

Yesterday's writing died an ugly death

By Holly Lisle

I finally threw in the towel at midnight with 1123 words. I have Vivaldi's Four Seasons Suite on today, looping with two variations on Pachelbel's Canon, and the first five variations on Bach's Goldberg Variations. I have ground to cover, and today will, by god, go better.

Funny thing is, the same anguished fight for the words that I'm going through with this book I have gone through with every single book I have ever written. I can't just look at this and say, "Well, it's this book. It'll pass." At this point, with more than twenty books behind me, I think I have to accept the fact that this is writing for me – this agonized struggle punctuated from time to time by moments of sheer transcendence when every word hits the page at a run.

So, God, if you're listening, how about transcendence today? Or at least 2400 words without blood?

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