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Creative Writing Thesis: Poetry

Desmond Bonhomme
Claremont McKenna College

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CLAREMONT McKENNA COLLEGE

CREATIVE WRITING
ANALYSIS:

TREES BREATHE PAPER

SUBMITTED TO
PROFESSOR JAMES MORRISON

AND

ELIZABETH MORGAN

AND

DEAN GREGORY HESS

BY

DESMOND BONHOMME-ISAIAH

FOR

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Preface

The title of this compilation of my own creative writings is Trees, Breathe, Paper. This unique collection of poetry, short stories and prose contains a range of work, composed from 2002-2012. The thematic goal of this undertaking is to ballast as many implicit and explicit meanings as are comprehensible, and to extrapolate a distinct spectrum of latent and straightforward explanations with discernible psycho-analytical accuracy.

We all know poetry is truly formless and based on springs of natural inspiration. Thus, we derive our purest inspiration from the natural world and we prune it in its unfiltered, raw state. Poetry is an externality that materializes from thin air.

Please note that in this thesis, the terms writer, poet, author, novelist and litany of other titles will be used interchangeably. Since the power of literacy is divine, as a metamorphic and transformative talent, anyone who promotes global literacy should be commended. Full text sources of all published poems are included in my working papers.

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Introduction

All writers have different objectives, and most importantly, we employ various styles and approaches to give ourselves a free range of public accessibility. The nature of a good writer is to grant his or her audience unrestricted access to their repertoire; nonetheless, it would be a completely daunting task to compose a specific work with the intent crowding out the endless avenues of interpretation. Yet, the upside of stranding your audience is that it is an unfair way of securing their undivided attention.

For avid readers with different experiences, there is a quantifiable euphoria associated with being able to relate to specific ideas, themes or recurring metaphors. Additionally, as literates able to read and write: we employ these hard skills; which if maintained properly, they allow us to engage different assortments of texts and to draw comparisons from them and to be inspired by other authors with diverse bibliographies.

Creative writers, whether attempting to assume loose or strict interpretations, are subject to constant change as their intent, ideas and the underlying inspirations for those ideas, vary with familiarity and rhetoric. Familiarity with one's own work is both a writer's asset and simultaneously a liability.

The notion of being acquainted with that which you produce is motivational, however it can be laborious task, absorbing and

effectively decrypting creative works in an attempt to dispel the most compelling aspects. The appropriate method for extracting that which your readers perceive as curious is an attempt at becoming more intimate with your concepts. A good rule of thumb for achieving a fair understanding of your personal writings, especially during the editing process which will be discussed in more detail later, is the use of techniques like review, referenced association and revision.

As an evolving author, it is essential to have command of a wide range of literary forms. To acquire the effective skills necessary in performing such tasks will require a general rubric with well-defined guidelines and the goal of my thesis is to provide a frame of reference for all the various topics included in this comprehensive project that are associated with the complete creative writing process. I used a pagemark system to record my thoughts while performing the first revisions of some poems. These are included in my working papers along with all draft, notes and revisions.

It is my belief that no metaphor should be left to its own devices. A great metaphor should always be buttressed with either: a rhythmic component, a rhyme or an appositive analogy. The undertaking of rhyme or not, thrives on the enigmatic and the accessible as equal methods of blatant satisfaction. Furthermore, the use of rhyme does a lot to solidify a direct connection between author and audience; even though unquantifiable, still its absence would be unsupportive.

A quick metaphor that I think explains this subtle aspect of rhyme is: if you were in the rain, listening as the precipitation fell onto the concrete; would you pay more attention to the volume of the water as the drops increased? I believe that the loudness of a perfect rhyme can eclipse gentle assonance, but this is not to assert the existence of rhythmic-rhyme dominance in favor of a technique like kenning or the use of excessive consonance. This forte/piano metaphor can also be made analogous to the light/dark, sweet/ sour, positive/negative and big/small, which are all ideologies of general opposition and comparison.

This forward contract of sorts that writers enter into with their writing is self-evident-rewarding-and-reflexive. It is what I like to refer to as an engraved conversation, initiated by the inspired author and facilitated by the reader that asks comprehensive moral and emotional questions about tangible subjects and various disciplines, of course with respect to nature. I presume there are an unlimited number of possible divergences and tangents required of austere creative writers, whom I refer to as *Liberates*. Authors must possess a keen attention to detail via definition, direction and delivery.

This suggested multi-faceted approach may help authors develop their writing formula, and later can shape and mold the overarching principles that authors wish to embed in their collections. The technique of metaphorical supplementation, which I employ frequently, is a generic approach that I believe can buffer many of the ancillary elements of a piece that are normally overlooked. The layering and ordering of metonyms and

complementary metaphors are also crucial, but this is utterly dependent on the experience of the writer. Every writer has their own distinct prerogatives, methodologies and objectives and the three 'D' qualities combined together are in my opinion the foundation of style.

Creative Affordances

Creative writing is a favorite activity of mine because of the panoply of forms and mediums available, and since it allows the author a license to postulate. Whether you as writer are actively engaged in writing, (i.e. typing or by hand), or passively engaged in writing, thinking or cogitation, we find ourselves stimulated through the process of tackling new topics or consciously recycling the unfinished.

A writer's esoteric eccentricities, or simply the distinct qualities that work in tandem to create preference and perspective, are usually tonic and not phasic. This static first order condition needed to develop a style is predicated upon an objective and typically well balanced throughout any collection of writings. I believe that literary vector and creative direction are two separate things that a writer must define in order to explore the essence of thematic progression. The spontaneous generation or regeneration of ideas is complementary and the latter is a secondary condition integral to the editing process. This is probably why good authors never discard their compositions and they meticulously review their bundled working notes as active students and autodidacts.

To illustrate the basic differentiation between the affective, as in preferential or sensual and emotion based, compared to the effective which requires registry, affirmation

and internalization, we need not delve into the depths of the numerous applications. In poetry, affective and effective analyses are independent constructs that operate on the same impetus but seek to elicit different results. Instead of trying to extrapolate meaning from a work that unmoving and static, we affectively search for what is ascribable and then we effectively analyze our findings. As an approach to organized reasoning based edification this heuristic method should be a learning standard.

The descriptive properties of language emigrate between the aesthetic and esthetic. Basically, aesthetic language is more intangible and esthetic language requires additional manifestation. The nature of any writing is to illicit aesthetic connotations but if the writing is illustrious and indicative of that which is normally appropriated to the physical world, it can be deemed esthetic. This is irrespective of the weight of the metaphor, assuming consistent subject matter and derivative allusions, which amplify the general value of the work. Exempt from this artistic paradigm is the notion of concept, delivery and application. All of which are measured post-implementation. This de facto method of idea delivery is reciprocal in that neither is exclusive and they complement each other suitably.

Reception

Don't you find it annoying when a poet forces you to consult a dictionary in order to gain a better understanding of a poem?

I encourage simplicity yet I rarely implement such things. My personal accessibility level is more vain than hypocritical, but I am confident in my writings and their posterier wakes. It is undoubtedly fortuitous that I am able to harness and hone certain of my creative powers. But I am sure that my involuntary detachment does resonate within my poetry. However, I prefer to embrace that corky tangential side of my writing instead of refusing to acknowledge the confection that it adds to my style.

We are the verdure of the verdant future. We must expand our natural preserves and share our seed with every environment we visit. If we could dispel our preoccupations and vacate our pretensions in a famished fury, then only will we achieve serenity. A serenity of new horizons and beginnings, a calculate growth of measured proportions, would engulf our spirits as we recognize that we have changed. This turnover of thought, emotions, and ideas is that natural preserve and we must not allow this unique human ratio to stagnate.

There are many ways to attain mystical awareness within the context of your own work. A practice that I employ is to record various readings of certain texts and poems, then I like to

measure the amount of enthusiasm with which each treatment is recited. This auditory exercise of brain power allows for some advantages. Primarily, the auxiliary state of acuity, which offers the evoker added thinking time and allows for the imagination to project images along with the prerecorded speech.

Some extremist writers that feel entrapped when they are unable to write or to transcript their thoughts neatly on paper. Actually, these writers would not benefit from the invocation of a recording. I think that the explicit uses of such memory building methods should be directed towards rehabilitation rather than exploitation of our cranial abyss. Reciting poetry can be an exclusive art form and simultaneously a science. Poets can mold their poems into malleable acoustic creations that conform to the expectations of any listener. The activity of recitation is a memory stimulating engagement of vivid proportions. Hearing sound(s) and having the awareness to interpret such noise into speech and then to identify with that speech is incredible. The sense of hearing is amplified by the complementary sense of sight. It is a divine power that we call upon in order to see, travel and think. We equate hearing with safety although it is hard to anticipate a silent danger.

Poetry that offers this level of mystery and intrigue is readily available for recitation and much easier to remember because it gives affected readers more to contemplate beyond the text. Sometimes in larger poetry collections there are grand overarching themes and recurring imagery which serve as insulation for the rest of the poems and stories. The metamorphic quality of certain poems creates room for endless interpretations

and allusions to be drawn. A useful skill is being able to identify and categorize the different themes and motifs present in a poem. It allows active and affective readers to directly address the author's goals and brings them closer to unlocking the essence of the work. This method of mental exercise is very difficult to master. It requires a supreme focus in order to evoke lucid memories, effectively using hallucinatory techniques and hypnosis to conjure these visions. The veritable nature of these memories are not in question, since true or false cannot be assessed, due to the cogitative state of the evoker.

