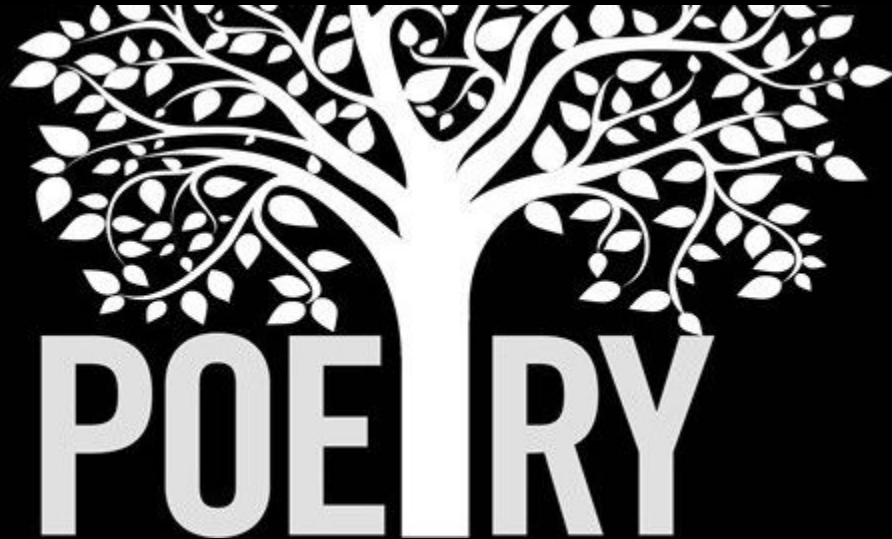




Writer's Craft Poetry Collection

Spring 2017





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This poetry collection was created by students of Mr. Wilson's eLearning Writer's Craft class. These students come from an area that stretches from Red Lake, in the far northwestern part of Ontario, east across the Lake Superior area and across to the North Bay region. In a car, it would take about 19 hours to drive from the westernmost student to the easternmost student.

Thank you to the students for sharing their poetry, which explores a variety of subjects.

Contributors:

Nicole Daines, Jaedyn Harvey, Melanie Howe, Cassie Langthorne, Cameron MacIver, Kaitlin Munro, Shelby Saunders, Abby Taggart, Maya Thompson, Kara Trottier, Jerryn Tuck-Wynne, Nicholas Wach, Ashley Wunsch, Jory Zechner



When I was little, I was always a *happy* kid
But not exactly a ray of *sunshine*
I mean never extremely *obnoxious* or *bratty*,
But yeah sometimes I could be a *crotch* and straight up *dreadful*
You can't tell me one 5-year-old who wasn't like that though
That kind of changed when my brothers and sisters were born
Being the oldest *sibling*, growing up was pretty chaotic
Everyday was like being in the middle of a *War*
Somebody did this, or somebody took that
It got almost *tedious*,
Constantly being the middleman
But being a *sister* is honestly one of the best *feelings*.
We we're all always *happy* kids,
even when we didn't really like each other
Being the oldest meant that I basically helped raise them
I see them as not only my siblings,
but as my almost practice *babies*
It's like being a *parent*, but you don't have to do any actual parenting
But all the amazing *memories* I have of my siblings are *ruined*
2 *years* ago, I had 3 full siblings and 3 half siblings
I now have two of each.
If we ever want to take a sibling picture, it'd be in a *graveyard*
Crowded around a *tombstone*
Trying to look *cheerful*, and *beautiful* despite the fact
That we'd *never* really be okay,
Never really get over that *horrible* day.

-Jerryn Tuck-Wynne

The school years almost
Over, and then we move on
To bigger, better

Things. Not to mention
Better experiences
More options, culture

A wider array
Of happy activities,
Of happy people

We'll still love our past,
But it's time to move on to
Bigger and better.

-Jerryn Tuck-Wynne

My Poems-Jerryn Tuck-Wynne

For my first poem, I decided to re-work my first free-verse I wrote. Re-reading it, I noticed some verses didn't flow very well. It was kind of hard to re-write the verses so they worked better, but keep the context of them the same. I thought Free Verse poems were going to be a greater challenge to write than they actually were. But once I realized that it's not really about making it rhyme as much as it is making a connection if that makes sense. My second poem is a Haiku about my final semester of High-School coming to a pretty quick end. I really liked writing Haiku's because once you get over the whole syllable struggle they're pretty easy to write. Overall, I really liked the poetry unit. I actually super surprised myself by coming up with, what I think anyways, are some pretty good varying forms of poetry.

