

Creative Writing Reflection Sheet

Name: Britton Collins

Title: (insert title here)

1. What stage of the writing process are you at with this particular piece of work?

Check all that apply

- Just getting started Still exploring Know what I want, but not there yet
 Need others to read Need more time Need to leave it alone for a while
 Have specific questions Feeling good Totally bumfuzzled

Explain: I feel like my poems are pretty bad!

HELP!
pleez

2. What was the original spark for this piece of work?

This was inspired by some recent social experiences.

3. List three things you like about what you've written? Give examples...

I like the question that my writing is grappling with.

I like the feeling that my poems are trying to express (but probs arnt)

I like some of my descriptions.

4. What's non-negotiable for this piece of work? What are you sure isn't going to change?

The question that my poem is grappling with.

5. List three things you're struggling with and want to improve in this piece?

I do not think that my poems ~~are~~ express what they are supposed to...

I am struggling with making my poems not suck.

I am struggling with simile & meta phore.

6. What feedback do you expect readers will give you?

I think that they will say that they do not make sence.

7. List three questions you want to ask your readers?

what do you think they are about?

what do they make you feel? / is the feeling strong?

on a scale of 1-10 rate my poems.

Poem #1

I placed one foot in front of the next,
moving myself further down the banks of the river.

Reflections of warm dimmed light moved of the surface of the water
casting reflections on to the white rock walls of the canyon.

I sat alone in the sand.

In front of my eyes sat this idealized portrait,
as if methodically produced by an artist.

I could find no flaws in his work,
the perfectly hued light moved fluidly through the sky,
only to be obstructed by the wispy evening clouds
diffusing the peach colored light.

feeling the weight of the perfection,
tears moved from my eyes.

My soul was satisfied,
as only something so faultless could do.

Poem #2

The drinks tasted wonderful,
we both sipped on our drinks and progressively drifted...
further from reality we went..

we were both gone...

We ran around the house and tried to rap along with the music,

We turned the music up louder,
then louder,

louder still...

The bass was heavy in the room,

By
this
time
we
were
just...

drinking out of the bottle...

who?

was to stop us...

Poem #3

We sat on the patio,
facing each other in our chairs.

I reached for the bottle opener,

I cracked the seal on two chilled Pacificos.

above us hung the arm of a large tree,
the leaves were bright yellow
being illuminated by strands of lights the encircled the patio.

We ate warm stew that made me warm to my core,
as we sipped on our drinks
the mood lightened.

Being in the right state of mind,
I moved closer to her.

She grabbed my wrists and smiled.

I took a swallow of my pacifico and leaned into her,

I could not create a moment so ideal.