Rightfully, it is not profitable to expend valuable hours reading poems that you cannot make even the slightest connection. Mostly because the efforts you put towards trying to comprehend some poetry may leave you less in touch with the text than when you started. This reality stems from the fact that not every poem is composed to be legible, with stringent regard to points of reference and ubiquitous associations that enable audiences to enter the realm of author. Regardless, all poetry should cohere.

Embrace your audience! It is prudent to have agency and poise. Be accessible. Your best form of literary transportation is the metaphor: be sure to use it carefully. Every writer should have their own style of hospitality that employs prefaced evocations of more visceral imagery and balanced uncluttered phrases that would inspire readers of any age.

To establish a good rapport with your readers, generally by making a single metaphorical connection that affects their personal sentiment or to evoke a lost memory, is my prime

objective when I write poetry. This figurative connection, upon creation, is a crenellation in the fortified literary mind of any audience. It becomes a great equalizer when a work is reviewed and critiqued for self-clarity. Most writers establish an immediate connection with their general audience with this kind of dynamic conversation, which occurs on paper, oftentimes through the use of either dense imagery or dialogue. I think that this is a unique method which certainly does not ask the reader to draw upon any prior knowledge or decode any arguments.

Additionally, it is prudent of the author to acknowledge this transcendental connection and to harness its power, thereby transmitting some of the hidden awesomeness to the reader. The meanings of words are meanderings upon which we labyrinth to the point of mental fatigue; subsequent to a student's mastery of oral diction, quickly they are instilled with a foundational understanding of grammar rules and linguistic nuances. The skills of literacy are embedded in the language arts of reading with comprehension, and writing or recording retentively. It is imperative to appreciate the various levels of understanding that exist concentrically within any phrase. This aspect can be extremely effective or devastatingly deleterious to the emerging literate, and therefore I recommend that boards of education and educational ministries across the globe carefully weigh the advantages of introducing poetry into the curriculum at the elementary stage.

To sequester oneself away from the passions of articulated writing is just not sensible. It is senseless to struggle against any creative outpouring. The futility of such an endeavor, I

believe would ultimately commence with fatigue. Responsible undertakings are the key frames to the greater picture; and without parsimony how could we pardon ourselves from engaging in periphrasis— a technique that sometimes envelops writer beyond return, and clouds general clarity, creating opportunity for redundancy. Repetition is not redundant when used for aural effect.

Rhythm, Rhyme & Weight of Metaphor

I believe that rhythm is an essential component of constructive poetry. I believe rhyme is equally as important when employed correctly, with graduated efficiency, but it is not always a requirement. As aspiring poets are well aware, there are many forms of verse, metrical styles and poetic devices that have been popular since writing exerted its staying power over the tradition of oral history. I consider rhythm and rhyme to encapsulate the syncopations of languages, rather than intonation and diction; yet I will admit that certain idiomatically driven languages are not constrained by the lack thereof of variation within the natural beat and meter of native tongues.

The cadence of any poem should resonate acoustically with the inherent rhythmic multi-syllabic meter. I prefer when this interaction occurs often. I think that the parsimonious use of assonance and dissonance are fruitful ways to create suspense and tension within a poem. The edacity of a young writer's literary appetite naturally fluctuates to the rhythm of their own writing too; this notion should be kept in the foremost attentions of a young author at all times so as not to allow partition of mind.

I feel that every composition should feel as unique as an unseasoned early morning, saturated with balanced ideas. I envision something neat and that some point exposes a serene release: "simple like rippling water." I believe that authors

should bear in mind the endless number of avenues and routes a native speaker can employ to achieve maximum comprehension within their respective languages.

Sometimes the speed of a sentence or phrase is dictated by the presence of multi-syllabic words and their presence of additional syllables creates an extension of the *natural meter*. Perhaps natural meter helps writers achieve a concinnity between their expertise of oral, aural and written skills. Poets, however, should not compromise their natural meter in order to achieve better understanding or wider reception. Readerships, in my opinion poetry clubs and books clubs/ organizations rather than individuals should lambast in the enigma and the dolt that comes with interpreting poetry. It is my intent not to devalue the benefit of clear, concise language; however, I am impelled to highlight the hidden potential to inspire anyone that likes a good quandary and takes the initiative to appreciate fresh originality with burning intrigue.

The phonetic and frenetic aspects of language, when used properly or improperly for emphatic effect, with regard to pronunciation stimulate creative interpretations. This technique is an exercise which explores the uncharted realm of incoherence. Specifically, the use of variation in scansion: co-variance between mono- and multi-syllabic phrases within sentences offer a departure from complex metrical structures all the while keeping the reader's attentions focused on the distinct rhythm and the rhyme scheme(s).

In many ways songwriting is poetry. However, there is a caveat, since poems are not ordinarily composed for sonic effect.

It is actually not a poet's objective to ensure that their lines are well allocated and justified. To a certain extent, I think that poets do desire for their lines to be digested without gestation. I consider it to be more of an achievement if your readers embrace your content instead of striving to gauge your mastery of poetic devices like of apocopation, assonance and control of end rhyme. The use of end rhyme is probably the most seductive aspect of a song, whereas in poetry end rhyme oversaturation may cloud a poem's bright, inner hidden meanings. The correct term for these unlinked charms is *entendres*.

As the conversation continues between reader and the main speaker in a poem, eventually it becomes necessary to assert your existence as author. In order to accomplish this separation of plenary powers, a new indirect approach must be adopted. The former approach of establishing a direct connection with readers is limited in its lack of omniscience. It would not be dilatory and if writers create a set of preferences within a piece to establish an early rapport with their selective audience. This indirect connection or superficial bond that I describe is not a simple tone-perspective change.

For example: the difference between first and third person narratives requires a separation, in that it becomes the author's decision to address a singular or plentiful audience. Whenever writers express an idea they are faced with the choice of the personal or impersonal and each method has its own efficiencies and drawbacks.

Poésie A l'instant : Scratch Paper

Natural writing ability may be an intrinsic skill for creative writers and poets alike and those who truly enjoy etching their thoughts on paper. True literary scholars can instantly relate to the notion of impromptu writing. It is a distinct attribute of the flowering poet to harness their inner artist to the fullest. This level of synergy achieved by routine preparation, in the event of flash inspiration, is great reinforcement for the preservation of your early writing style.

For example: access to general writing material or modern electronic scratch paper seems relatively ubiquitous, more so in urban areas than rural and agricultural areas, yet access to a didactic luxury is taken for granted until it is rendered inaccessible. Perhaps, it stems from the innate need to recollect, involuntarily, that we strive to expand our memory banks. I wonder, therefore, why it is unspeakably unnerving for any inscribed person to feel illiterate. This inability to write is most likely one many formative experiences that the writer will encounter.

Writer's block is a projection of latent lethargy. It is an an imbibing of literary initiative that haunts our creative satisfactions. In other words, it is an induced level of eccentric review such that the writer is stifled only by good desires.

The synchronism needed to rapidly excel is one of the exigent traits within modern expressionist enclaves. The progressive nature of individuals to seek perfection is an alternating force that is self-leveling and very revealing. However, this concept reflects respective standards for the self, and a vision of the epitome of success. To feasibly emulate this would not reveal much in the short run but it is far from an unyielding vacuum.

Poetry can be chaotic, yet simultaneously it adapts to the power of suggestive interpretations. It remains the assured medium for introspective thought, and a poet may enlist stern expectations which ultimately outweigh the latent lethargy. Even when I try to undermine the opprobrious affliction of writer block, it rests assured a very real condition. Sometimes it is purely physical; where you have the resolve but are resigned to only visualize your expressions. The other extreme would be the over use or exploitation of writing ability, which causes creative paralysis. An afflicted writer can only infuse their attentions elsewhere, either through hobbies or other fundamentally engaging but not rigorous activity.

As an amateur artist, impression is something of utmost concern because that is that the vehicle of communication for most static and dynamic works. Typically, I craft poems with a clear objective or intention that I have preselected as my thesis; and I exercise the right to be accurate, practical, obscure and foreign. Thus, in the grand scheme of writing style, my hybrid approach becomes infantile.

Impression, the qualifying adjective, bears a surfeit of meanings that permeate naval, military, professional, commercial and personal contexts, which all have partially shaped my understanding of its definition. It is still very abstract and inclusive term. It resonates with a possessive quality. I consider a single impression to be the building block of rapport and strong friendships, but in a literary sense: an impression is a remarkable timestamp of residual resonant proportions that reifies our existence, and ignores the exchange of attritions but celebrates the creation of new ideas as illuminated by the impressions and the interest level, of an affected audience.

A creative mind is anatomically limber. It may stretch and contort but somehow it consistently maintains its original state. It does not enjoy lingering for long periods or not being able to recollect adequately, lest we forget that our organic need to produce persistence pretty specious. Our minds can be our greatest asset as weapon, or a refined clunk of our inner poet's animal spirit.

WRITING: Art & Practice

The process of writing is very emulative at the early stages. As mastery of recognition and replication occur, it becomes less of a required exercise and more of an active display of expertise. I've been acquainted with many discrete styles of writing. From stationary or seasonal greetings to academic and more rigid kinds of writing; my exposure to journals and periodicals, poetry collections and ordinary avid reading for leisure; print and media reading opportunities; these are the doorways into the vast and voluminous world of books. We even subliminally read as we explore new environments and our reading response rate is best epitomized when we drive cars. However difficult it may be to make a comparison between operating machinery and the poised caution needed to read with comprehension, I think it is plausible to equate the ambient sound differences.

Do you think that you could find a difference in two replicate versions of the same poem recorded from memory by hand, but composed at different times of day in similar by separate locations? This activity, if performed correctly should never yield the same result, and if you think that uniformity is indicative of consistency then this task will not reveal anything of reformative value.

