

Danielle Timmons
Excerpt from “Feed Him to the Gator”
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ALWAYS

I was always meant to be a writer

A lover

A fighter

A collector of thoughts

Of experiences

Of stories worth telling

I was always a fire that could not be extinguished

Always a category 4 Hurricane

That kind of beautiful that's wrapped in hope and pain

Eyes big enough to see the world and not myself

I was always a writer

A teller of truths

In the tradition of my ancestors

Lips full, lips filled with laughter and promise

I was always this force of unobtainable emotions that spilled onto pages

I see my life not in stages but in chapters

Constantly editing my happily ever after

I was always a writer

In love with Toni, infatuated with Joan,

My color is purple

My pen is strong

This was always my legacy