Die-Abetes - Cameron MacIver

I was four years old and asking for a death wish.

My world was spinning and I couldn't keep up.

"You have type one diabetes," is what the doctor said.

Everything was in slow motion after that.

My mom's tears,

My grandmas reaction,

My ability to move.

The life inside of me roared with anger.

This diabetes is a pain.

Every night I feel it scratching my insides to get out.

It's just looking for a place to escape.

Having a sweet tooth is a kiss from death.

Carbohydrates are a little piece of hell.

My life is no longer a life.

Instead it is a schedule.

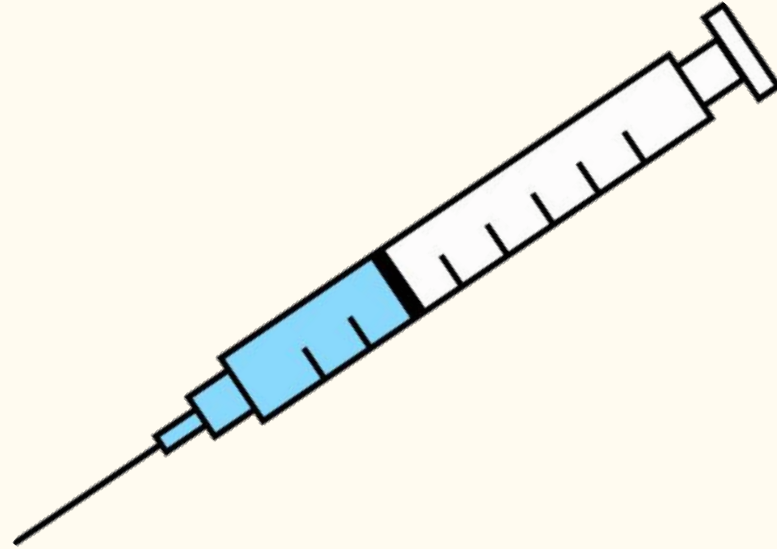
Living the same day over, and over again.

But as I get older,

I've learned to live with my life.

I have the world on my shoulders.

I've grown to love and accept it.