In light, a poet—someone acculturated to the luminous sun—finds either frustration due to physical constraints or limitations, finds inglorious inspiration or finds solitude in figurative desiccate discomfort. The only parallel that I have discovered between my daylight writing excursions and my evening deposits happens to be the reasonable likelihood that I will be distracted and possibly deterred. However, my proud and determined demeanor is very impervious to procrastination and more in favor of adept ratiocination.

Surely it is not healthy to keep any viable mind capable of discretion interred. Our minds must not be waterproof; we should deluge our attentions daily with as much reading material possible. And if we desire to create custom works of authentic art—through words—then we need to be conscious of the ways that such art can be interpreted and very alert to our level of offensive or controversial content. It would be unhelpful to receive profane or completely preposterous feedback, laden with innuendo and unexpected review; hitherto the 'any review, good review' logic has been subsumed by sexual allusion. Without undivided attention to the inestimable number of identifications that one word is capable of carrying, we are actually limiting our concreteness and supplementing associative precision for wild interpretation. As a corrective mindset against the intrusion of unwanted meaning, we can only act as captains and guide our audiences away from danger into our inner writer's sanctuary.

A person who loves to write, generally, will carry a pen with them, and whenever overjoyed with inspiration they will quickly jot down some ideas. I like to think of these short

unconventional, scratch papers as brief reminders of events, people, specific places, or simply the abstraction of daily life. More recently, I've taken the liberty to modernize my inspiration gathering-receiving process, and I have begun archiving digital memos as scratch paper. It is valuable to note the general consensus on the usefulness of this note taking and note revisiting technique. Scratch papers represent unfinished snippets of erudition. Whereas, most scholars, especially in the discipline of mathematics would dismiss scratch papers and misinterpret them as additional sheets needed to proof, check and visually confirm answers to difficult exam questions.

My scratch paper dates back to early 1996. The beauty of the scratch paper or blank paper technique is that much of your new material can evolve from a single scratch note; whereas, something written hastily will stand out due to quick penmanship or the texture of the blank sheet, which could range from wide margin ruled paper to a paper towel. Some modern scholars prefer to punch their ideas into mobile devices, and others record their ideas directly onto their skin. Most important, after the visual aesthetic appeal or non-appeal of the scratch note is the legibility of the figurative half-life of the text written, to evince thorough meanings and serve as something pensive and self-reflexive.

Imagine a fountain of fresh ideas! Where each leaf of scratch papers or booklet, whether on recycled paper or not, is your evening entertainment. Writers or any individual plagued by constant inspiration without a scratch paper collection to harvest, I believe has disadvantaged themselves by limiting their

creativity and neglecting the rewarding process of expanding smaller works into bigger masterpieces with fixed detail. Note, it is not my intent to offend writers that have other established methods of exercising their creative muscles.

Perhaps, it is a platitude but creative persons have agency to restricted parts of their brain. Creative persons also love to create, perhaps even more than they like to reuse and review, which leads to a surplus of scratch paper. Most definitely, I agree that I could be a napkin hoarder but I'd prefer the term scratch paper antiquities collector.

Spending an afternoon reading through scratch paper is like counting up candy on Halloween night. Each individual note paper may differ in size, shape, condition but the most common denominator is the actual ink. Whenever, I think about the graphite of a #2HB pencil or the toxic ink of a ballpoint pen, I note the centrality of such a medium as writing utensil. I believe a scratch paper is immortalized only when conceived in crayon. However, the point is that the ink is the heart of a pen and similarly in text, the allegorically raw text is more important than the aesthetics.

These findings are infinitely rewarding and sometimes with a pinch of serendipity scratch papers can be combined to synthesize new interpretations, which I think is really similar to *Poésie A l'instant*. Inspiration can visit at any time, therefore it is crucial to the revision and review process to record and compile every bout of inspiration regardless of the retained value. The retained value of any creative writing is a joint valuation that takes both relevance to the writer and

relevance to the reader into consideration. This shared burden is vital to the strange connection needed to conjure inspiration or illicit a reaction. Any response is valuable feedback that will be integral later during the review process.

Restrictions

Modern poets have long dealt with various stigmas. Many feel compelled to pursue lifestyles reflective of the quintessential poet. I prefer to view this dynamic as the inherent artist's attempt to synthesize singularity. It occurs frequently in a number of modes of reality; those being the significant and vivid memories which we choose to embrace. This multiplicity or general duplication of self differs among each artist with a temporal regard, for artists seek the common goal of inner peace to achieve internal calm and seamless identity. This observation that I have announced, pertains to the particular attributes of today's modern poet and it remains an impersonal attempt to make sense of a poets' sensibilities.

I think that poetry itself, as an art form, is limiting and restrictive due to the partial imbalance of added liberty afforded by a loose structure or the absence of structure altogether, something especially notable in free verse. Another poetic structure that enables the writer to explore their ideas profusely is the paragraph verse. This is generally when you write exuberant prose, and then reorganize your lines to account for the ambiguity of line breaks and the opportunity for added end rhyme. Such a transformative form is naturally full of enjambment and syntactical logic. I personally have employed this form and I think that it works to enhance the poet's

attentiveness toward the natural cadence as meter, and the enjambments firmly embedded in each line.

For the emerging poet, the feeling of being restricted only to your lines of greatest incite that you can imprint on paper is a helpless ineptitude that can only be countermanded through preparedness. In true simplicity I am referring to the time honored writing instrument and portable document or paper method of recording historical ideas. If a poet approaches their writing method with untenable expectations, when they actually attempt to reproduce that which they committed to memory earlier, it is fragmented and lacking in the original splendor of conception.

Creative Revelations

Creativity is sporadic. Yet if it is routinely practiced and honed correctly, it can be an asset that separates a mediocre poem from a poem worthy of infinite praise. Bland and flavorless works of poetry are unattractive and futile attempts at graduated expression. It is important not to confuse creativity with correctness, in form or style; I believe that a person's creative power emanates within their minds' spirit, and it is a muscle that needs constant training. There are endless methods and other impractical approaches that can help any creative writer reinforce, re-establish or refine their creative style. Also, I think that worldly experiences provide a great platform upon which writers can accumulate snippets of spontaneity, infused with culture and surprise.

Have you ever experienced a moment of opaque clarity which made you pause to absorb the interrupting inspiration? This celebrated revelatory state is considered to be our euphoric response to such a deluge of ideas and possible hallucinations.

What it all means?

To be the object of substantial reference is the goal of any person willing to etch their thoughts in ink. Every aspect of the writing process is a complicated endeavor that varies according to the intensity of the participant. Unique self-expression is rarely the primary source of difficulty for most aspiring note-takers. If we begin to identify ourselves as instinctive scribes, commissioned long before we learn the beauty of speech, then we will possess an innate mastery of non-verbal communication in our natural language, which is art.

Any form of written expression can be defined as artistic tangent. During early childhood we rely on the specific communicative methods of scribbling, coloring and tracing, to expedite our acquisition of motor skills and facilitate effective expression. However, in order to demonstrate our developing ideas and record our opinions clearly, we make our first appearance before the triumvirate of reading, writing and memory.

Upon my first re-visitation of my own work, I found the process very therapeutic and retro- expressive. My newfound interest in the artistic method penetrated my reality and defenestrated all future opportunity, engulfing me in the allure of the past. Realism is a factuality that we can only fractionally appreciate, yet time grants us the reflective power to analyze derivative perspectives inertly.

The jargon of life is most explicit in passing conversation. It is exactly what you say to your friendly pacesetter that will determine the breadth of your impression through public displays of expressive attention. The other commonality by which we all exhibit fragments of xenophobic stereotypes, those we internalize and sometimes project inwardly, would be termed empathetic alterity. It is not the outward intent of any writer to zap daily chatter from that which they are not directly an active participant.

Creativity exudes an omnipresence that is available for all to capture. However the mode by which you record creatively should always engender austere integrity. Creative artists who are not prone to ephemeral levity tend to possess this level of authentic consciousness. The complete description of any authentic writer would include a keen attention to detail; most likely because the energy it requires to fake read is out-potentiated by the leisure gained from intellectual consumption. That, probably, is the fig tree of forgotten youth if you ever become concept-stricken, then all that you would need to do is refer to your recorded notes.

The art of recording by hand, itself, penmanship or signature, is a natural dance but also a neurotic affair that places the transcriber in direct communication with the brain. Most writing that we choose to willfully engage in will register beneath any graduate academic standards. The personal curriculum that is necessary to manage and maintain our daily routines is actually immeasurable. This unquantifiable quality of the literary discipline makes the art of reading, writing, and

appending anything personal quite terrifyingly arduous. And this explains the magnitude of force expended by any individual being when they train their cognitive skills in conjunction with expressive creationism.

Coherence is that special process by which we are able to communicate and interact with our environments and communities. Without coherence our ability to respond would be limited greatly and our desire to sympathize would be diminished as well. Comprehension and coherence are chapters in the encyclopedia of interpretive communication, a talent afforded only to the literate. Advanced communicative skills are required in order to fully immerse oneself in conversation or dialogue with another person, poem or object.

The merciless act of infringing upon the basin of borrowed ideas arrives prepackaged under unfortunate pretensions. It is an urgency which impedes then corrupts the mind only to fixate the veritable writer's attentions elsewhere. A departure from attachment to emotive indoctrination alongside a peculiar attention to text ligature, undoubtedly such resistance caused by collective intellectual collusion, may also result in devastating procrastination. A self-less occupation of leisure combined with a misdirected focus is what leads even the most adept to shower in the murky depths of plagiarism. A deep look at the kinds of individuals that have plagiarized affectively reveals that the craft of homage and reference is definitely a formal display of articulateness. This level of oral control is the only way to use imitation to exercise memory and avoid the theft of published intellectual property.

