

CW Poetry Draft #2

I.

Write.

Release the ink
from your eager pen.

Spill forth onto the
page

truth of the mind,

body,

soul. Allow

the crisp

paper to embrace

without judgment,

without prejudice.

There are no

expectations

on this

canvas of midnight

ramblings,

of anxieties,

of things that have gone

unsaid

for far too long.

My pen is more

honest

than I have ever known how to

be. Translate the tongue

of the shadows

with broken scrawls and

holy intonations.

Set loose the unspoken

onto the summer breeze

to dance with the

whispers

and calls

of the Wild.

Cleanse the uncertainty

in the purity of the

white

hot flame,

pouring the feather-light ashes

into the churning sea.

Purge the negativity,

the wicked,

onto the welcoming page and

drown the inky letters

until the water turns blue,

black,
and the words flow into the Earth.
Stain your fingertips,
color your skin,
crumple the past
and set a new sheet
on the table.
And when all that is done,
Speak.

II.

One.
A balancing act,
teetering on the edge,
toes gripping the rocks,
Uncertain.

Two.
Hands
poised over the heart,
rhythm of the chest
echoed in the fingertips,
lost in the roar of the waterfall,
fading into the whispers of the canyon,
Tranquil.

Three.
Inhale,
deep breaths in cool spray,
skin tingling before the
body released over the edge,
suspended in time,
Weightless.

Four.
Descent,
heart stopped,
breath held,
embraced by the air,
momentary kin to cloud-parting creatures,
Electrified.

Five.
Water meets skin,
from one world to another,
bubbles diffuse familiar forms,
enveloped by the cool darkness,
Strong.

Six.

Weightless wanderer,
cradled in watery stillness,
caressed by fractured sunbeams
and soft shadows.
Pure.

Seven.

Lungs crave oxygen,
human form propelled through silence,
summer breeze caresses and cools,
eyes open,
seeing the world in a new way,
Awe.

Eight.

Gaze turned to the heavens,
smile played across proud lips,
adrenaline coursing through veins,
quiet contemplation in treaded water,
Bliss.

III.

I awoke in an orange haze,
laughter bubbling into my consciousness
like the simmer of the soup on the
stove.
I was young then.
Young enough to slip into a dream
on the couch
and wake up in my own bed,
transported by magic
and unseen hands.
A child
with wild curls
and a wilder imagination.
I can't remember what my body felt like.
I can't remember the way my hands fit around a glass,
or how it felt to carry the extra weight in my rosy cheeks.
But I can remember the way
I had to use a stepping stool
to see my face in the bathroom mirror.
I can remember running my tongue
against my loose tooth
until it fell out and all that was left
was a missing piece of my smile
that made me whistle when I talked.
Young enough that I had to hop
to get into the swing;

young enough that my feet
didn't touch the ground.
How carefree a world before
I learned I could not fly.
How lovely was youth,
when today was laying in the cool grass
and the future was just another
cloud
illuminated
by the setting sun.

IV.

I suppose it's rather cliché
to exist in a sea of faceless people,
world carrying on around you.
Then again,
perhaps I live my life in clichés.

It could be that I live for the familiar,
the known,
the expected.
When the moment has been lived
a hundred times before,
there are no surprises.

A true wallflower
making no waves.
Quiet observations
in introverted silence.

Bitten tongues hang on
predicted words.
Bitterness is the necessary evil
of those under the needle with the broken record.

Creative Writing Reflection Sheet

Name: Rachel Gonzales

Title: Untitled as of now

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 really happy with where these poems are at right now, but I know that I can still do work to make them better. I want to play around a bit more to make all of them strong. I need others to read it so that I know if the poems are coming across how I want them to.

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

During the power write, I settled on the idea of my need for control and apprehension about taking risks as my "question." I decided to explore these ideas further through different lenses and poetic voices.

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

- I like the flow and build of poem number one, how it starts and ends with a single word and has more complex sentences filling out the middle.
- I like the structure of poem two, starting each stanza with a number because it really makes clear definitions of complex moments within a greater experience.
- I love the section where I talk about remembering how it felt to be kid because it really takes me back to powerful memories of my childhood, and I think everyone can relate to the imagery.

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

- The central theme of control and the focus of each poem. I want one to be about childhood, one about writing, one about cliches, and one about taking a risk.

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

- I want to be sure that they aren't too long.
- I'm not sure if the first poem feels unfocused.
- I'm struggling with fully developing and finishing the last poem.

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

- **I'd expect that they wouldn't connect as much with the last poem.**

7. What would your response be if you receive this feedback?

- **I'd understand because it's not where I want it to be**

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

- **Is the theme clear?**
- **Do the poems go together?**
- **How should they be ordered?**