Seasons - Cameron MacIver

Fall

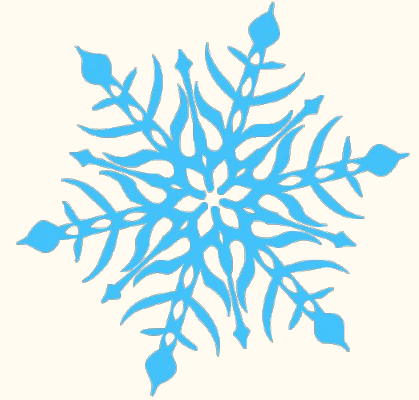
Warm, Cool

Carving, Picking, Laughing

Acorn, Leaves, Pumpkin, Bonfire

Bake, Crunch, Harvest

Thanksgiving



Summer

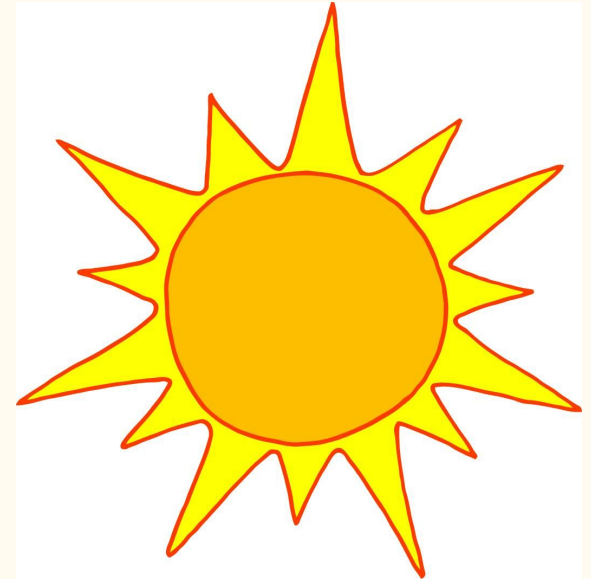
Bright, Breezy

Swimming, Surfing, Sun-Baked

Beach, Pool, Waterpark, Sandcastle

Camping, Running, Hiking

Party



Winter

Cold, Freezing

Sledding, Skiing, Skating

Lodge, Snowman, Snowflake, Canada

Snowboard, Sledding, Shovel

Blizzard

Personal Reflection

For my first poem, I wrote about living with diabetes. I used this poem for one of my first poetry assignments. This poem shows more of a personal side to me, it was never part of a discussion assignment, which is why I used it. When I first wrote this poem, I wasn't really confident about it and was iffy about handing it in. So, when I chose to do this, I rewrote some of it and made sure it fit my standards, and that I was happy with the final product. My second poem, in my opinion, was short, sweet, and simple. It was pretty easy to do and come up with on the spot because I've grown to love diamonds. I contrasted three different seasons: fall, summer, and winter. I also organized it in my favourite to least favourite seasons.



Graduating- by Nicole Daines

The end of grade 12
Just three more months until grad
The most stressful time

University,
It is approaching too fast
I don't want to move

Family and friends
Will be sad to see us go
I don't feel ready

Taken for granted
Are all the things we miss most
see you later mom



Personal reflection- Nicole Daines

My first poem was a haiku. I decided to write four of them and join it into one, because one was not enough to communicate the overall mood I wanted. The theme is the milestone of graduation and leaving for school, and I included a confused face, because all I feel lately is confusion and stress about that topic in particular.



The Spotlight

Being up on stage is one of the best feelings in the world.

The lights shining down on your face,

The crowd cheering you on.

The lines flowing out your mouth without much thought,

Followed by your character's emotions.

Being up on stage, you forget.

You become a different person.

You escape your thoughts for a short amount of time
and become someone else, the character you are playing.

Being up on stage, you enjoy yourself.

Although you are beyond anxious

and your stomach is exploding with butterflies,
you walk on that stage and shine as bright as the light above you.

This experience was no different,

All the same feelings were there,

Yet, heartbreak came next.

Knowing you put your heart and soul into the play and being a character,

But it still wasn't good enough for the adjudicator.

So here I sit, empty.

Knowing the play is over.

Knowing I will never act that role again.

Knowing I will never compete at the SEARS Festival or perform a high school play ever again. - Ashley Wunsch

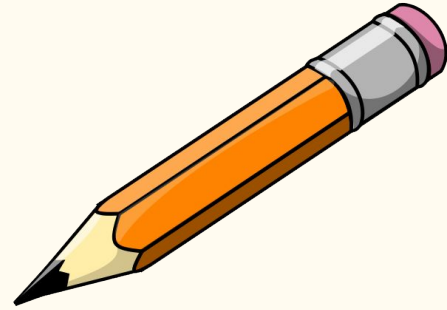
These Are A Few Of My Favourite Things



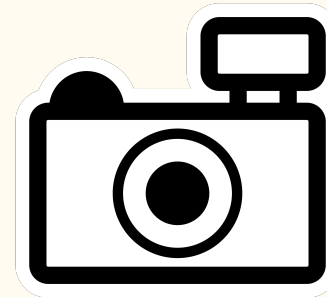
Sports
Challenging, active
Running, hitting, sliding
Team mates and cast mates
Acting, influencing, discovering
Beautiful, powerful
Theatre



Reader
Interested, addicted
Questioning, absorbing, escaping
Thoughts, feelings, growth, freedom
Writing, creating, inspiring
Magical, expressive
Author



Travel
Stunning, breathtaking
Adventuring, hiking, exploring
Experience, journey, view, camera
Focus, Capture, Snap
Pleasing, astonishing
Photography



-Ashley Wunsch

Reflection- Ashley Wunsch

My first poem is a free verse I wrote to let out my emotions of how amazing acting usually makes me feel, yet now I sit here and can only remember the worst of it and not all the good that came from the same experience. Knowing that it was my last performance and we didn't move on was piling up inside of me, and I needed to find a way to let out the anger out. After writing, I realized that there's nothing my cast can do to change it, so I may as well focus on the positives of the show instead of the negatives. I added a curtain background with the shining lights in hope that the good would shine through the bad of the situation, and in hope that seeing the lights and curtain would remind me of the awesome time I spent on that stage.

