Blocked

June 3, 2015 By Jay Squires

In the days before my first post on POZ.com was published, Trent (my editor) and I discussed what I would write about. We agreed that given the extent of my writing for PositiveLite.com (read my past writing at jaysquires.com) I would write a two-part intro so that my new readers could get up to speed.

I decided to divide my life of the past three years into two parts: good and bad; combined, they'd be my two-part introduction to me. That sounds simple, but you'd be surprised. These three years were the most complex and complicated of my life. A lot of shit happened.

In my first post, I detailed the bad part. I chose what I considered the "big three": the things that made me most depressed, that frightened me the most and that dragged on forever or could not be defeated. It was tough to choose -- there were so many contestants vying for the title. If I wrote about each I would write a book. Maybe one day I will.

When the three topics were chosen, I began to write. The piece flowed from me like water from a fractured dam. I normally don't agonize over posts, but this pace set a record. My brain was as excited to be on POZ.com as I was.

The post was published May 12. I waited for five or so days to let it get some traffic. I received five substantive comments. In more than 35 posts on PositiveLite.com I received one. I was pumped. This was the feedback I'd been looking for.

Then it was time to write the next post, the one discussing the *good* things that happened. My goal in writing is to give each post an ending that is as hopeful as facts allow. It wasn't always possible to do so, but this is important to me.

It's true that if I added them up there have been as many good things as bad. I thought it would be as easy to write this piece as the last. I was dead wrong.

After a week of staring at a blank screen, I admitted I was blocked, but I couldn't figure out why. Sure, life was busy. I was dealing with the results of Dad's screwed up surgery, getting him acclimated to our new home and dealing with the revolving door of nurses, therapists and case managers trooping through the house. At other times when life was often a pain, I was still able to write easily.

In fact I couldn't remember ever having writer's block. I had a problem and no experience dealing

with it. Then I got lazy. It was a lot easier to forget it than to work to fix it. More time passed.

This weekend, I got sick of it. I decided to dump the previous game plan and instead to write this blog post you are reading. I still don't know why I am blocked, but I've developed a theory that sounds right.. I wonder if I am blocked because I just can't believe things are looking up. I can't get my head around the idea that life is pretty good -- today. There you have it. I'm paranoid. Whatever. File it with the rest of the mental hygiene issues I get paid for.

Just take my word for it. Wonderful things have happened in the past six months. Wonderful things tightly wrapped in layers of shit, but still.

Now I want to get on with why I booked this cruise. I have a head full of topics that will inform, educate and infuriate. I plan to join the ranks of my favorite bloggers -- those who inevitably piss someone off.

For this to work you, my readers, need to do more than skim my posts or the posts of any writer here. I can't debate myself and if I could it would be boring as hell. If I push your buttons tell me and we'll rock on.

It's time to find something to piss me off. Or something that pisses *you* off. You'll be my friend if you tell me about it. We'll be famous , sure as shit.

P.S. Tell me what you think. Tell me what you want to read. Do it to squirescomments@gmail.com.
P.P.S. Latest blood: Undetectable (again). T-cells far (for me) over the God damned AIDS line.

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