

# The Storyteller

*“You have to know what scares you.”*

He tried other things before he found his stories again. They had waited, ready to embrace him like a well-deserved snake, winding slowly, softly up and through, inviting resistance or charmed acceptance, ready to strike. But what sweet poison, working in or out, who cares when the tale spreads over mind and bone? Lord, it hurts to stand there naked with a story wrapped around you but there's freedom in it. You can always deny it, watch it slither off, be lonely for it, imagine it in the night, and wake to find it, smooth and demanding around you, ready to strike.

—Lisa Bolin Hawkins