My second poem is three diamante poems describing 6 of my hobbies- sports, acting, reading, writing, traveling and photography. I thought of this mostly of a poem of things that made me happy (which is where the Sound Of Music title came into place), and I hope I can look back at this poem when I am feeling down and can remember the great experiences in my life. I tried to place things together that worked (such as reading and writing, as well as traveling and taking pictures), but for the first one, I took more of a juxtaposition root, putting sports against theatre. I did this because I am lucky enough to have both in my life. Typically, a student is an athlete or an actor, but being in a small school gives me the opportunity to do a bit of everything, and without the happiness that came from those extracurriculars, I don't know if I would have got through high school.

A Friend of Mine by Kaitlin

Ask me about a friend of mine, a friend I've had for years.
She's been with me through thick and thin and through all the tears.

We met one Halloween night, in our costumes we were dressed.
I a pumpkin, and her a princess; in my head this is not messed.

I'll tell you she's my best friend, I hope she says the same.
We swore to spend each summer together - I shall not tell her name.

She taught me to dive, I taught her to flip.
We spent our days out on the beach, a weekend we did not skip.

Take my hand she'll tell me, down with me you'll dive!
We'll create the perfect form, 10 out of 10, high five!



Come to the beach and we'll show you how our trailers
stand side by side.
We'll show you where our summer's spent under the bright
blue sky.

She'll show you where she scared me, so badly I was
speechless.
I'll show you where I dumped heaps of mud on her, so
fearless.

Ask me about a friend of mine, she's the best one I've got.
Ask me why she's part of, every single summer thought.

Role Model by Kaitlin



Role Model
Brave, Reliable
Respected, Understanding, Captivate
Backbone, hard-worker, fighter
Loving, Support, Guide
Tenacious, strong
Grandma Betty

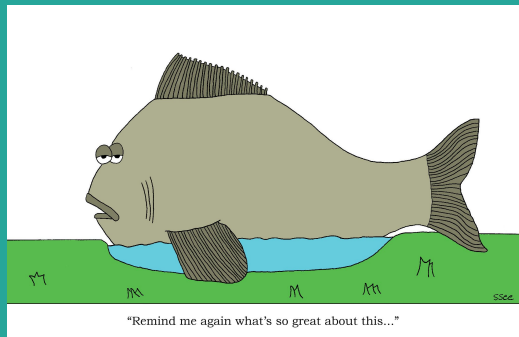


Reflection - Kaitlin Munro

For my first poem, A Friend of Mine, I had already published this in the free verse discussion. But, since the free verse had a line maximum, I had to cut some of the poem out (because I had previously written it a while back) so I thought it would be cool to show the entire poem.

The second poem is about my grandmother, she was my role model. She was this strong, independent kind of woman that was a force to be reckoned with that's for sure. But then on top of that, she loved her grandkids more than anything in the entire world so I tried to show that in the diamante (I really like writing these I find them super fun!).

A BIG FISH IN A SMALL POND



Grocery store gossiping,

the Friday night Jr.B games,

basketball practice with all your bestest friends;

these are the joys of a small town,

yet also the routine every day happenings of a small town.

I have grown up in this same town my entire life;

I love it.

I can walk down the street and say hello to everyone by name,

and I can go for jogs without bringing my phone for safety.

I can read my neighbour's posts about her thanksgiving dinner on Facebook,

and I can walk up the street to my Nana's for my own.

These are all the wonderful parts of living in a small town,

yet everyday I think to myself...

I am a big fish living in a small pond.

There is so much greatness that comes with growing up in a small town,

but my small town holds me back from being my true self,

and reaching my full potential.

AUTUMN

Autumn.

The crisp air caressed my face.
I felt my cheeks flushing pink --
nose running.

Late August,
no doubt it was windy.
Leaves appeared to be dancing around me,
as they flew with the wind.

I thought of you.
I thought of you and how we used to dance,
with in the winds on late autumn evenings.
I thought I could hear you whispering to me,
but it was the wind playing games.

Oh,
that late August wind.
It evokes such nostalgic memories,
of us,
-- or of what we used to be.
There is a knot in my throat,
not this.

Tears.

My vision is disappearing,
from the tears that fill my eyes.
The distant red, orange and brown shades,
become nothing but a blur of mustard yellow.
And that's all I can see.
Again.

Again.
Puddles of tears,
puddles of our lost love gather beneath me,
goodbyes were never easy.


Goodbye Autumn.



