

## The Steady Click // Emily Bishop, 2018

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The steady click-clack of the falling rain only echoes the click-clack of my father's typewriter  
He sits hunched in his office chair, cigarette hanging loosely from his lips, billowing smoke  
His glasses have almost slid off his nose and I can tell his fingers are cramping from typing  
But he continues

The steady click-clack of the falling rain only echoes the click-clack of my father's typewriter  
Next to him on the desk sits a stack of pages he has already imbued with life  
On the ground next to him is an accordion file filled with notes  
On the wall in front of him are papers and pictures from which he draws inspiration and information  
And he continues

The steady click-clack of the falling rain only echoes the click-clack of my father's typewriter  
He is a writer by trade who has published two books prior  
They are fiction, but they are real. They are not connected, but they are similar  
They have each other's noses and smiles  
So he continues

The steady click-clack of the falling rain only echoes the click-clack of my father's typewriter  
I sit on the floor, watching him work  
I am reading a book that I don't think is as good as his, but is still enjoyable  
The cup of coffee in my hand is empty  
The cup of coffee next to him is cold  
Yet he continues

The steady click-clack of the falling rain only echoes the click-clack of my father's typewriter  
And I know that I want to write like him  
I too want to steadily click-clack away on a typewriter whose keys are worn, but whose ribbon is new  
And I know that one day I will write  
Just as he continues