

"After the Fact"

**A Verse Novel
Excerpt**

By Chase March

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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