Authenticity is a quality that countermands the tenet of clear and concise writing. It can be achieved in a number of ways, notably through the use of personal or visceral imagery. A poem or short story that depicts in decadent detail its characters and their immediate surroundings is one method of conveying genuineness. Aside from the ornate and exacting, aspects of austerity should prevail throughout; to serve as supportive detail. The opulence or grandeur embedded in the tone of any work can be exposed by scrutinizing word choice. Cognates and foreign terminology usually preclude the inclusion of annotations, but slang and urban speech is normally perforated or italicized; this is a general notice to alert readers of the linguistic obscurity. Deprecated languages, *pas-toi* and ebonic dialects are our modern day examples of authentic language. We should always keep in mind that authentic language seeks to empower.

Language Arts

The practical use of multilingualism is to expand our cultural comprehensions beyond their complacent boundaries. Bilingualism is insufficient as an achievement since linguistic scholarship is predicated upon the existence of a standardized formulae and an expansive lexicon. In my own experience, multilingualism is the forefather of espionage; its covert application can create alienation, spawn intrigue and inspire future foreign language study.

The mastery of subject, verb, adjective placement and agreement, is an infinite universal among writers. Since each of the aforementioned parts of speech exclusively alter the reading of your work, it is important to appreciate their special qualities and incorporate them parsimoniously alongside your literary devices, to create exciting and captivating works. The length of a sentence or the sum of the metrical feet in a phrase is only of issue when instantiated; dysfunction in scansion creates a rift in the treatment of the general form and can also disrupt mood and tone. Still free verse, the absence of metric form, is an efficient means for any writer to explore their pure unassimilated creative power.

The moment we first learn to talk, whereby we can participate in call and response dialogues, is when we are given the ability to channel and express our raw creative power,

oftentimes first through mimicry. It is a liberating experience to escape the cluttered passageways of our minds and to bask in communication and interlocution. We become most articulate when we claim proficiency in a particular tongue feel well versed in the discipline of rhetorical elocution.

Rhetoric is a learned skill that can only be acquired through practice. It encapsulates elements of persuasion and assurance which are in turn interpreted as fact, a logical equivalent of blind sublimation. Rhetorical masters are known to equivocate, pontificate, annunciate and to leave a trail of contradictions. Rhetorical skill requires semantic control and practical control of the present subject, an awareness of partiality, and knowledge of the regional predilections towards lecturers and public speakers. Whence forth oral and written rhetoric will depart, I am not certain; but it can be asserted that rhetoric specific to oral tradition antiquates printed rhetoric. Perhaps non-verbal rhetoric will somehow weave its way into the written rhetorical realm, as the unrealized potential of performance writing, and its treatments.

The temple of the mind has been morally conditioned to repel pejorative reference. Even though in certain circumstances, it is the only tense that imperatively implies discontent, more so than an ethnically degenerative epithet. This avertable disposition is eventually instilled in all sensitive beings via voluntary immersion and reintegration into society. Reservations and homogenous non-militant communities enjoy the advantage of unregulated, lens free subsistence; the result is a passive citizenry unfamiliar with accepted moral code.

Classification

Literature is pliable, as in it has a wide variety of genres, sub-genres and topics, therefore it is rather difficult to not at least gain some exposure. I imagine fantastical things when I ponder on the vast array of anachronous possibility which thrive in the reefs of symbolic literature. Symbiotic principles manifest in every kind of literature, still it is a test of reasoning to attempt to classify publications by genre.

Genre can be determined by the cumulative topics inherent in a work, or it can be appropriated by conditional word association. Ideally, writing should never be subject to taxonomy; but without an organizational structure, the rate of publication would never exceed the rate of request for copyright. Therefore we must appreciate the library as a rival good, but also as public amenity. Prior to the digital book era, we could enjoy our local library as the repository of our desired unknowns.

Abraham Lincoln, the 16th President of the United States declared, "—the things that I want to learn are in books—."

During Lincoln's era it would have been disheartening to try and conceive carrying a library in your hand, but thanks to the advent of electronic book publication and advances in tablet

device operating systems we can read, comment and share our thoughts on hundreds of books at once. This is a sort of instant gratification, and it is unnatural to the quintessential writer. For I adamantly profess: *books don't come with batteries*. I believe that the concept of a book with a battery is a desperate construct which causes us to lose focus. Although, for practical purposes a battery powered book light is more useful than any electronic device with a rechargeable built in battery; since physical print books have a higher salvage value and in certain cases, a higher resale value.

The Writing Process

The writing process remains a known unknown. There are aspects of it which we are well practiced and other areas where we have not yet taken the time to develop our skills. For any being capable of gripping a writing utensil, with their prehensile thumb to form characters then words then sentences, is prepared to write. The step is more applied and scientific: diction. To effectively communicate our ideas with meaning and direction, we need diction.

Diction implies an idiomatic awareness of linguistic nuance and it is almost impossible to employ without multiple points of reference. Diction can be your greatest asset or a most perfidious ally, especially, when you choose to incorporate dialogue. Dialogue permeates multiple levels of consciousness. The uncensored range of your dialogue can enhance how your audience responds to your understanding of how a conversation works.

Earlier I wrote, 'the jargon of life is most explicit in passing conversation' and I vehemently subscribe to this uncommon belief. I think that much of what we say that is unrecorded—meaning unwritten, is lost to nature and inaudible to articulate beings. But a passing conversation occurs spontaneously and dissipates just as rapidly.

Therefore, I confess that eavesdropping is voyeuristic and generally despised, but for writers it does serve a very practical role. For we can only generate dialogues from reference and from the public sphere, therefore we must study the progression of language itself before we may confidently begin to replicate, imitate and expand our linguistic boundaries. Eventually this could culminate in the fabrication of synthetic dialogues that resemble natural ones.

Meditation on Author & Form

Maureen McLane begins her book, My Poets, with a proem. My first encounter with the proem form was in a medieval text. The introductory proem to The Book of Margery Kempe serves as an introduction to her monumental autobiography, apparently the first recorded by a woman author. As a poetic form, proems differ from forewords and function more like prefaces. Although Margery Kempe autobiography is well-praised, probably the most revered of the medieval poets was Geoffrey Chaucer, best known for his collection of medieval stories, The Canterbury Tales. If the general prologue of Chaucer's masterpiece was considered a proem, it would be a very forward looking lens that sheds insight on the several tales which follow. McLane highlights Chaucer's 'Kankedort' as her introduction to the old English dialect. Kankedort was an earlier work of Chaucer's, noted for its enticingly amorous and captivating plot.

When medieval authors wanted a break from the conventional forms, they favored the fabliaux writing style, but oration continued as the preeminent tradition. Fabliaux differ from another popular form, the *lai*, loved by Marie de France for its abstractness and lewdness. However, Geoffrey Chaucer composed "The Miller's Tale" and "The Nun's Priest Tale" as fabliaux. The Nun's Priest Tale, one of the eeriest of the Canterbury Tales, is a creative criticism of ordinary medieval life, as rooster

Chanticleer and his beloved, Pertelote assume human characteristics and attempt to interpret dreams.

Chanticleer's imprint on his environment is enormous and his lovely cantabile voice may have been the cause for the feral fox to cozen and profile him. It is evident that Chanticleer is a confident rooster; however as he contemplates ominous revels, he lowers his guard and the fox is able to clamp his neck. Such a swift and deadly grab must have been witnessed by Chanticleer's beloved Pertelote and the other hens. This near decapitation and sequestering of their defender and counterpart must have devastated the yard pecking order. Chaucer employs fabliaux form excellently in "The Nun's Priest Tale." Chaucer had an affinity for chivalric romance and estates satire, which seem to be his preferred subject areas.

Handsome Chaunticleer and his wife Pertelote have separate beliefs but it is their rather distinct demeanors which seem to define them. Chaunticleer's loss of confidence is significant as the fox did outwit him; however his victorious escape sufficiently restores his ego. Medieval masculinity seems to be at play here, characterized by moments of either shameful defeat or heightened victory and these offer us insight about the sensibilities of the men and women alike. In the final chapter of Maureen McLane's possessive interpretation of her favorite poems and authors, she includes another personal selection, 'Cento', which is a testament to her dedication to the writing of My Poets and it is also an impressive exercise in poetic structure. She dedicates each of the poem's lines to a different

author as an appreciation for their contributions to her early understanding of literary form and tradition.

Camille Page, the author of Break Blow Burn which celebrates a firm list of authors, attributes a great deal of her literary improvements and linguistic advancements to her varying exposures to a litany of extraordinary poets that helped to expand her creative mind. Some of the authors she enlists to provide a basis for her growth as a writer are William Shakespeare, John Donne and Langston Hughes. Shakespeare is regarded as one the most well-established and an annually celebrated writer, whose contributions to the progress of language and literature are irrefutable.

In 1604, at 40 years of age, William Shakespeare composed the comedy Measure for Measure. Determined to make an imprint on the rapidly expanding market for literature and drama, Shakespeare longed to write more engaging drama rather than delve in minutia like comedy. In this play, Shakespeare really attempts to shake the throne and inscribe some corrosive ideas about authority and law, active lordship, justice and chastity, on a very public level. There are moments in this play where it is offensive to overlook the scope upon which Shakespeare incorporates so many perspectives through the diverse character roles he employs.

Perhaps the penury of ordinary life was too mundane for Shakespeare that he felt it most pertinent to usurp the fascinations of James I, as the English monarch previewed an early treatment of the play.

