**What is creativity?**

I recently read an article about how nobody in the world is actually original, which I thought was well connected with being creative. That statement, which made me think a little bit, made it harder for me to answer this question. Since I don’t feel like arguing if that is true and what other individuals may think about this topic, I will remain strongly subjective. I will talk about what creativity is for me.

 In my humble opinion, creativity has something to do with one’s intelligence. Granted, psychologists have proved that there are many kinds of intelligence which makes me wonder if that is the case with one’s creativity. It didn’t take me a long time to realize that, of course there are many kinds of creativity! In the very base of the word “creativity” is the word “create”. To create something, or to make something, it is necessary to have that little spark somewhere up there in your brain. To make something that might seem as if it was never seen before, it takes for that spark to be a fire. Some of us have it, some of us not as much… The good news is, although you can’t learn to be creative, you can learn the way of thinking which will help you find your creative identity.

 Whether it was a painting you saw that made you stop and share a piece of your soul with it, or a song that made you deaf for everything but music, or a couple of words written on a paper that help you explain yourself in the universe, creativity’s beautiful sparks can be found anywhere and everywhere in the world. It could be found in numbers and colors and drawings of flowers, in a forgotten diary or written on a table in a high school classroom. Did You notice that little rhyme right there? Wonder where that spark came from…

You come out,

 not knowing what to think of me.

First time I was a surprise,

Second time, again,

I was a surprise.

Every time You find me,

I fill Your eyes.

Take a guess,

What am I?

I fill Your soul every day,

I never stop

I never go away

I hide in plain sight,

If You look hard enough,

You can find me

sitting on a park bench

engraved by a loved hand,

so I ask You once again.

What am I?

 This poem was written by a high school student who tried to explain to himself as well as to others what creativity might feel like. He put himself out in the open, waiting for it to strike. When he felt it, he wrote everything that came to his mind. He didn’t know how big of a spark it was and he is not sure when it will come again, but one thing was undisputable – that was a spark of creativity. He will save this proof and share it with anyone who wants to experience the same feeling.