

**"After the Fact"**

**A Verse Novel  
Excerpt**

**By Chase March**

© 2008 Chase March. All Rights Reserved

## WRITERS

I don't know too many writers  
I've met some  
got their autographs  
but I don't know them.  
People I know don't write.

Why?

Does it get mashed out of us  
somehow?  
Everyone I know used to write  
or draw,  
especially draw.  
We used to be in touch  
with the arts.

Some people I know read  
books, newspapers, magazines  
some only read  
the program guide  
on their TV's.

It's sad.

## WORDS

I love the written word,  
always have  
I think I always have  
How would I know when it started?  
It had to start sometime  
I learned  
at home  
at school  
from my parents  
from my teachers  
from friends  
from T.V.  
from everywhere.

Everywhere,

what a concept  
to draw from everywhere.  
draw  
Draw, I guess I still do it

Wait!  
What does "draw" mean?

I know what it means  
but I've used that same word  
twice  
in as many pages.

Words are like people  
you need to get to know them,  
work with them  
and they will perform for you  
but,  
just like people,  
they can,  
let  
you  
down

I know from experience.

#### RUNNING

People I know don't run  
but I meet some  
when I do run

I race against myself,  
mostly,  
trying to beat my time,  
make a personal best  
sometimes, just go longer  
further

There is no better feeling  
than quickly, quietly,  
flying through the trees,  
down the trails  
getting in touch with nature.  
Just being there.

WHY?

Why don't the people I know  
and see on a daily basis  
seem to share  
any of the same interests?

Who is out of touch?

Me or them?

LOST

I've been reading *The Alchemist*  
by Paulo Coelho  
characters talk, simple and plain  
but sound like philosophers  
that beg for explanation  
or at least,  
further exploration.  
Several sprout  
about  
language lost  
because we get  
caught up in the words

It says  
there is a language that we all know  
but have forgotten.

Could this be true?

I always felt that  
there is some connection that seems not to be there,  
something not quite right  
that I couldn't put my finger on

This novel fascinates me  
I need to get back to reading.

## LUXURY

They say the first job of a child is  
to listen.

Stories, listened to intently  
full of imagination

The first stage also includes  
observing

Also intently and still  
full of imagination

Do we lose our imagination?  
Do pieces of it slip away?  
Does it get mashed out too  
because everyone I know  
used to pretend a lot more

*That's kids stuff*, they say  
we don't have the time,  
or the luxury.

Luxury?

I don't think it's a luxury  
at all.

Use it or lose it.

We've lost it.  
Save for a few,  
it seems,  
writers, readers embrace it  
some never taste it  
maybe that's why  
we don't seem connected.

## BETRAYAL

I write  
it feels like I have to write.  
I enjoy writing  
I am a writer.

I used to write a journal.  
I kept it up for a few years,  
it's still open,  
calling me to write  
one  
more  
entry.

I just can't bring myself  
to do it anymore.

Those eleven chapters  
of hard-cover notebooks  
were my friends.  
We talked back and forth.

I tried to write it a couple of weeks ago  
I got as far as the date  
and stopped.  
I can't seem to get past  
how that series  
betrayed me.

## THE STORY BEGINS

I hope you enjoyed this excerpt. I hope to see this book published one day. Thanks for reading.

Chase