As a playwright and English citizen, Shakespeare must have felt the pressure to *impress* his contemporaries and undoubtedly extend his career by exploring topics that would appeal to prospective patrons and aristocrats on every stage. Shakespeare's ability to exploit the surreal allowed him to access the essence of familiarity: meaning the sublime art of creating recognition; which affects the consciousness of his cast and that of his audience. During the pilot production of this play, it seems Shakespeare weaved his unconscious affections and elicited a welcoming invitation from James I, which reflexively received commodious acclaim from the general public as well.

The feelings of inadequacy that circumvent this play seem to cause Shakespeare's characters to react by compensating, in order to transcend into their class and gender based roles. It can be questioned: why does the Duke lie to Isabel immediately following his unveiling, by messenger, and deny her the truth of Claudio's fate? In deference to instinct and desperation, it can then be asserted that the Duke's only shortcoming, other than his subverted subterfuge, happens to be the consummation of his throne. Isabel, the object of Duke Vincentio's affections, contends with a moral confliction between church, state and family that leads to her rapacious ambivalence and could be her only disapproving quality.

The poignancy of Isabel's appeal within Shakespeare's eschatological view may have motivated his inclusion of her incomplete vow. Isabel's willingness to sacrifice her chaste desires is absurd; although unselfish in its foundation due to her lack of alternatives, it further convolutes the estate of her

loyalties. However, when Angelo refuses her plea, after much unchaste persuasion, Isabel resolves to place all of her good faith in the power of devout love. Isabel's habit or attire affords her the respect as a promulgator of reason. Her complete fairness attracts the undivided attentions of every compatible male spectator, and her intellectual confidence seizes their appetites for procrastination. The allaying duke wishes to expedite a marriage and unreserved Angelo wishes to expedite her brother's execution. In the event Measure for Measure were a mystery and Claudio were his sister's metaphorical dukedom and the convent served as her cover, the abounding sentiments would not lose tension or alter in any way the prominence of their vital relationship. Their bond, which is a blood kinship, is the strongest in the play.

John Donne is 16th Century poet who thoroughly contemplated his supernatural love bond with God. This kind of love connection is intangible by definition. Mystic Love between human and the inanimate creates an objectification of the unknown. Procedural loves or erotic demonstrations, can be seen as enjoyable, even though they perpetuate social mores like nakedness; they enhance the senses and stir intense, lucid emotions. There is the fleeting love associated with the thrill of infidelity, which is founded on our pre-inclination to be promiscuous procreants and our willingness to overlook imperfection and compromise. All love, whether attained or aspired, is everlasting. Love can be tarnished and torn but of its many veritable forms, only the kinds that are unconditionally true and pure may then be considered as healthy.

In the poem "The Sun Rising", it seems that the poet John Donne is rebelling against the reality that he, as a mortal, cannot fully appreciate the Sun's omnipresent luminosity. Immediately, the second and third lines of the poem emphasize this point very well. "Why dost thou thus/ through window and through curtains call on us?" (2,3) Donne intimates that his love for such an integral aspect of our universal celestial ecosystem is riddled with existential questions. It may be that Donne attempts to directly interrogate the guardian of our planet life, but he was rather filled with inquisitive curiosity. Regardless of Donne's prerogative, the arguments that he posits in the first and second stanzas are exceptionally captivating.

Donne's cosmological references indicate that he was educated in the astrological sciences. In the first stanza *pedantic* is an adjective choice that captures the largesse of our sun, *Apollo, Chronos, Helios*. However, Donne strategically places two other adjectives before and after "*Saucy, pedantic, wretch*" (5), which effectively serve to reduce and dampen the imposing image of the sun. This adjective sandwich of sorts reveals Donne's frustrations of nurturing such a long distance relationship with the sun. The encasement and flanking of a neutral adjective, alongside the two which bear vague and negative connotations, is a fine display of poetic structural technique. The effect of such technique highlights the importance of the subject and showcases Donne's attention to word choice as descriptor and precursor to detail. The proceeding phrase, "go chide" can be read either as invitingly earnest or fawningly sarcastic. It is a testament to the progression of the speaker's mood.

John Donne is special and it is always important to acknowledge the depth upon which he challenges the conventional, yet still manages to express his concern about the unknown. Love as precarious is a strange concept best reserved for the grandiose; and Donne knew very well that love is not guaranteed. That is why his giant metaphor about the sun is so compelling in that it asks us to seamlessly manufacture our own assertions, ideas and unproven truths about the sun. To mention some of these assertions that appear within the context of "The Sun Rising" are: the guiding light of the sun, useful for *schoolboy's* and *prentices*; the king's horseman needs the sun to plan outings and

conduct feudal geo-meteorology; and the relationship between lovers moods and the location of the sun in the sky, established in line four with the question: "Must to thy motions lovers seasons run?" (4)

Donne asks quite a lot of his readers but also rewards his audience with sufficient material for contemplation. The second stanza offers a subtle proposition to this figurative lover as she, 'the sun' runs across the sky. Donne asks "Thy beams, so reverend and strong/ why should thou think?"(11,12) carefully inquiring about the origin of the sun, and grateful for the *beams* of light she produces. Yet why does he question the sun's ability to reason; perhaps this could be a way of illustrating the shortcomings of this powerful ruler of the celestial sphere. In this stanza, Donne describes his blindness as an impairment caused by the shining of his figurative lover. He also indicates that as the sun shines, a temporal bond formed between male human speaker and female subject sun; a bond of beaming light which can only be (*eclipsed*) infiltrated by a passing *cloud* or *wink*. (13) This change would be simultaneously celestial, earthly or human and would serve as a shield from his lover's beaming reach. The transformative nature of this second stanza is palled in a sarcastic tone, and this is something that is unsupported by the compliment Donne employs to begin the stanza.

The final stanza of "The Sun Rising" begins ominously. Donne uses an enigmatic style as his language is both elusive and conveys ambivalence. Donne may be referencing both his homoerotic love for the Sun; an intangible love for the sun as genderless; and as immaculate woman, giver of life. Manifested in an

illuminated bond, this love exists because he the speaker believes himself to be the summation and embodiment of all prince-like nobility. This may be a Copernican drawback. However, Donne does continue on to imply that it is only since this relationship exists, his speaker is far superior to the other imitating princes attempting to sun-bathe. Lines four and five share similar metrical structures, but it is line five which is embossed with intrigue, when Donne writes:

"All honor's mimic, all wealth alchemy." (5) This line in particular is laden with complex undertones which add to its moral difficulty with regard to those that promote malevolence. An unrighteous person cannot project the illusion of honor, and as fast as wealth (e.g. money) can be earned, we must recognize that it is tangible and there is a process on how to mint it.

"To his mistress going to bed" is a super lascivious example of Donne's infatuation with the pragmatic, notably that which carries innuendo and sexual connotations. In Elegy 19, Donne spends almost exactly half of the poem, until line 24, in the imperative voice, describing a supernatural dance of foreplay happening in real-time, or he may even be in a trance-like state of mind, attempting to recall the events of a specific encounter with a certain mistress. If we accept the first possibility as rightfully plausible, then it can be deduced that he may be in a brothel and that he is the focus of a mating dance. With exception to the notion of the subject's interaction with the dancer as human and female, there is nothing ordinary about her guided movements and actions.

The imperative tone is really effective for painting a scene wherein the audience responds and reacts to dialogue. Camille Page explains this eloquently in Chapter 5 of Break Blow Burn, where she critically examines the motives present in Donne's compelling "Holy Sonnet I."

"Holy Sonnet I is a drama of mankind's spiritual struggle that transcends the Christian frame of reference. It begins with trademark Metaphysical abruptness: 'Thou hast made me, and shall thy worke decay?' The poet demands God's attention and even rebukes him for negligence. Scripture says we are made in God's image—so why has he let us slide into sin and imperfection? 'Repair me now," Donne insists—using the imperative mood, which would have been startlingly inappropriate for a subordinate address a superior. There is no flattering honorific, no gesture of deference. He treats god like a superintendent responsible for maintenance and upkeep" (C. Page 27)

Nonetheless, the poem "The Sun Rising" is a work of Donne's that I consider more unsettling in its general nature and its content. In this text, on line 27, Donne might be directly referencing Jan van der Straet's "America" (See Notes), when he writes "O my America! My new-found-land." (27). van der Straet was a 17th century impressionist painter, with whom John Donne may have considered an artistic contemporary.

This ownership or possessiveness that Donne invokes with regard to the new world, one that he can only imagine, is actually very daunting. The exclusive connection Donne professed to have with God, at risk of excommunication if needed, and the connection Donne expressively seems to possess with the unchartered American frontier, are both equivalent in their passivity. But then again there is probably no challenge that Donne would have overlooked, given that the rush of a new experience may somehow get his creativity pumping and flowing. This may be the reasoning for the way he equates the nakedness of a provocative mistress with the scant amount of covering needed to garner her subject's confidence to a level where she can easily exploit and manipulate them. In the final couplet of this evenly distributed poem, Donne leaves his audience with another question to ponder over, "To teach thee, I am naked first: **why** then / **What** need'st thou have more covering than a man?" (47,48) These lines are very versatile and seem as though they were crafted to be from the mouth of an inquisitive explorer in *Americas*. It reads like a poetic anachronism.

Elegy 19 "To His Mistress Going to Bed" emits different undertones. This poem stretches the limitations of the poetic imagination. Some poets feel constrained by their work which results in a sentiment of lagging productivity in the other aspects of life. A basic interpretation of Elegy 19 may be that the author, John Donne, wanted to share his opinion about the changing world, but also wished to emphasize the existence of a naturally fleshy, organic love that exists during foreplay between men and their mistresses. In various sections of this

forty-eight line poem the audience is challenged with the task of remaining mentally chaste, as it is a prevailing method for an objective understanding of erotic poetry.

