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Composition – Per. 1

Philosophy of Writing (Final Draft)

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A writer that reports. A writer that cares. A writer that yearns for perfection in everyday life. I am one that writes about something that happened, or that I witnessed, more times than not. A recent movie or play, or my favorite team’s recent stellar, or horrendous, performance are all things that I find myself writing about often. I write with passion and emotion that comes from my heart, or sometimes from my stubbornness of genes. I relate what I’ve experienced to the common man in terms that are easily understandable and relatable, while informing them through colorful descriptions and present-day references. I don’t spell check, and in fact, I try to close my eyes and type, or at least avert my eyes from the screen. I don’t want anything to distract me while I get in my groove, rhythm, or while I catch that perfect wave of inspiration that propels me down the page. I don’t want to be distracted by misspelled words, or those little squiggly red lines. When I’ve lost the groove, or I take a break to refocus myself, that is the time to go back and fix the spelling. The revision stage of my writing will come when I am finished. The fixing of spelling is a simple step taken along the way to help rid my computer of all that red.

My most memorable writings are emails to friends chronically the baseball season. Passion, humor, dedication, and loyalty exude from my words as I try to convince all why I am correct and why they should worship me. When I write about my interests, the words flow like a bubbling brook down a grass-covered mountainside in the spring (not bad for visual imagery, huh?). But when I’m pigeon-holed into a topic, one that I did not choose, nor have any interest in discussing, the “brook” gets partially dammed up. Water still gets through sporadically, and sometimes even in spurts of ferocity depending on how hard I’m working, but ultimately, the process of writing can be very laborious and exhausting. Without faster currents, the writing tends to become more stagnant, or even choppy and unconnected as my spurts of inspiration come and go intermittently. When that happens, the writing, or water, tends to lose some of its color and my writing loses some focus along with its inspiration. I need to close my eyes and open my mind in concentration and “use the Force” as a wise-old-frog-like creature once said. When I relax and focus myself, sentences soon stream as if the dam has been destroyed, or at least partially opened, and the water begins to flow/plummet down that mountain side once more.