



On Writing

Writing is finally, when all is said and done, when every paragraph is sorted, when every sentence is diagrammed, when every word is judged, a declaration of love. A love of language and silence. A love of beauty and ugliness. A love of spirit and body, sky and earth, reason and emotion. A love of the vast and the small, the ridiculous and the sublime, the mysterious and the obvious. A love of male and female, youth and old age, life and death. Writing is finally a reconciliation of our mortality.

LS Moyer