

## Rediscovering the Genesis of My Bad Writing Habit

*What prompted my desire to write?*

I search for the right words to answer that innocuous question when I start to lose myself to the whiteness on the page.

Perhaps it was my habit of jotting phrases down on a napkin to transform into a poem one day. But like all my words, they remain fragile and in fragments.

Maybe, it stretches as far back to my fifth-grade classroom when I couldn't communicate my thoughts verbally. The compulsive need to translate

my frustrated tears with broken grammars and mispronunciations, left the hands of a homesick boy drenched with untranslatable emotions in a puddle.

I'm beginning to understand that my writing purposes to fulfill another dream: *Survival*. The want to survive by rebuilding my skin, soaked in ink onto a timeless sheet of possibility.

I begin to wonder if the goal of writing for me was a desperate act of prolonging my fading first name, a protest of self-erasure by rebirthing each life grabbing gasp into a eulogy under an Anglican rebirth

of myself – *James no longer Ji Hyeong*.

I am but a lost wind of jumbled up words that once used to exist in order, a purpose. And my pen is just a sympathetic friend, grieving my exile. Reconstructing the words that float despite gravity, and holding them

down with Earthly rocks chained to them. Hoping that one day, it will rewrite itself into a tree, and find a root that connects its free and abstract phase into a physical phrase mimicking the humanly sounds of a cry.

The first sound we learn to make.