



Why I Write

Kim Curran

WHY DO YOU WRITE? I get asked this a lot. In cafés and black cabs. On dog walks and school visits. And for podcasts like this. Why... do you write? And the answer, I'm afraid, is so simple as to be infuriating.

I write because I love it. That's it.

I write for the same reason that I sing in the car or dance in my kitchen. For the same reason I swing in hammocks and rub my dog's belly. Because it brings me joy.

Making stuff up makes me feel like a child. And making stuff up and writing it down ah, well that makes me feel like a god.

Writing is dreams caught in butterfly nets. It's falling in love for the first time. It's adventures my knees are too old to have. And mysteries my brain is too dull to solve. Writing is my way to escape. And my means of coming back to myself. I write because I love it.

But when I tell people this, a little giddy and too quickly and too loudly, like a child explaining the plot of their favourite film, they look mildly disappointed. This isn't what they wanted to hear. They wanted to hear that writing is pain. That it's sacrifice. They wanted to know all the reasons that they shouldn't be doing it.

And it's then that I realise, ah, I've answered the question wrong or rather,



they have asked the wrong question. They don't want to know why I write, they don't want to know about the delights of tapping into the purest, most creative part of your soul. No! What they're *really* asking is this: why be a writer? Why...of all the things, a professional writer? And for this, I don't have an easy answer.

Why take that soap-bubble joy and put it out in the world to be prodded and poked and popped? Why expose yourself to crushing rejection, over and over and over? Why take something pure and try and make money out of it — especially when there is so little money to be made? There are a thousand careers that would be easier, that take less and give more back. So, why this one?

I fumble for answers. Some satisfy. Most do not. But the closest I can get is this. I am a writer because it's my way of making a mark on the universe. A tiny, infinitesimally small speck of a mark. But a mark none the less.

I am a writer because I want to be seen. As we all do. Just as we do when singing in our cars or dancing in our kitchens, there's a tiny, small part of us, that wants to share that joy with others. To connect. I write because I love it, and I share that writing as a writer, because I hope that someone, anyone, might love it too.

And because, quite frankly, I don't know how to do anything else.