Reflection- Abby Taggart

For my first poem, I took my found poetry poem and I changed it to make it less formal so it kind of became a free verse. When writing this poem, I kind of use my own definition of the phrase “a big fish in a small pond”. Originally it means someone really successful and great in life living somewhere they shouldn't be, but I look at the phrase differently for myself. To me “a big fish in a small pond” means someone who wants to try new things and live a not routinely lifestyle where they can do something different every day and do what they want to do, and in my small town that is impossible and living here makes me feel really trapped. That's what I wanted “a big fish in a small pond” to kind of show.

For my second poem, I used my very first poem that we wrote in this unit. We had to chose a topic and use every word that was given with it. When I initially wrote this poem, I didn't like the flow of it with the words that we were given to use, I found them to just not flow properly or sound good used together. I kept some of the words that we were given but I also eliminated and changed some so it sounded the way I liked it. After learning about poems, I'd call this one free verse.



*The gleam of the eye
Acts as a window to the
Brightness of the soul*

-Shelby Saunders



The Night Before New

*The stars shining bright in the sky,
Pinpricks in a black fabric
Piercing through a cloud in my foggy mind.
Heart and mind racing,
Going around and around
About the potential and the danger
And the things that await in the coming years.
A universe of stars.
A universe of possibilities.
On the precipice of something new,
And a change that could mean nothing or everything.*

Reflection

My first poem is a haiku that I wrote about a friend of mine who has very bright eyes and also happens to be among the most spirited people I know. I wrote the poem with them in mind, wanting to draw parallels to the sparkle of the eyes and how vibrant someone's personality is. This essentially turned the poem into a metaphor. I also used the term window to make an allusion to the stereotypical "The eyes are the windows to the soul." From there on I just chose words that worked within the syllable format of haikus. For my second poem, I wrote in free verse style about a plan that I have to go stargazing on the night before I leave for university. I wanted to weave the imagery of the night sky into the emotions of leaving everything behind and this was the result. This manifested in the first three lines where the stars are said to be interfering with the person's thoughts, almost (but not quite) taking their mind off the upcoming change. It also appeared in the lines that use both repetition and metaphor, "A universe of stars./A universe of possibilities." I tried to keep the ideas jumbled to make it into an almost stream-of-consciousness style. I also kept the wording vague and didn't identify what the change was because I wanted to leave it to be defined by the reader so that they could simply connect to the emotion and make it apply to any situation that was going on in their life.

-Shelby Saunders

Until the End of Time

By Melanie Howe

Five, four, three, two, one
Another five seconds gone
It never changes

It will limit you
Can be blunt, adds pressure, fear
Passes if not prim

It goes by quickly
It's all too easy to waste
Every moment counts

Trips around the sun
With each one it seems quicker
Seems less can be done

It brings on the worst,
But always go on
It brings on the best

Unplugged and Dependent

By Melanie Howe

Born from the dirt,
The earth,
Home
Learned to coexist,
Respect,
Sustain

Some got too curious
Wanderers, lost
Lost sight, means, stories
Unplugged from natural surroundings
Altered ways until they completely changed
Took anything and everything to *optimize*

Misplaced ethics of hard work,
Of old fashion fun
Validation lead to ignorance,
The *fad* spread like a virus
Things of convenience became needs
So dependent on machines
Can't recall how it used to be

Bare feet? Outside?
We didn't always *connect* through a screen?
Books? Natural lighting?
We didn't just need our fingertips,
To find things quickly and easily?

Reflection of “Unplugged and Dependent”

I actually got the idea for this free verse poem when the power went out at my school the other day. There were no lights, and we couldn't use the computers or the wifi, and a lot of people got frazzled and were not happy about the situation. There was also a lot of complaining. I personally thought everyone was being a bit ridiculous, and it made me realize how much things have changed since I was little and how dependent we have become on various technologies and other things, which is what I wrote about in my poem. At first I just wrote a bunch of lines and organized them so they related and flowed well. Then I tried to think a little deeper and make connections to come up with poetic devices to add. I like to add poetic devices or some sort of figurative language to each stanza if I can, which is why I added the lines *unplugged from natural surroundings* and *spread like a virus*. I really like how I used the word *unplugged* because I think it has some irony to it; Unplugged reminds me of electricity and machines, which is what I mention we are so dependent on, but I used it more as a synonym for *unconnected* and how because of technology, we are unconnected from things we used to be very connected to, such as nature. I also italicize certain words to emphasize them so that readers would think about them more. Another thing I did, was make the last stanza questions because I thought it added a very neat and different format to my poem that would make readers think a little more about what I wrote.

