

4 unit English Proposal

Many everyday decisions affect the way we live our lives. Due to these decisions we choose several paths in our lives, all of which hold surprises both good and bad. We make these choices in life based on previous experience and the way we perceive the certain situation. To some people, a path that may seem bad for them may be the most successful for another.

I choose to express myself through poetry because by looking deeply into what I am feeling I have a better understanding of the situation and feel that I can learn from it and become a better person by understanding the feeling. Poetry also allows me to emphasise the intense feelings in a way that I can deal with them and a way that readers can relate to.

I have chosen to write about the way that I perceive life through my heart and mind; all of which affect the way I live my life. To me, this seemed a more appropriate theme to express, as it was personal and something that I have a good knowledge of. They are important factors as they influence my life dramatically. Whether the poetry is about love, family or friendship the impression that they inflict all have a symbolic meaning to me and without them my life would be very complex and irrational. Poetry for me is a way to look at a situation and interpret it in a way that is conceivable. So that for a small incident that I may overreact to, poetry is a way for me to express those feelings and write them down leading to understanding of the moral behind the situation.

CLAMOUR

You annoy me into bewilderment,
So much that I'm going to burst with the pain.
Thinking of you bring tears to my eyes
Oozing out like rivers flooding the plains.

I feel emptiness without you here
Like a black hole forever leading to obliteration

Is what we have nothing?
Deceitful and untrue
Like an oasis in the midst of a desolate desert.

Longing to have you by my side
As certain as night follows day
Knowing that you need me like I need you

When will this contention ever cease?

NANNY

Just let me sleep for an eternity
I'm so tired of this life
Pain and deprivation

My fragile feeble side shines through
Growing stronger
I am eroding away into nothing

We are destined to die,
Wasting away
Being ripped from our loved ones

My pale worn body limps through life
Weariness in my eyes
Longing for the pain to desist

No more dawn and new days

YOU

Your masculinity tempts pain.
Your intimate embrace teems with empathy.
Hearing you whisper, breathing my name.

I need you.
Seeing the want in your eyes.
Bursting with desire and rapture
I lose my soul in them.

You need me.
Craving my essence and devotion
Compassionate words defined by your tender touch
Your hands to mine embrace my heart.

The intense glance unravels me
Waiting for the fragility of love to shatter.
No more suffering.

I'm at the beginning of loving you

CONFUSION

I feel them
Running down my face
I know in my soul
There is no where to go

The troubled path of life
I want to run
To the place where I am safe
But it's all a maze

Feels like lightning running through my veins
Every time I face the truth
But what is truth?
The disappointment of life
Or the failure of myself?

No where to run
Hide from the light
To a dark place where the light can no longer engulf me
Eating at me until there's nothing left

Down here where I can't see so clear
I cannot be saved
Losing my head, losing myself, losing control.

YESTERDAY

I think of what's been said and done
I remember what I used to feel.
My heart being ripped out with my soul being left to die

Nobody can feel what I do
Drained of feeling
Limp without love

If only you could see through my blind eyes
You would see loneliness

Forgetting all the memories
Tears my heart to pieces
Did you ever mean to cause me pain?

My heart was yours
It's all that I held on to
When I had your love the world was mine

I thought I knew love but now I'm not sure
I've awaked to see that no one is free

We don't talk any more
I sit at home barely feeling
Numbed from the pain

When night comes I want to leave this world behind
Motionless waiting for redemption
I am so afraid to feel, knowing love will escape me

I am everything you need in this world
I'll always be by your side just to see if you care

Don't cry for me, I'm already dead.

WASTAGE

I see you
I see the man who I once loved
Now I see what he has become

His soft sensual soul, concealed from my eyes
Leaving a solitary figure whom embezzles my heart
He knows the truth

He has become a nothing in this world
He is forever lost
His heart has been crushed and tormented
That his darker side shines through

When I looked into your eyes
All I saw was emptiness
When will the passion and love return?

Your soul's stricken with fear
Forever walking this earth
Until someone frees you and loves you more than life itself

Until then so long my friend, my love, my heart.

CHEATED

I try to talk but only nothings come out
If I don't say the words
How will you hear what is in my heart?

All that is left is silence

My life moves forward and backwards
But time stands still with love and pain
Losing each inch of your soul

Without him the ground shakes and falls away
The bubble of hope and happiness has burst
You melt like a candle every time we touch

Searching always wishing

I long to see you smile again
To hear you laugh as if it were yesterday
Even when the sun won't shine

THE SELF

Accusations of a selfish mind are entirely unfounded,
Our whole existence is selfish, from the offset.
Conveying an open and fresh personality is what I am,
To be discouraged or degraded is encouraging my hostility.

Acceptance is what the greatest friends do,
That's not to say that I will discard of those who battle against me.
There are so many that shudder at individuality.

A capacity to listen is a quality
Not entirely obvious to my audience, but there are others who can,
It truly meddles inside to be told you are self obsessed, it's fallacious.

I'm sensitive and susceptible to hurt.
It agonises when things go array
I've felt broken by rejection.
Friends are those who are capable of both sympathy and empathy
It helps when someone has been there too.

My personality is turbulent, but I feel things deeply.
When I become involved it is the real thing, nothing less.
I portray a lively and contented person,
There is so much for which I am grateful...

