

Why I write

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At some point in our lives as writers of anything worth reading, we ask ourself: “Why do I write?” Why are we not doing something else? The truth is that we do, but writing is what we do most and do most naturally, and enjoyably, to write, to be read, for the benefit of others. Such words have a way of moving on through the times: they are words that echo life. It makes readers say: I love this; why didn't I think of this before? Perhaps, it's because you never wonder:

Why write? Why read? The great thing about reading is that we don't have to write!

Beauty and truth

Most of us who write may often say we write because it's the most natural thing to do; because words are so beautiful: they are worthy of holding truth.

We write because we can today easily communicate through space and time. When we write we should ask: Is this worth reading a lifetime from now? We write for now, for posterity; for beauty, for truth. Something we can enjoy reading, something that can learn from.

Something to write about

Naturally, when we write, there is something to write about. In important ways, we don't get to choose what to write. The Muses decide, said the ancient Greeks: Who are the Muses? Really, it's the love for truth and beauty. Remember how when we are in love we dare say what's in our mind, more so what's in the heart.

Indeed, if there is no heart for the matter, it's not worth writing. The heart feels the reality of life. It beats in unison with what we see, what we hear, what we know, what we feel. The heart beats without a stop. At heart, then, such writing is non-stop, moved by breath.

To read or not?

There's always something to write about. It's like the sun, waiting, as it were, just below the horizon, the mountains, trees, clouds, colours of the promising day. Once the writing starts, we just move along like the sun beaming light and life. Our writing must shine into the lives of others, celebrating beauty, truth, health, plenty and peace.

Naturally, there are those who are either unable or unwilling to read what we write. They are **unable** to read a reflection such as this perhaps because they fear it may say something bad or embarrassing about them, or prove them wrong. This is not an issue at all when we do not write about people, but about how we **think, feel, act, and speak**. We reflect on what humans often do that have a significant effect, good or bad, on them and on us. We have something to learn from this.

Fear of reading?

Then, there are those **unwilling** to read such a reflection maybe because they see no worth at all in it. They think they have found the right teacher, or right teaching, or they already know everything. Let's just say they are late learners who are still struggling with the burden of knowing. It's difficult to enjoy the beauty and space around us when we are hardly able to move bearing a huge heavy burden on our backs. We just need to put down our burden once in a while and just breathe freely and easily.

Most of all, I must say, we write because we are curious about ourselves, about others. Why do we think, feel or act this way? Why do others think, feel or act the way they do. Some may say that I like to write "nasty" things about monastics and religion. "Nasty" is who nasty thinks: it reflects the critic rather than the writer; hence, only the critic may know what it means, maybe not.

Reading not to fear

The point is that we only write about what we know very well about, that is of some significance or serious consequence that we are almost sure of. When we see someone walking on a dimly lit path heading straight for a deep pothole, should we remain silent when we can prevent an impending painful or fatal accident? Silence is no option.

Above all, we write because we are actually **asking questions**, big questions, about life. We are examining the meaning and the purpose of life. We want to know what truth is, what beauty is. We want to see the Buddha's teaching and its truth at work in our life, in others, all around us. We are actually writing about ourselves. Even when we seem to reflect the ways of others, in the end, we learn more about ourselves—which, of course, includes you.

R665 Revisioning Buddhism 262

[an occasional re-look at the Buddha's Example and Teachings]

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