English 341: Mini-metaphor

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Writing, for me, is the drill sergeant barking orders I so desperately need in my life. “Get over here you turd-brained writer!” yells the character straight out of Full Metal Jacket. You see, since the birth of my daughter, my brain has somewhat become a lava lamp of thoughts; each liquidy bubble floating into the next liquidy bubble of brain matter, changing the direction of my attention constantly. Evidence of this can easily be found throughout my home in piles of half-done work, especially now, in the middle of my move. Don’t worry, it gets finished, but always in waves as a new thought enters my mind and I get up and walk away from my current task to start something else. The curse being that many times, as I enter the room to begin something new, I have already forgotten what I was coming to do. Motherhood at its finest, folks, yet somehow, we get it done. Writing, and this class, demand my full focus, something that is very challenging for me at times as there is always a large laundry list of “to-dos,” so without envisioning the spit flying from the Gunny’s teeth as he shouts over my shoulder, I would have already been knee-deep in my next task. Speaking of laundry...I think my load is done. Time to start folding!