

Annika Nelson

The beginning of my poem was meant to be very light and euphoric, I wanted to convey the imagery of an effervescent childhood. Along with this, I wanted to provide harsh comparisons to what I view as the world today. I was inspired by how much our lives change as we grow up and how many stages you view the world through. While contemplating the many topics I could have decided to write about, I decided through this long process that I wanted to show my childhood memories through imagery, which was the main poetic device I focused on incorporating into my poem. The topic of my poem seemed pretty uneventful in the beginning, however, I was sure that I wanted to compare the softness of the memories from my childhood as they pertained to my world views now no matter what happened.

After this process started, I was feeling really defeated by the actual writing of my poem. I've had trouble writing things like this before so I was really nervous to put my thoughts out like that on the page. I think that the biggest obstacle for me during this project was allowing myself and others to be proud of my work. A lot of the time I feel that I need to be very self-critical and feel that my peers should do the same. Because of this, I never feel like my work is fully achieved, no matter the amount of work or time I put into it. One of the most helpful things that made my poem where it is today, is the number of critiques we put our writing through. During the course of making our poems exhibition ready, we went through many rounds of critiques and revisions for our work. At the beginning of these, I was worried to share my thoughts that I had expressed through my writing, however, after the many rounds of revisions, I felt a lot more confident and had more ability to make my poem refined.

The brainstorming stage is where I had a lot of development for the split stanzas with harsh comparisons. I had many days where I was able to conference with Lori about the ideas I had and how I could use them in my work without providing “duh” perspectives. After I was able to talk with someone and share my ideas I felt a lot better and less stressed about how I could organize my ideas. This was also another challenging part of the writing. Poetry has so many cliches now, that writing deep meaningful things is hard to do without sounding cheesy. It was hard to be so creative and original with the writing techniques and metaphors that were incorporated. As I was writing I went through many drafts that were drastically different from what the final version came out to be. I rewrote many lines and at points, stanzas all together just trying to make it flow the way I had envisioned it in my head. The process of writing and revising this poem was a really fun and amazing experience that I think made me a much more open writer.

Sunlight once streaming through the ballerina pink
On the apricot blossoms
A vacant laugh plays distant in the background
Soggy grass pokes through small toes
Red freckled noses with burning rosey cheeks
Sweaty hands grasping dusty pale chalk and
Burlap rope swings propelling me into the raw stinging water

My senses suffocated by the harsh blaring music
Transported to another realm as my chapped lips mouth along
Large ripped shoes drag on the cold pavement
As I attempt to beat the spotty rain clouds ahead
Sensitive, squinting eyes cloud my vision
Muting the flush pastel of the apricot blossoms

I rewind to wafting scents of sweet bug spray
Young scorching eyes from greasy dripping sunscreen
Fragile splintered hands from the
Creaky swing sets swaying in the quiet wind
A small puddle seeps through faded canvas
As I know this is the last time I can wear these tattered shoes

A siren blasts my attentive ears
Blurs of TV static provide intermittent panic
The remote is briefly slapped distracting our wandering minds
A repetitive beep more crucial than my need to drink and breath
I remain pushed down by my surroundings
Time passes until i'm drowned all together
In that cold. Gloomy. Water.