But I too have a capacity to be downcast and it makes me fold,
Filled with anger to the boil
Within everyone there lies a selfish person,
We all seek fulfilment,
It's in our nature.

But don't take away from this a conclusion,
A supposition that these are my entire and complete views.
In order to succeed one has to put the self first.
That doesn't mean damn everyone else,
Times you have to listen and be that friend too.

Reflective Statement

The proposal states my aims or objectives and why I have chosen to fulfil them. After looking deeply into poetry I have discovered that now I feel that my poetry can be viewed upon by others in a way that I am not ashamed or worried at what others may think.

My poems are intended for myself and are used to declare strong feeling that I may be experiencing. For me, poetry is my outlet of emotions. Once I have written a poem and have altered it to my satisfaction then the poems are intended for anyone who would want to read them. My hope is that if even one person can relate to and learn from the intense feelings behind the poetry, then the purpose of the poetry has been fulfilled because reading about others pain makes your own easier to comprehend.

The intent of the work was to express my emotions on paper as an outlet to the anger or joy that I may have been experiencing at the time. As time went on the form of poetry became one that not only suited the words on the paper but also a way in which it could portray my feelings is remarkable. Poetry made me understand that you can learn from your past experiences and by taking them into account, change your outlook on life. Poetry made me realise how important each individual was and how annoying or depressed they can make you, they are just as unique and they themselves are experiencing emotions that they cannot control. Therefore I feel I am lucky, as poetry control's my emotions to a state which is desirable whereas others may not have been so lucky to find such a creative way to vent and understand their feelings.

Due to the completion of my poetry I have realised that a era has come to an end. Feelings that were felt can still be remembered have been put to rest and are final in a way that I myself am satisfied as a person.

After looking at poetry from different origins such as traditional, contemporary, foreign, religious and sonnets I realised that my poetry, no matter how heartfelt it was, lacked something which gave famous poems a striking ability. I found that by structuring poems in a certain way eg sonnets the linguistic drama is enhanced and makes the poem imposing.

After reading other poems, one poem was inspired called "You". I felt that it had the potential to contain descriptive images that were present in my other poems but not as profound. "You" appealed to the senses therefore making the reader feel an association with what is being read.

The development of the poems themselves was a process that is hard to be defined. It wasn't like I woke up one morning and thought that the poetry need to be changed as it lacked passion, changes were brought about by reflecting on others and their life experiences. This was the origin for the alterations of the poetry but as time progressed and I was able to look at other poems from various medians and understood what was lacking in my poetry. By changing the poems themselves I wasn't changing the message of the poems but the way in which the reader interprets it. For example if a reader read my first draft of "Yesterday" then they would think that the author was meditating about the changes in a relationship. If they read the final copy, then they would realise how much pain and suffering went into the poem

and just how distressed the person was at the time thus there is a greater effect on the viewer by making the poem more personal. As the poems were being altered what remained in my mind was what was being felt at the time that they were written. Not only were they portrayed as being emotional and intense but a voice for my emotions so that I could interpret the poems at a later date and understand the situation better.

Over the year there were several changes to my poetry all that were brought about because of new experiences in my life. When I wrote a poem it was a way to capture the emotions felt, not really to be seen as a poem. Over time, as I changed then the poem was altered and structurally and technically became more poetic. Not only were devices such as imagery, rhetorical questions and alliteration used but also the formation of the poem was changed in order to contrast and complement the poems theme. As the poem became more poetic the emotions that were contained began to show through the poetic techniques used. The poems changed from words describing my emotions on paper to heartfelt and intense poems that are something to be proud of. I suppose I could forever continually change the poems to make them more intense but that would mean that I would be reflecting on my emotions of that time. My aims of writing the poems were to capture the emotions felt there and then not after thinking about it. So for me, the poems appear completed as they are to a standard at which I am content.

Several of the poems have a similar structure. Either they are of sonnet formation eg "Clamour" and "Nanny", symmetrical eg "You" or ending with one sentence eg "Yesterday". Along with each of the poems being linked in structure they all express similar themes of relationship and the emotions that they can cause. Each poem is unique as they exhibit different aspects of relationships eg "Confusion" is about my own life and friendships, "You" is about a special individual and "Nanny" is about a relative who is close to me. Though the poems are indifferent they are similar in that they voice my outlook on these subjects and experiences and no one else's making them unique.

Problems that had to overcome were things like:

- I can only write poetry when in a state of happiness or depression not just on the spot so it may take a long time to get to the end result.
- Being able to accept constructive criticism and not just take it to heart
- Having the ability to read other poems and analyse it in such a way that it can benefit my own work

After analysing my poetry and others I have discovered a new part of myself. I have realised not too take things immediately at face value and if you step back from the situation it isn't really as bad as it seems. My poetry expressed, for me, heartbreak or disappointment that I thought would last forever and though the feeling will always be there it is part of the learning process of growing up and also I'm not the only one who experiences it too! My poetry gave em a chance to "step back" from the situation and reflect on what really happened and how it affects others and myself.

The journal that shows the thoughts that went into the altering of the poetry compliments the work that is shown in the folder. It was very difficult explaining why I felt the poems had to be changed and how and only by looking at the several drafts that were made of the originals can you really comprehend what changed and why.