-Melanie Howe

An Angel Named Pogo

By: Kara Trottier

It was May 28th, the morning after prom
I did my very best, but I couldn't stay calm
Today was the day. I'd been waiting forever.
My boring old life was about to get better

I tried my hardest to wait until noon,
But I simply could not, I was over the moon
I drove straight to Karli's and thought that just maybe
She'd be awake so I could pick up my baby
A cuddly boy, with big brown eyes
How lucky was I to claim such a prize.
At 10 months old, he was almost full grown
I packed up his things and we headed towards home
So small and so precious, the right amount of dachshund
His stubby little legs barely kept him off the ground
Four tiny paws and two floppy ears
I was so in love that I cried happy tears

He was all I ever wanted, truly so beautiful
I was officially a dog-mom and my role would be dutiful
We finally made it home, his grandparents were ecstatic
After 16 years of begging, I couldn't help but be dramatic

He was the sweetest little thing I ever did know
He was cute. He was playful. He was Pogo.

Our summer was filled with the happiest of days
We took every adventure that ever came our way

But all good things must come to an end
A terrible accident took my best friend
I hold on to our memories as I do his favourite toy
I am constantly missing my handsome baby boy
I think about him always and do my best not to cry
But I just still can't believe that he was ready to fly



Mom

Kara Trottier

Strong, beautiful

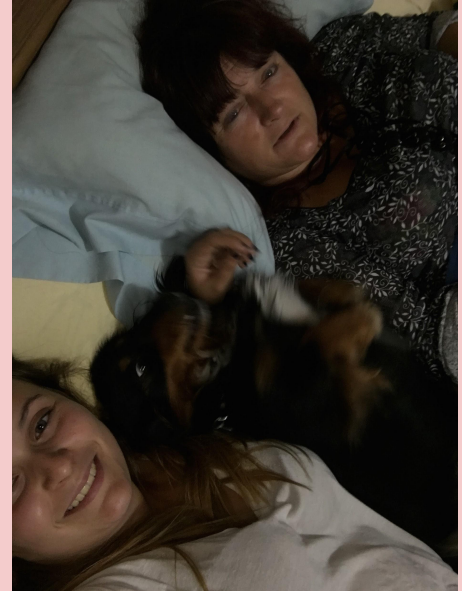
Cooking, cleaning, slaving

Provider, supporter, bestfriend, rock

Working, giving, sacrificing

Loving, unconditional

Hero.



KARA TROTTER

I reworked my free verse poem for my first one because I thought that it definitely had room for enough improvement to change it. I also chose it because he was literally my whole world and it's something I can write about in great detail. Also, I chose it because I knew I could find a cute picture to use with it. I am aware that free verse poems do not have to rhyme, but it was easy enough to make this one rhyme without sounding too weird. I could literally write 200 more lines about him because he was so perfect to me. Although the ending is obviously sad and the memory constantly haunts me, I was really trying to show how great he was and how happy we were for the few, short months that I had him. The title suggests that it will have a sad ending, but hopefully when people began to read they could feel the positive energy that I was projecting from the excitement I felt the day that I picked him up. My second poem is a diamante and is pretty easy to understand. I was doing my homework, trying to think of what else I should write about and I looked up into the kitchen to see my mom working hard, as always, and I thought, "hey she deserves a poem written about her" because she's literally such an amazing person and I love her. So yeah, that wraps up the poetry unit I guess. I will admit that I enjoyed this unit much more than I expected. I learned that poetry isn't really that difficult and it can be whatever you want it to be. Honestly, I am probably going to miss this unit.

Living

I lost all my identity to bottled medication
that I stomached everyday
Like putting a bullet through my temple
And the voices that survived the shot
drove me to insanity
The burn didn't seem to hurt much anymore
Still, though, I am more than my mistakes
and I am more than what he did to me
But I can't help but trace the scars that constantly remind me that I am not
And no, thank you, but your 'stay strong's didn't heal me
Cause motivational quotes and pep talks don't drive away mania like medication that knocks me out can
And for the last time
no
it is not normal
for a 17 year old
to want to become drunk just to numb herself
Because there are people
who die long before their heart stops beating
And I refuse to grow up thinking that it is okay
For boys to assume that 'no' means 'convince me'
Just the same as I will not allow myself to confuse surviving
And *actually living*
Because I spent years of my life with the idea that they were synonymous
But I promise you
That *living feels so amazing*
-Jory Zechner



I didn't bleed out when you stopped loving me.

