneath your touch,

Sliding into focus and then away like the tide of the ocean.

Wave after quiet wave.

All is soft and deep,

Like a dream now remembered.

And this time it is your fingers that lead the way,

Carefully probing each shape and translating words back into thought.

They move with agility but silently, swiftly, sinuously.

Your fingers are skating, gliding, sliding, brushing the lines of text one by one and word by word.

Groups of letters forming cohesive units of comprehension, each related to the next.

Fingers ford spaces between words like rivers, knowing there's more on the other side.

Hear the soft susurrus sound of the words rushing by beneath fingers of silk like wind whispering in the trees.

Always something new to tell as images blow gently through your mind.

Moving, progressing, meaning trailing in the wake of what your fingers feel,

Like a string blowing behind a kite in the wind,

Undulating and floating through the air going up, up, farther and farther until what you're reading is gone.

The last wave of words rushes beneath your fingers and they slide from the page.

And they flex.

And you move on to something else,

Forgetting without even knowing that you know the art of language created and read.

The art of the mundane which escapes understanding except in the darkest recesses of your mind where knowledge is only glimpsed when you stop to look.

Something so ordinary turned extraordinary,

Only the seeker of the magic can ever truly see.