

I had lost my understanding of why ...

at the start, I knew ...
a driving force propelled me onward
to make something visible to others
which had captivated, enthralled me,
so much so that I felt a compulsion
to externalize what I felt inside,
to give voice, bone, muscle, shape and face
to the beings which I saw and heard,
so vibrantly alive ...

yet, I was afraid ...
would my inner vision be nothing more
than ...
nothing more than ...
nothing.