

An Introduction to Process Theory of Writing

Acknowledgements

No one can escape the sweet determinism elicited from the impacts of the impressions of a couple of versifiers as rehearsing:

'Life is too much with us
Late or soon' getting and spending,
We lay waste our powers,
Little we see in nature that is ours,
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon

(William Wordsworth)

and,

Gather ye rose buds while ye may,
Old time a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles tod-day
Tomorrow will be dying'

(Robert Herrick)

They mean and meant infinite interpretations for all types of infatuations. Delay from tardiness cost a lot; spoils a life, when one lives missing capturing the pregnant seconds of appreciatively responding to the generous favours bestowed upon us in the twisty exigencies of the flashing junctures of life. We have to seize the moments, so make haste. No prewritten, prescribed diction is an immediate need. I will do it extemporaneously. I will make the best of it on the spur of the moment. I have no pertinent choice but to improvise the real sense of it. I will stride the untrodden paths. I need poetry, sorry but no rhyme, no rhythm. I know, I will utter every crumble of it in unshackled prose. Let the bards do it on my behalf somehow, somewhere sometime. They are the ones to grant it indisputable justice, not me. Let me sweetly admit. I have been surrounded by others. We did it together. They raced extending their supporting, open arms. Everybody was there. Everybody is a witness. I shoulder proudly the debt. Things cannot be harnessed in their absence. 'Either a borrower or a lender be'. It bears true intention for a venerable survival. The motif of gratitude recurs every now and then here. How fit this goes in here. The hovering angels are, here and there, everywhere. Let me grope for them. Let me clasp them one by one. Let me invite them next to my bosom. Let me give them a darling, bear kind of a hug. They do worth it. We did it. We did leave a lot behind.

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