All in all, Donne seems to be asking a single question: What is the healthiest kind of lover? -Love? The sun: strumpet or mistress. If love were a two way street, then idiomatically, the ideal kind of healthy love would be comparable to a non-stop hot air dual-balloon ride, where each of the lovers is represented by an individual balloon and burner. The dual masts would be a failsafe measure that protects the partnership of love. One balloon is enough to initiate the love, yet two firing burners make the love sustainable. The love, in gaseous form, propels itself. Reflexive and reciprocal, a good love is also exhilarating and suspends our conceptions of time.

Blatant disrespect is one form of negligence that purports the opposite of love. The poem "Ballad of the Landlord" by Langston Hughes is a living reminder of the hardship African American males dealt with in 1930's America, and the blatant disrespect they endured. Hughes uses this poem to explore the disparity between race and privilege in the United States, the parallel nature of simple relationships, and the unjust nature of the law. The primary subject of this poem is a black male who is annoyed in his current living situation; we know he is black because of the poet's use of "Negro" in the last line of the poem. Although we are never given the identity of the landlord, readers can assume he is not of exclusive African American descent because of his familiarity with the privilege of justice.

"Ballad of the Landlord" explicitly tackles the issue of race relations and civil rights in America. Race relations in the poem are very tense, partly because of the two levels of discrimination. The first level is centered on the discrimination towards the tenant as an African American male, whereas the second level investigates the simple tenant to landlord relationship.

Landlord, Landlord,

My roof has sprung a leak.

Don't you remember I told you about it

Way last week? (1,4)

The quatrain above is a perfect example of the amount of respect the landlord has for the Negro tenant. If the landlord does not believe it fit to repair a roof after approximately one week then he should have his right to rent out property annulled. In this poem, the judicial system is presented to the reader as a corrupt branch of government whose mission is to imprison black males and preserve white privilege.

The "something element" of this ballad form, that subtly affects the reader, is the reality of what Hughes actually wrote the poem about. Black men, during that era, truly were imprisoned unlawfully for being active citizens. They were frequently arrested for things as minimal as being an unsatisfied and frustrated tenant; this kind of mistreatment was not something unheard of in 1930's New York City.

There exists a parallel between "Ballad of the Landlord" and the current gentrification of culturally rich places, like Harlem, Los Angeles, New Orleans, to name a few. Regardless of whether Hughes had the foresight to predict gentrification in Harlem, a connection can be made through the evaluation of the basic tenant/ landlord relationship. The landlord in the poem is never described; the only knowledge of this privileged individual is in the sixth and final quatrain where he is shown calling out for the police. In the span of four lines, the character of the landlord is made out to be the culprit; more information from the poet would be helpful, but is unnecessary. Hughes intended to portray the landlord as a figure of authority, because it accentuates his civic privilege.

In this poem, the tenant is virtually powerless, much like to the pre-civil rights black male. All of the tenant's arguments are blatantly dismissed as less important than those of the landlord. This unequal relationship between tenant and landlord has a modern day comparison, since the tenant in the poem and the residents of Harlem, New York share a common feeling of not being heard. As a consequence of New York's real estate bubble, places like Harlem and Brooklyn are suffering from gentrification. Citizens are literally being forced out of their homes because the cost of rent is so high. While this occurs developers build new properties on the foreclosures, raising property values eventually alienating people from their communities and their history.

Today, the people who are being financially squeezed out of their homes/ apartments in Harlem would support the tone of the tenant in the poem. As a complement to the irony of the ballad form, the tone of this poem is one of slowly developing turbulence. The speaker of this poem is the Negro tenant. However, the other supporting voices of the landlord and the press are important as well. This poem manages to echo the voice of a concerned resident who evolves into a threatening belligerent tenant. News of this event is promptly printed on to the headline of a biased media outlet. There is an undercurrent of raw emotion that Hughes really emphasizes through his use of selective punctuation and word choice. In the lines below, Hughes deliberately humors us with the confrontational tone of the tenant:

Um- hum! You talking high and mighty.
 Talk on- till you get through.
 You won't be able to say a word
 When I land my fist on you. (17-20)

Hughes' rhyme and rhythm throughout the poem builds up to the climax of the four lines quoted above. When readers encounter the fifth quatrain they are compelled to laugh because of the ludicrous image of a black tenant assaulting his landlord. However, before any violence could take place the police arrive and arrest the tenant. Hughes is a tactician because of the method by which he describes the action of the police in the poem in six short lines. The structure and meaning of those six lines subtly enhance each other; the short and quick actions of the police directly reflect the brief trial and almost instantaneous decision to send the tenant to jail.

Copper's whistle!

Patrol bell!

Arrest.

Precinct Station.

Iron Cell.

Headlines in press: (25-30)

Hughes intentionally does not provide us with much detail of the arraignment process. Remarkably his use of action words is enough to project crystal clear images in the mind of the reader. Hughes imagery does not dwell on the fact that an African

American male is being arrested; he focuses on the events leading up to the tenant's arrest, citing the unfair grounds by which the tenant was brought into custody.

Hughes reminds us of the struggle of living as a black male in a variety of ways. Hughes portrays the tenant as meaningless to the landlord through the eight lines referencing the roof leak and the broken steps, which the landlord has not attempted to fix, assumedly after many a summoning. The repetition of "Landlord, Landlord," at the beginning of the poem plays a significant role as a call to duty; it is as if the tenant is speaking in the imperative mood as though yelling out to the landlord.

A verbal contract exists between a landlord and a paying tenant regarding the maintenance and service of a rental property, and this landlord should not have provided such poor service. The tenant in this poem is portrayed as the protagonist, and based on his dialogue the reader can begin to understand the tone of the antagonist, the landlord. If the tenant claims that the landlord intends to get eviction orders, withhold basic utilities, cut off the heat or even worse; To remove his tenant's furniture from his home and derelict the tenant's possessions, would truly be unadvisable.

The landlord in the poem exploits his privilege and position, in order to dissolve a confrontation that he was responsible for causing. The landlord's tone, while calling on the assistance of the coppers, is one of urgency and fear. The landlord exaggerates as far as to say,

Police! Police! Come and get this man!
He's trying to ruin the government
and overturn the land! (22,24)

From the lines above, we can some draw conclusions about the role of police and the role of the police and government in this poem. The government and the local police in the context of this poem are entities that facilitate injustice and propel discrimination. The slowly escalating nature of "Ballad of the Landlord" is the essence of the turbulence in the poem. The poem begins with a roof leak, some broken steps, and then dollars owed and finally it escalates into the story of a black tenant's incarceration.

The ballad form could be seen as a dance progression. However, the dance routine being performed is interpreted around injustice in America. A juxtaposition upon the original ballad form; Hughes creates a ballad that is one part pompous and two parts discriminating. The two examples of discrimination in this poem are: prejudice from the landlord to the tenant and racism from all characters in the poem towards the black male figure.

Chronologically, "Ballad of the Landlord" follows the format of a court case. The first couple of quatrains serve as the opening arguments, comprised of the tenant's complaints and reactions to the Landlord's futility. The poem then escalates and becomes extremely serious in lines 13-16; Hughes creates a sense of urgency through his use of questions and interrogative sentences. This scene is the pre-cursor to the closing arguments of the ballad. The closing arguments occur in the last two quatrains of the poem, where both characters reveal their

intentions. The landlord had the tenant indicted before a court decision was even rendered. This action shows the lack of equality and unfair nature of the law.

Langston Hughes' poems are very complex and *à la fois*, deceptively simple. Through interrogation and exclamation, Hughes is able to convey an interesting, serious and slightly humorous poem. The structure of the ballad is six quatrains and three tercets; this form allows the poem to evolve from being very personal to informal. The poem is personalized through all of the actions taken by the speaker, or tenant. The most informal quality of "Ballad of the Landlord" is the use of the press headlines in the last three lines of the poem. Hughes creates a setting, a plot, and a clever method to remind people of the hardships of everyday life as an African American male in the United States. Langston Hughes included the press headlines in this poem, in order to emphasize the importance of dispelling this type of prejudice and to engrain this tale into society so as to foster social justice and civic equality.

Self-Revision

This next section will allow you to gain direct access to my creative process through analysis of a poem I wrote titled, "My Signature". This poem underwent a transformation as I combed every line to evince the clearest meanings. This is my example of revised poem from inception to completion. I decided to use my own work as it is very tedious to obtain draft versions of certain literary works. (See Notes)

My Signature

With dexterous wings
you sit, frozen in the doorway
ready to dance

a bundle of joy
waiting for approval.

Guide this frigid horse
tepid steps in turgid time
on my ink dipped hand.

I lift from scribble, I mold
your distinct form
made you exist like a scratch
amply free and frank
to fill in the blank space...
and void the indelible
gaps between hand and mouth

as you shrink into
the largeness of the page
cherish the significant;
genuine growth
each looping stroke-

as you shrinkwrap
into the flatness;
elegantly thick
full of volume
like a normal child.

