

## A Writing Lesson

Sally Jarzab

You have, I suppose, dreamt of finding the bottom of a page, but you've lost the hand that writes.

The writer could, of course, not write.
Having nothing to write,
nothing to say,
no law, no grammar,
no knowledge—above all, no knowledge—
you are returned to your innocences, your possibilities,
your freedom.

It is no wonder that all work becomes impossible.

Writing is a blind alley. You have to play in the tombs.

Learn to write with your eyes closed.

Learn to write with the other hand.

This is what poetic practice means.

Let us now pass on to the lesson of the lesson. It goes like this: everything's already written. I am already text.



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