It would have been silly of me to.

I killed the cravings

of your hands

With a bottle of bitterness

Trembling wreck

But you were a weed in my compass of roses

And I couldn't dig deep enough to remove the roots you grew

So after every extraction

You would re-appear

But I still sing with what is left of me

I will blossom in the places you planted yourself.

Uproot



- *"Today my professor told me every cell in our entire body is destroyed and replaced every seven years. How comforting it is to know one day I will have a body you will have never touched."*

Reflection; Jory Zechner

The first poem I submitted was a free verse. It's a little bit personal/deep, but it meant a lot to me, so I thought it would be okay to share. I also know this is a 'safe space', so I'm not too worried. Some lines in it were originally in a song that I wrote about a year or two ago, and I thought it would be cool to transform into a poem with the same meaning/message, but different 'material' I guess. While writing this, I found myself reliving some hard times, and I actually added a lot more than the song had originally. I also found a list of quotes that I had saved on my old phone, and they inspired a lot, with my own spin of words/experience on them. (Did that make sense?) I like writing for therapy, so this was really effective for me.

The second poem, again (oops), was a little sad/dark (I promise I'm a pretty positive person). I think maybe, for me at least, sad/dark poems are easier to write. I tend to write music when I'm inspired to, and a lot of the time, it's when I'm going through a rough moment, so I think that poetry has taken the same sort of effect on me.

I took the poem that I wrote for the beautiful/ugly words assignment, and changed a few lines so it sounded less like I *had* to use certain words. The quote in the bottom in italics is not mine, it's actually one of my favourite ones that I found on tumblr years back and it has stuck with me up until this day. I thought it fit pretty well with the poem. Overall, I really did liked this activity. I'm not a poetry wiz, nor am I good at it in any shape or form, but it worked for me in different ways than that, and I appreciate it a lot. :) x

but what about female privilege? he asks
a smarmy grin on his face as he interrupts me
he wasn't even in the conversation
but that's okay
he's used to forcing his way into things that don't want him there
he waves female privilege in my face as though he has revealed the ultimate Trump card
and he's right
women do have so many privileges that men don't
so let's talk about female privilege

i have the privilege of knowing that when i go to university i'm not just paying for my tuition
but also for the 1 in 4 chance that i'll be sexually assaulted while i'm there
and i have the privilege of knowing from other girls that the my school will not offer condolences and comforts
but raised eyebrows and leading questions
about the length of my skirt and exactly how much i had to drink that night
as a woman i'll have the privilege of knowing my attacker
because most rapes aren't committed by ted bundy types
but by best friends and college study buddies
who never learnt the meaning of no
and when their violation of me doesn't just end at the act
but continues on as a growth in my womb
i'll have the privilege of being verbally attacked on the sidewalk of a clinic
by yet another man who wishes to exert his power over my bruised body
as a female i have the privilege of knowing that my humanity
can be decided by the clothes i wear and the company i keep

but please
tell me more about my female privilege



female privilege
by maya

i have spent my whole life

biting my tongue

teeth gouged in

my mouth filled up with blood and all the things i don't
say

holding it in so as 'not to make a fuss'

as people i know and love

debate my very humanity

and inform me

politely of course, with only the *best* of intentions

that if it were up to them

there would be a lot of changes around here

starting with erasing my rights

just like how it was back in the good ole days

but it is no longer the good ole days

and i will no longer stay silent

no more blood will fill my mouth

and drip down my throat

as their wife's did

back in the good ole days

and i will no longer

entertain the debate

about my right

to exist

good ole days
by maya

Reflection: Maya Thompson

I chose to do free verse poems for both of my entries, mostly because out of every form of poetry we've tried this unit, I find that it's the one I connect to the most. It's the same kind of formatting that a lot of my favourite poems (and even spoken word poems) have. In fact, my favourite poetry collection, *Milk and Honey* by Rupi Kaur, is done in free verse.

It was hard for me to write my poems at first, because I was having a hard time finding something to write about, but I was thinking about some of my favourite poems and realized that they were all about things their writers were passionate about. And after that it became pretty easy.