I thought this revision to be very helpful in that I felt better organized and readily able to edit because of the abundance of revisions. As I began my first revision, I was so enamored by the original form that I didn't want to edit for substance or content. It was very hard to overcome those obdurate feelings and improve this select poem. For the 2nd revision, I attempt to belittle the subject of the poem through verb adjustments, "tried", and the elimination of "campaign". I thought it may be profitable to explore the effect of a new couplet in to the poem. I added the lines "Born at Methodist Hospital/ Brooklyn, NY/". However, in later revisions this detail was edited out because it detracts away from the general agency of the poem. Although the 2nd revision brought an extraordinary amount of personal detail in a single two-line adjustment the voice of the speaker this version is very parental. The third to final stanza is a great example of the imperative nature some of my work exudes. "I lifted you from scribble/ in distinct form-molded/ your conception of leisure./" The second person possessive pronoun is indicative of my lack of personal agency with the metaphorical signature that I am trying to rehabilitate or resurrect. Even though this stanza is very poignant, its ideal form will resurface later in the final version. If I were personally discontent with my older signatures, I may revert to my contemporary scribble. The evolution of a person's actual signature by hand is claimed to be an indicator of mood and relaxation level. On my 3rd revision, I attempted to recreate this poem from memory and although the product of the exercise was insightful, the progression and spirit of the original was

lost in something new and non-retentive in meaning. Additionally, many of the metaphors I hoped to refurbish were simplified beyond recognition. But my approach to adding suspense to something as dynamic and revealing as a person's handwriting or signature was effective. For the 4th revision, I wanted to review the third revision. I also return to the concept of a hidden dialogue between 'the creative mind' and its complementary subordinate 'the hand'. I am very explicit as I address the subject directly, as "embryo", possibly referencing the change in my objectification of handwriting over time. This fixation which is apparent in this poem is cultivated as my intrigue and desire for a legible signature persists. The subtle change in the active adjective of the final stanza from 'unruly' to 'defiant' in rev. #3 to rev. #4 demonstrates my natural discord towards autography. The 5th and 6th revisions are very bare renditions of the original form. The 5th version is bears a striking similitude to the original whereas the 6th revision takes on a completely new form but once again does not resonate with the finite ideologies explored in earlier revisions. However, the 6th revision or ornate haiku is not completely useless, as it will be recycled later. The mystery of the 5th version is a testament to its clandestine appeal. The 7th revision is a lighthearted fusion of the 1st (original) stanza which I consider to be most interesting because the parental/guardian juxtaposition returns and the relationship between speaker and signature becomes clearer. This relationship is reflexive, since almost all signatures are personal and individual, the idea of replacement or dominance is lost in dexterity. The 8th and 9th revisions are robust attempts

at recreation of the original, however, the "O'handy smile" will later be omitted because it adds a layer of misdirection that detracts away from the general universal agency that I would like to resonate in the final version. The final version is a comprehensive collection of creative exploits and findings from each revision. I think that the form and line breaks are very representative and may even personify a shrinking signature. I am very content with the fruits of the revision process and I think that the final version elucidates my conception of autographs as ephemeral and dilatory in process, yet essential as an extension of self.

Conclusion

In summation, the art of poetry is founded upon the artist's or in this project, the writer's conscious ability to produce conclusive art that embodies pure and austere intentions. Beyond original intention, we as creators of art are unable to prevent misinterpretation but through guided metaphor and fine motor control we may acquire the attentions of our expected audiences. This level of creative mastery extends beyond the discipline of literature and lends its skill to many other disciplines. Poetry, distinctively does this rather naturally as the language is not expected to be as dense as ordinary writing. The language of poetry is abrupt, dissonant, and at other times docile, harmonious or sympathetic.

Sympathy is an affection that we strive to elicit from our audiences. If they could only get it —the audience— when will they to understand what we mean? How we feel about issues that are important to us? Sympathy is the antepenultimate nadir among the celestial zeniths; we can create sympathy with our words but we will remain ignorant to its origins. I think that it is more equitable to elicit empathy whereby pity is set aside and your audience attempts to dissect your logic but they are unable to locate anything within your writing that they can readily identify.

There were many special topics that I wanted to cover in great detail but could not for reasons of general clarity, such as: revelation, epiphany, entendre, connection with audience, Gravity versus gravitas, special relaxation techniques, the use of a dream diary and how to grow memory, re-collective conditioning.

I think that the process of the actual writing of poems, historically done by hand, accentuates the art of authentic poetry. It is a therapeutic process, filled with unknowns that seem to surface at the most opportune moments. We explore our greatest ideas on paper and in turn submit them to the literate world for review. The review is what we seek, but to rely solely upon public review as a critical technique is disabling to the evolving writer's initiative. Feedback, whether positive or negative can engender latent lethargy which in turn will cause any author to discard their fundamental principles in favor of irony and eventual conceit. Thus, much akin to effluvium of the natural world, literary growth is regenerative process.

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APPENDIX - A Poems

Poem

Life is a priceless virtue
it comes and goes as dearly
as it pleases our wishes.
With life comes a reality
Only a select few number of people
can face that reality.
As for every else, they
are just like shooting stars,
Lost in time - trying to find
a way home.

Poem

A person who can grasp one's love
is a person who has great skill,
a skill which a man can only acquire
after years of experience.

This skill lies in a deep, dark
corner-pocket of his heart.

whoever does not obtain this skill
sees nothing with a passion,
and relies only on how
to act and feel toward their
keeper.

Poem

For thy will never understand the true
feelings of a woman,
for women are more complex
than thy can dream.
and simpler than thy can imagine;
as thy love struck heart can see no more
than the figurine of a female.
Who's love was never meant for
thy to grasp,
for thy wished for the love of thee.

Poem

As thy sit atop a mountain gazing
at the stars,
the sky opens up to the right
before thine eyes, like a celestial forest
as cold as the deep sea.
Thy never realized how
precious life may be,
for thy would wish to live
in a time far beyond the great abyss,
Through the evergreen Pyrenees
Fill me with fresh scent of pine,
a long way from impassion,
hate, & crime.

Poem

When your mind is gone and
your heart cannot be found
your time is almost turned over
oh! sweet swollen Apple
and, and you will descend from your mound
as you will, at that moment,
somehow rise,
either someone you envy
someone you despise.
Will you wish that you ruled
the skies
so that you will knot nots
and never lower your fresh eyes
to a new Earthly King.

Chill

A night where the rain is
as heavy as bricks,
and you feel the chill in
the wind which makes you shiver
to the point where you wimper
for less a place less cold
where you can sift soup
to the point your body
feels freezing cold,
which makes you feel so old,
you can't move a bone,
or remember how you
fell when you were a tiny moon.
Light had shone
and you could disappear
beneath a blanket
as if you've flown.

Poem

As the days pass, bye!
Slowly but surely we complete our tasks,
For our missions are not yet known
of which we ponder day & night.
Remembering to stay on track,
we know not what guides
but make sure nothing
holds us back

911

The waves set about to tumble
The raw of the sea roars and rumbles
The world will not collapse
A part of my city fell during fall.
Countries may become small;
Our nation will remain united
Si J'avais creinte (Yes! I had fear)
Jamais will we be torn away
for we will be great perseverers
and live through the horrid hurried day.

Maze

Haven't you seen the Ghetto where
children freely roam the filthy streets.
The drugs are everywhere
cars are robbed of everything
including the chewed seats
guns are pulled out and someone
will shout. 'No!' One will run away;
And everyone loves the Ghetto,
to live there adds years to your life.
To surround yourself by death and nothing,
no surprise,
for the folk who know too well
true Ghetto ways.

Poem

I am One who goes unnoticed in the eyes of a master

I have great skill

I need not have great authority

but a very strong will.

A will to live and strive for

the rest my daily life,

I want to accomplish all I can

In order to be more than a man

I hope to pin every obstacle to a wall

and repeat without any trips or falls.

Last Day

A class full of children
with widening eyes,
all prepared to say their final goodbyes
for the school year is over
not over for good
for it all starts again
in September
once more,
ending in June
we, the children are allowed
boring and packed summers
hopefully better than before
it will repeat itself all over again,
for it is a cycle that never ends.

Fraternelles

Love shall be hidden,
cached away in the buzzing honeycomb
of a crimson heart warrior
raised on cold nipple milk.
Like an animal in a dark vegetative chamber,
locked away so that person shows no fear.
Be neither afraid that death is prancing near
stopping only to show bravery and courage
and revel in how now feel.
Truly warm in their love
wishing, bouncing with bounty
clasping, grasping for a blind poet
who dreams for ginger tea?
A something to overcome
for it will happen in a stoned quarry
as they carry great stench and broken bones.

APPENDIX - B Prose

A Weekend @Bridges

I ran into an alumnus this weekend at a concert. He was nice but his breath was awful. He sat next to me and we were now two colorful fashionistas in the very last row. I don't know if he wanted to build bridges or gather leaves in Terabithia.

I ran into an alumnus this weekend he called me J.R., I responded to my nickname with mime-like reflexes. This alumnus was my elder, but his hygiene made him the younger.

Much later, I crash into an alumna at a party, she was obviously the drunkard. I said "Hi", she replied "What are you doing here?", I sweetly snickered "FINISHING!", she looked up and I walked away. I needed a cigarette to warm up to the cruel cool air.

It's daunting to see how much retrograde souls respect you when you'd sacrifice your place by the fire just to bring the pricks along the sticks with you. I wonder as I aimlessly navigate in this skiff filled with dowry. So many responsibilities to these ticketed passengers. I guess you only get what you pay for. If there is a spot on the next trip, I'll offer you a cushioned seat, so you don't fall into the soupy whoopee. It's a cultural thing. And I didn't care about the burnt Blondie because I can't bring her any chicken. I want this Marley Marl borough full of eighty-eights to make eighty-threes until I'm done shaking my head. Perhaps, with all that I perceive is going on I should just head to the John and release some brown flan. I want to watch it absorb water like filthy French fries topped with tomato juice from verse 8.

I pray that it does not rain tomorrow or ever again, since Mother Nature and I are not getting back together. I know diamonds grow beneath lakes and I just need some better equipment to find them. If Sir El Draque complained after finding Lake Champagne, then I would have to emigrate from the country of campaigns and buy candied deeds.

