National Day of Writing

By Kimberly Erskine

Today is National Day of Writing. Such an important day that often times, goes unnoticed. Last year I submitted a few poems to the National Gallery of Writing. Nothing too fancy, just a small way of celebrating. This year I decided to do something much bigger. This year I decided to participate in Rowan University's Writing Marathon. I originally intended to participate for 3 hours from 3-6 pm, but then I got done class early so I was able to come at 2 and not 3 for an extra hour of writing glory. This first piece of writing (clearly? story? poem? I'm not quite sure what to call it yet...) is the first piece of writing that I will do.

I am so excited to be participating in this event. I have always had a strong love for writing. When I was in elementary school my teachers used to write questions on the board that we would have to answer in journals. Most kids just wrote a few sentences or at the most, a paragraph. I would write 5 pages or more. The kids always hated it when I volunteered to share my response.
Your words, notably mentioning love,
of which we have long
extraordinary good eyes and gardening.

I didn't feel like the first book she
spent the day more in what free
more sense of praise...

do keep a thousand for me to
of thirty-six fresh daffodils and a book.

through feeling more worth than
Caries including impossible. And so.

feet!... because. Don't judge yourself
yourself: I'm a boy who also
of your Great and Living and
another and then the one who

a distinction to be thought that this
also and are once your mind
are also a better than you think

wouldn't the form of love. Or in fact
found me. D. Read a McCauley

too much.

I think, now, really, no such thing.

get it. I mean really no such thing but

I always enjoyed these outdoors,

D. Read McCauley
Joggs or how cold it was in
the winter. Then I got an assignment
to write a more emotional, descriptive
poem, and I didn’t even have to rhyme.
I didn’t have any ideas at first, but
then news broke that a close family
friend of mine, Mrs. Helen Vale, lost
her long-standing battle against cancer.
Suddently, emotion poured out from me,
I remember how kind she was and
how she was always there for me, especially
as a young child when my father
was deathly ill. I remembered watching
her play piano in church each week.
No one could do it better. I was
upset to see her gone, but I knew
she was in a better place.

Suddently I knew exactly what to
write. I wrote a poem called “Goodbye
To You” that was a tribute to Mrs.
Vale and everything she was. All
came so naturally to me and
the final product was beautiful.

Mr. Fox loved it. He thought
I could get it published and he
told me about some writing contests
that I could enter. I entered and
surprise, surprise, I became a published
poet!

After getting my poetry published
I fell in love with poetry and
writing. Confused in my writing
abilities, I wrote several more poems
and published a handful of
them. Writing felt therapeutic.
Whenever anything went wrong,
I would turn to writing. It
allowed me to let out all of my
emotions and helped me to gain
a better understanding of different
situations. It always made me
feel better.

I didn't limit my writing
to just poetry either. I also
fell in love with journalism. I
wrote for the school newspaper
every chance I got and became
editor and chief my senior
year of high school. I won
awards for my journalism and
even got to work with The
Philadelphia Inquirer and
around Philly Com, the organization
also encouraged me to start my
own blog, 'What's Poppin'
On Pop Culture!' It has been live
for about 2.5 years now and
gets about 25 visitors a week from
as many as 5 different
countries.
I also began to write fiction. I wrote my first book, "Boy, Me Hearing," after my sister told me I was a stupid poet who wrote a book of anything. My book, the result of strong determination to prove myself wrong, has since been written to children's books, "11:11 Write," and Library "Thief!" I wrote a short story, "Ale Media," and I am currently in the process of writing my second "Zodiac." Meanwhile, I am trying to publish everything that I have written when I am not writing, or a studying about writing. In May I obtained my Associate's degree in English, and Writing Arts with a concentration in creative writing. I was originally majoring in Journalism, but the English classes interest me, and history and politics, so I changed it to Writing Arts. I am also editor of and a writer for the Rowan University's humor magazine, and a writer, editor for the campus literary magazine. My studies have already helped me minimally. One of the cla
that I have this semester in Magazine Article Writing. This class has essentially turned me into a freelance writer. My topic is teen suicide and it has been going far better than expected. I have just submitted my 9th very letter to Spotlight on Recovery Magazine and I should hear from them soon.

As you can see, writing has played a very important role in who I am. Writing is not just a hobby or a job for me; it's an identity I can not imagine who I'd be without it. It helps me to communicate and express myself in ways I never could before. Happy National Day of Writing. Now go on, pick up a pen and write!