I'm a big feminist. I'm very vocal about my beliefs, and nothing gets me more furious than when some ignorant person tries to erase the issues women face on a day to day basis. My first poem is kinda based around a real life event, where a boy accused me of having "female privilege". Most of the poem is really just how I answered him. My second poem has a bit more to do with my extended family, who don't always hold the same beliefs as me, and try to debate whether or not I, as woman, should have the same basic human rights and dignities as everyone else. I found that writing poems about these topics made the whole process of writing much easier, and was really just a way for me to talk about things that have been bothering me for a while now.

You were there for me
There was little I could do to hide
You kept me safe from fear
And nurtured my fallen pride.
I'd give it all I can
If only there was more I could do
To be close, to hold more than a picture
To be right there with you.
A **sin**, *blasphemy* and **lies**
A curse upon me and I
A thousand years I will wander
Until the day I die.
You are my angel
And I barely a beast
But I strive and I starve
Because when I'm with you I feast.
You are my sanctuary
A world so cold outside
To hold you in my arms again
A dream so vivified.
We both share our demons
No need to push and shove
I know your deepest feelings
They are little more than love.

Little More Than Love

By: Nicholas Wach



Holy Absolution

Haiku by Nicholas Wach

May God forgive you
Peace unlike any other
As he forgave me.

His angels shine bright
Catching you in the spotlight
A world born anew

Come and rule with me
A new perspective in mind
All is yours in time

Reflection: Nicholas Wach

My first poem will be the topic of this reflection. It was written as a reflection of the times that I am currently going through. Good or bad, I know that no matter how I feel, I know that there is someone waiting out there for me. They are waiting for me to do great in life, and cheer me on, even if they can't be here in the physical sense. It is that bond that I have created with that person that keeps me moving on, my final goal for this part of my life if you will.

I chose to do a free verse poem because I believe it is the best way to convey my emotions on the subject. It's open to any scheme, even though I did choose to do a rhyme. It just works for me. I felt like the free verse poetry was the easiest for me to connect with, and without limitation, allowed me to create an excellent poem that I feel is a great success. As for the topic, I am very personal, and from that can draw from my life to create art to share.

Little More Than Love is my favourite poem to have come out of this unit, and I am glad that I could share it here with everybody.

Strangers,
We once were strangers.
Passing by in the school halls,
Not saying a word to one another,
or even making eye contact.
But one day, that all changed.

We became close, so close,
The closest that two people could be.
Best friends.
Partners.
Lovers.
We told each other everything.
Our hopes, our dreams, our fears,
Even our deepest darkest secrets.

But one day, that all changed.
And now it pains me to even look at you
because,
I don't even know who you are anymore,
And you don't know me.

Passing by in the school halls,
Not saying a word to one another,
or even making eye contact.
We once were lovers.
But now,
Once again, we are strangers.



Strangers



Spring turns to Summer

Rainy days turn to sunshine

Roses are blossoming

The hot sun beats down

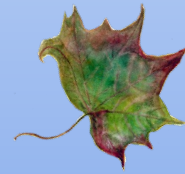
Camping, swimming and bonfires

Feelings of freedom

Sunshine turns to wind

The leaves are changing colours

Summer turns to Fall



J.H.

Reflection - J.H.

The first poem that I submitted is a free verse poem. I chose to write a free verse because it is one of the styles that I am more comfortable with, as well as a style that I really like. I love that fact that free verse poems don't really have any rules, as it leaves the writer to write to their hearts content in any way that they see as poetic. At first I was having troubles coming up with a topic to write my poetry about; so I dug really deep down and just really let my heart do the talking. After I let my some of my deeper thoughts, which are usually kept hidden, the writing just kind of came naturally to me. Clearly, this poem is about two people who were once strangers and developed a close relationship. This relationship ended up not working out which ultimately led to the two people becoming strangers again. Although this poem is about "lovers", the general idea does not have to only relate to people whose romantic relationships didn't work out. As I was writing this poem I also was thinking about some friendships that I have that have eventually ended. **By the way, the reason that the poem was laid out like that was only because it wouldn't quite fit in a one textbox format. However, I find that the way It's laid out gives it a visually appealing aspect.**

The second poem that I submitted was a much happier and light poem. Since Summer vacation is quickly approaching and I am extremely excited about it, I decided that I would write Haikus based on summer and some of the parts that I love. As the poem goes on it also shows the transition of Spring to Summer to Fall. At the beginning of this unit (well when I began catching up), I really didn't have much poetry writing experience, aside from my amature poems on tumblr, but this unit was really able to expand my knowledge and better my skills.