Of course you can come along. Just be careful company with your handy needs; like fly fishing, protein hunting and bare bush deficiencies. If you bring the vitamins, we'd be warm and I wouldn't have to compromise my environment. Indeed, you and I can cook up some ham; let me show you how to play othello. As you bask in the warmth of two while we dream up a third cigarette and rekindle the fire.

Fancy Coal Fireplace

I love fire. It is dangerous yet I continue to yearn for its warmth. Aside from clever words and over inflated diction, tears reign supreme through the puffery of puffy cheeks. Stability is at my convenience and should suffice until raw emotion intervenes. Emotions of illicit portions and passions have brought me to you. Power enticed you to find me and fill my stockings with almond water, since you heard that it would alleviate the tingle in my toes.

The Pope's Tea

Wash your mind with rough bath salt daily! Hear the foam tell you it can conceal the voices. Make amends with the pears for your earthly temptations and the absolution you seek is accountable for every stone wasted as well as spared.

The vines of lacquer have yet to burn, here down in the timeless serpentine of the jungle. They have lived and laid with great art; producing fur upon our dandered desire. A carnal relationship exists among repentant men of osteo-religion. This fragile relationship weeps a cress in terse skin, much akin to gauge and tape. The patches on the barre that fastened to tithe the fountain grapes with honor, are like cantabile bells dangling from heaven. The slippers of the mind, which claudicate, are not as loud as the minds of children nascent.

We all prayed for jubilee when the very old bottle came before us. Was it cracked? Or did it appear broken inasmuch that it would not be touched around those who have been known to bear sticky sugar fingers. There were plenty of round tempered glass carafes in our basement of the same size with teal suction labels.

It was my duty and honor, to the property owner, to fill his bin for daily purification with water from the natural biome boasted beneath his bubbly estate.

Left in the stool stall of my own laxative, I purged the scent of a dynex toilet from my mind. Now, I was confounded by my own indifference to the scent sugar crystal particles. A rainbow of excitement overtook me as the rays of breaded air filled my porous delight; a sonorous tone rushed out through my nostrils, squeezing my weak abdomen tight enough. It served me well to be at halt with mindless bodily rampages as the flight to a future of bustling energy was uncertain. I've burnt calories stronger than a beaded eye monster feigning, after a faun feeding frenzy at dawn, and emerged.

II

To keep the sugar devil at bay, I pack my bottom with sand and crunch on minty natural peels. The abject effects on my spirit instigated by my affectionate advances on the orangey neurotic smell of fruit made it hard to evade this tempter by prayer alone. Other genus is required to out lilt the prodding creep. He comes at any hour and blares his sweet trumpet into your face; no care or regard for your earrings or nails. You can herd and tame prawn, cutlets, and pheasants, yet he swoops your earnings right before you start your harvest and he returns, each time bigger without recourse. To rob him would be a man's finest option but to help him may cement your future progeny.

Like a yellow crane the adjustable straw floats in the pekoe cup. Styrofoam contained and press printed design to transfer the swee touch caffeine like a wallpaper labyrinth. Waxed to the rim of the cup, the full leaves fall in the water smoothly like glued marbles strung to a wet log, formed from plastic, just for you. Semi-partial emptiness consumes me inside

the belly of my tea; I would rip each breath followed by a sip of air and a waft of steam. I imagined Buddha, Hercules, the Dalai Lama and the Pope.

The more absolution forgotten will only culminate into a frippery fratricide of forlorn fulsomeness. The more I sips and whisper, I moan for Plato, Hermes, and Socrates. To acquire the swift wind speeds essential for flight: Don't shake my bags!

While I eat breakfast, when I check them in, during my second breakfast and only after I board.

This fustian tea is killing me by boiling my carbonated bloody mary flowing veins. The small proxies in my tea are ancient spirits. They float away if you try to touch the paranormal slick. Bust that speckled sweet, crusty rim on the long island like iced tea sours, as the icy pekoes hit the foamy surface. You wish you were at this trimmed tasting like me. I would like to dip the strip in hot water for hours before I sip; then smell or swallow the shit. I can't believe coffee is our do, and if you drink tea you're in the swamp.

Water and sleep are essential components to staying healthy. I drink clear crisp water often, all of the while seeing reflections of myself sleeping with my eyes open. It is a passionate focus that is never precise. Sometimes the brain will deceive your attentions and deliver darkness upon you; direct and firm until you are attentive to definite detail. Black tea leaves snap back and forth like poor supple logs. Today I went and consciously squashed a fat cherry. It was tart and tasty.

The tea was touched by an intruder. A indigent demagogue of sorts attempted to thief the formula to the secret elixir. Far they came to glaze over and blink at the aroma, imagining the smoky taste, the brewing blend of annealed peels; but none could keep up with the distaste that spewed amidst. The rhyme of life is coated in splendor and white specks of desire covered the faint hair in my chalice. Why drink it? From a goblet of religious resplendence I gulped so hard I just can't say. I remain restrained to the lounge with a dutiful tea, not very coarse but defined by the refined soft sweetener. Is this real? Does it burst when you're finger mixing and hunting for the perfect ratio? Can you feel your lungs yearning, to see the bags as you prepare tea?

The speed of the tea varies with experience. The aspect of seconds is something that plays an important role in the creation of your cups. I made mine this afternoon in 5 parsecs, relatively. Want to know how? First, I prepared a modest Styrofoam cup of hot water and opened a swee tea orange pekoe bag with zest. I shook it into the water like a dawdling phoenix and bathed the blend in the water until the color was that of a clean American copper penny. Once cured, I added some supplemental breaths and it was complete.

Today the tea was smooth as ice, cool as butter. I had a ball making it and I plotted my stirring technique with relative ease. It was one of the most joyous enlightening experiences here in Queens, NY. The waves around the edges of the surface of my mind were tremendous. It was just tea: after lunch, before dinner, visitors, snack, and plain tea.

In a foam cup debossed with a Judaic tessellation. Such good tea, the kind that makes me feel the love and warmth accustomed to an Earl of Kingdoms. I felt it! Around my body, my belly, and my damp feet; I wish this tea was not the cancer and could last indefinitely, I guess it's times like these that you have to pour out some because I made too much.

A layer of film that resembled an amber, maroon sunset overcast by a ceiling of clouds fixed to the rein of my tongue as I sipped this sweet butterball tea, mindless to what powerful aftertaste forces may follow the two cups of chugged water. From the end of the straw, the drip of the taste was comparable to that of faint rosemary and a tiny sugar bubble compacted to powder. There was a peppered saltine follow up scent that affected my olfactory ability to sense the dyeing of the tea in that muddle. I wanted the tea ice cold all the time. I want for a newspaper cupped around my tea so that the pain exits my hand. I yearn to walk the street with heat, blunted clips of nicotine butts, as my unfortunate deference to time. I want to be able to lift the cup high like chalice. I want free subsidized tea all the time.

I pondered about that which perplexes caffeine addicts incessant, and that is truly the difference between cafe and the. I presume one is not the other nut in the shell and neither: the raw leaves. If I could choose between nuts and leaves, I'd prefer leaves since they cover up well. And they change the scope, all the while, creating good feelings of comfort, whereas nuts can inevitably drive you to forage. It's the craziness associated with coffee that turns men into beings, then addicts. I would

never agree if you told me consuming a rapacious quantity of either can be maladaptive. I would let you confer with my mother. I have minimal attention for easy amusements and less regard for your opinion on the selective biotic attributes and delicacies of this life that keep us cogent. The happiness of living is a fluid concept and it will withstand and resist negative entities emblazoned with burdens and philosophies like salted snails. These beings are slow moving and solid, therefore they cannot be fluid, or outright starchy.

IV

The patience it takes to make tea outweighs the pleasure of process. I feel as though the harder I work to make the tea ice, if enough steam rises that the tea becomes black and cherry in color, then I will enjoy it. Mostly for the thickness, slightly for its citrus; the overall calming effects. Nothing ignites your day better than a good tea, even though a great tea will not make you crash, it won't motivate you beyond expectation. A perfect tea can end a tense run. I find no reason to dwell on the errors of the past as other men do frequent their tormented memories seeking torment. Because of my faith in the power of tea and all that is good nature I am aware of the vast salvations afforded and contained in the mystic properties of the tea. Tea is what makes us capable of wonder(s).

Healthiness is a state of mind. Unhealthy beings are men or women that like to live unrighteous indulgent lifestyles in every corner of life's hazardous playgrounds. Hoods are very vibrant ghettos in progress in terms of general health but still they are

rather unhealthy. A hood is a place where persons are forced to be in close proximity, where social struggles reign absolute and beings live in waste. Their excrement is their detriment and they are wasteful characters. I was sincere about not letting these hoodlums enter my train of thought and side-track my ambitions. I believe that men who make the active choice to live in a wasteful atmosphere are subject to the tingles of genuine madness. I now think that is only a failed dream waiting to be recalled from deference. I love the hood so much, it protects from the ailments of incremented torrential origins, and at my light it will either evolve or die in decrepitude. Thus for us all, I deign to drink my tea until I see clearly, ready and willing to receive the blessings of my youth.

APPENDIX - C

Acknowledgements

This compilation of my own creative writings was a labor of love. It took me over 10 months to complete this project. I am happy to have endured this extensive project. I hope that everyone who reads this is better acquainted with creative writing.

I would like to thank, the Almighty Lord for giving me the strength, my mother for her unwavering support, my brother's for their valuable input, and my aunt for her unfiltered opinions. Aside from my immediate family, I would like to extend my gratitude to my mentor Jeff Huang, my advisor James Morrison, all my wonderful friends and to anyone that has left a lasting impression on me.

With love, hope and affection,

Desmond Bonhomme-Isaiah