

## **Thoughts on Writer's Block**

### **Jeffrey Pillow**

I've written 12,000 words this week. In book terms, that's roughly 48 pages. It's felt wonderful. I haven't done this since before my dad got sick at the start of 2009, which is when my creative block began. Have I still been writing over the last seven years, yes. But sporadically and not consistently, and not with the language and the joy and the paintbrush of my early 20s.

I've been creatively blocked and that's okay—and yes, my dad's death was a major reason for that. Death rocks you to the core. I needed to pause these last years and comprehend some things, some things more important than writing a novel.

My dad's death has taught me about pain on a level I didn't know could exist. It's taught me about love, loss, and introspection. If you're a regular reader of my blog, you'll know that my dad comes up quite often. My blog has allowed me a space to remember him, talk to him, and work through and try to make sense of his death. It's made me ask the big questions in life like why am I here and what is my purpose.

I've been depressed and recovered. I've faced my lifelong battle with severe anxiety and the fear of death and dying and meditated the shit out of it.

This is a beautiful moment for me.

I am not creatively blocked anymore.

I can write again, and I can write the words and the sentences that electrify my soul and make me feel alive.

So, if you want to follow along, go to the link below and add your email address to subscribe.

Some other items to note: I'm dusting off the memoir I started when I was 21 and the novel I wrote when I was 25, and punching through a few other novels I outlined in my 20s. I'm re-visiting other old work and writing new pieces. Vignettes. Slices of life. Words you want to hug sometimes and words that punch you in the teeth sometimes.

And frankly I don't care if there's some cynical asshole reading this right now that could care less and is scoffing at this post. Go find what brings you joy and be joyful. Sing your song and I'll sing mine.

I feel good.

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