Walls

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You can’t assume who I am by the clothes that I wear.
   Come into my room and see the things
   that help to define my character.

The guitar and violin in the corner
   both have worn strings from hours
   of being played over the years

The books on my shelves will clue
   you in on my sources of inspiration.
   Tony DiTerlizzi and Brian Keene, to name a few.

Don’t think that the collection of movies will tell
you as much as the line of video games beside it.

Have you peeked into that closet?
   Various puzzles stacked in boxes
   along the top shelf, every one
   worn and missing pieces.

Push the dog out of your way as you walk
   to the desk; she won’t mind as long
   as she’s still near me. She’s funny that way.

Those notebooks in that caddy are private,
   My works in progress, and some have not
   Been touched in years due to other projects.

But that bed is my fortress at night and I stay
   Safe and warm under that beautiful tiger
   Blanket surrounded by my pillow guardians.

It is there that my dreams give way
   To the ideas that become stories
   And flow from my pen onto the page
   Like the way my bow travels over strings.

Don’t assume that you know me for who
I really am until I let the walls fall that
   Protect me so I can reveal myself to you.