

## *THE ART OF WRITING*

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There are those “who would dissect a kiss” wrote e.e. cummings (1894 – 1962) in one of his longer poems.

We know what he means. We’ve all had experiences that are impervious to analysis.

Summoned from the dark recesses of our psychological domain by a pair of red lips, a fleeting melody, or a wind-swept ocean beach, visions of guarded experiences appear in our awareness fully formed and delicately balanced. Apply a verbal scalpel or attempt an analysis and they’ll crumble in your hands.

At that point the writer becomes a craftsman. As all artists – painter, composer, sculptor or architect – must do, the writer draws on his cognitive skills, sensibilities, and psychological acumen to complete the task. By breathing words of living fire into the images in his head, he forges on the page a living memory for all to read.

Sculptors cannot function without stone masons, or composers without musicians, so must writers be narrators as well. Much of writing, perforce, must adhere to reflective assessment, calculated discussion and weaving tales of suspense and wonder. All these endeavors are subject to analysis.

But unless a work of fiction contains significant portions which do not lend themselves to dissection, the writer’s work will miss the mark and fail to leave a lasting imprint on the reader’s mind.