



12 Sketches

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Sketches # 1, Introduction

Being a writer is a dangerous choice. Especially when you wake up one day and the generation you were born into is all of a sudden, old. Even my good friend is a Lawyer. He's literally making more money in one week than I do in an entire year. He said...

"Andrew, nobody reads books anymore."

"Sure they do" I said.

"What are you going to do?" He said.

"When?"

"Now."

"For what?"

"For money? Why don't you go back?"

"Back to where?"

"Good point" He said.

"I don't have a clue."

"Me neither Andrew, me neither."

"Tim, you're a damn lawyer..."

"Yep, and Andrew, you're a damn writer. What did you graduate with again?"

"Sociology/Criminal Justice/Philosophy Triple Major..."

"I don't even understand. Damn. The choices we make..."

"Me neither. And damn, damn is right my friend. Damn..."

That's what happened. This was a life moment kind of conversation that I had with a good pal. When

the chat was over He went to go get his kids ready for the next day. I walked away. I went somewhere else.

While I was going somewhere else I was thinking about everything that goes along with actually writing a novel with the kind of standards I've set for it. Right then I was about to go mad because I've been editing so much and worrying about... only... you know, human petty social kinds of really important nothings'.

See, when it comes down to it I know that nothing really matters all that much. Life does though. So does the time and the place where you're born. All of this, this social and life filled nothingness just like dark matter in the universe, it presses upon you, and that in the end, becomes what you search for. My ideas are thoughts that carry me towards my future. My words keep me walking and moving. I'm always...

Walking. Like every other time I just walked away. I went somewhere. While walking and thinking I decided that I'm going back to spontaneous prose. I'm going to let my book simmer. I'm going to find my place in this new adult world that believe it or not, I helped create.

Starting a new life, and in no time at all, the fall will be back. This is true. That's why I'm going back to writing my way. I'm going to try to get some stuff off my chest. I'm going to make a book of sketches. It will be short and cheap. It will be the flame that keeps the novel burning. I drafted many of these pieces in

the winter. I will make sense out of them at night while I focus where I want to move. I can go anywhere. Nothing is holding me back. Right now well I just have to see where my fall home will be. I don't know many things but what I do know is that I have to get going again. Maybe I'm wrong. I don't care. It's done. I've made up my mind, and so this style, well it's my style of choice. It doesn't always wait like the writing process asks of the artist. With that said my novel, well that can sleep in the back of my mind for a while. I will pack it away for safe keeping. I will move my novel with me.

Sketching with spontaneous prose. Sketches and words about chairs and days and sitting in chairs within new kinds of spring green yellow living days, and like buds on a tree these words sprout from my dreams and breathe out from my fingers. This is a style of writing, and with years of practice has become infused with my mind. The thing is I've become more of a perfectionist. I take more time in the editing process than most would understand. The thing is I have to come out of the dark room and into the light of spring. Why? My mind needs something familiar.

And my mind, well I can only say that it's a mind that has really been giving me a run for (my lack) of money lately. And it's not just that. I'm going to be thirty-two when this book hits the shops. That being said, is it ok to say that I would perhaps like to be a father someday? Or is a writer not allowed to say that. I don't know. I feel like I can't win no matter

what. **Who** cares? It's settled then. I'll say whatever it is that I end up (for better or worse) saying. There are worse things in this world than a writer speaking his or her mind. This is true. And so, these words, although they may be true and uneasy at times to read, these words will never kill. They will only invite you to live.

Where was I? I was walking somewhere. I was listening. I was hearing all these night sounds that really should be those unheard sleeping sounds. And what is this? These are sketches. This is the act of writing to see if I can still practice and have fun with writing, which right now is next to impossible. **Writing** just flows out of me. Maybe I need to take my own advice. This is nothing but letting go and practicing.

Before I was about to lose it. I could be heard saying, "**What** good is anything with what I do?" I wasn't even mad at anything, only myself, and I saw that I was getting old. I was only thinking. Do you know what I mean? I was wondering if anything is worth a damn, and I know it is, but people really jump all over me all day long. I'm easy to attack or something. **Who** knows...?

Anyway that shower saved me. The ritual of taking a shower; the standing in the dark and seeing my thoughts go down the drain. The feeling that soon I'll be sleeping, and that's settled, I'm sleeping tonight. I don't even have that much left right now.

I'm just practicing because as soon as these books are done I'm getting back to who I was when I went there and done that. Back to those times when I was the one taking trains and buses everywhere. Back to the day when I always thought I knew what word to think to say to write to feel. Back to the day, the day just before the days that are now. Back to those days when I said, "BE COOL KID!"

Those days are gone but not forgotten. I'm sketching. I'm flowing in the spontaneous mood with the carefree kick. I don't know if I've gotten all that much better since I started writing. I mean, who knows anything really? It's just writing. There's not much to it. These are only words and only sounds. As I walk what I hear now is just the sound of spring, and that's just IT.

What I hear when I write is a perpetual spring. Writing is spring. Writing is magic. And I guess it's less magic than it used to be... maybe...I don't know. I think that I'm saying that sometimes when I write I feel like I get it, that is, sometimes. Sometimes I think, holy shit, life is boring. I wonder why can't a spark of laughter bring me somewhere new? I do know that my feet are tired, and excuses, that's all some aspects of my life are. Really, time is an excuse for the writer. I use this excuse often. Time. Time. I waste so much time. And time does catch up with you...sometimes.

Some of the other times I get so down and cold. I need a spring. I need to write. I need this act of

writing for the sake of feeling the remains of
the vibrations in the words that tap; the words in
which fall in the rain and make up the mud. Spring.
Writing is spring.



