Creative Writing Reflection

I chose the creative writing class because I have always had an appreciation for good writing. I wanted to become a better writer as well as be able to express my creativity through writing. Personally, I thought the class was very good with many personalities that gave a strong varying aspect to each person’s writing. My personal goal was to be able to put the creativity in my head on a piece of paper, and that is what we did throughout the class, so I believe that I did reach my goal. I did not have an overall favorite assignment. I felt that most of the assignments were fun and allowed me to express myself and use my creativity. The only assignments that I had trouble with were the strict structure of the ode and the sonnet. Although I still made strong poems, I felt that they were too restricting. A common goal that I focused on throughout my writing was how although human kind can have their downfalls, there are still good traits amongst the people in the world. I have improved my creative ability and confidence in my writing ability through this class. Someday, I really hope to finish a book of my very own, focusing on a historical fiction or realistic fiction piece. I understand that poetry is a very big piece of the creative writing aspect, but towards the end of poetry I began to become bored of it, and although this was sad to me, it was true. I thought that if we competed another narrative that allowed me to expand more on narratives, the class would have been more personally appealing. Although this being said, I thought that this was a great class to take, and I would take it over again if I could.
Poetry

Who/What Am I

1. “Flying in Spring”
An appearance in spring
I fly through the air
Beaten and battered
But I don’t give a care
Have my own brand
They gave me some stitches
To fly over fences
Is what my wish is
But for now I lay in leather
To rise again after winter

2. “Clear Vision”
No one notices us
But we help notice
We come in twos
Sometimes stronger
Than the other
We are clear as day
Put away at night
Who made us?
Uncomfortable glasses

Imagist Poetry

1. “Blonde Streaks”
Sun Rays
Strike
Her auburn hair
Producing
Slivers
Of blonde

These long curls
Flow
To the middle
Of her back
2. “The baby

So much depends on
Calming smell
Firmly planted in
A newborn’s big blue eyes
A delicate creature
A mother’s grasp

Music & Poetry

1. “Royal Blue Dress” song: A Sentimental Mood

Sulking down the street
Last night bringing little sleep
Dim city lights bring no peace
As the sun sets in the east
Dragging footsteps
You look to you left
Halt!
There she is, royal blue dress
Those purple earrings matching best
Sipping on coffee in a café
Thinking today is the day
You open the door only to see
A man from the bathroom
Takes his seat across from the lady
In the royal blue dress

2. “Shadowed Smiles” song: Your hand in Mine

Waves splash over the rocks
Motionless
But a figment in time
Confuses
Why are we here?
To give smiles and laughter
Shadowed by dark moments in history
Look next to you
Fellow humans look back
3. “Summer Excitement”  song: Chameleon (Herbie Hancock)

The pier bounces
With
Commotion
Summer coming
Jhigh with
Emotion
Excitement brings
Smiles and laughter
Togetherness
Been worthwhile
And after

4. “Greener Grass”  song: celtic music

Grass may be greener
On the other side
But eager ambition
Makes one hide
From land to land
You must go
I cannot muster courage
I stay home
For the sun is bright

**Tanka**

1. “Costello’s Attire”

   Tie match the shirt match
   The pants the shoes and even
   The sox, Mr. C
   Has outdone himself today
   Classy man dressed to the nines

2. “The Sprint”

   Exhaustion sets in
   The final meters arrive
   Pushing the limits
   Muscles Burning feeling gone
   Breaking the ribbon… Success
3. “Hunting the Grizzly”

The arrow sinks in
Inexperience proves true
Not through the heart but
The thigh of the animal
Cannot kill the grizzly bear

Cinquain

1. “Mi Padre”

Father
Pain in the ass
But is a teacher of
Life, Humanity, and Moral
Beliefs

2. “Guilt”

The look
That she gives me
When she knows that I
Obliterated the toilet
Uh Oh

Haiku

1. “Thunderstorm”

Lightning Streaks the clouds
Followed by great thunder claps
Rumbling distant cities

2. “Gold White and Blue”

Golden trees relax
Under white mountains that kiss
The endless blue sky

3. “The blue blanket”

Blue ocean waters
Cover white sands- Like a cool
Blanket in summer

4. “Swamp Life”

Murky waters swarm
The roots that give trees their life,
All wrapped in a cloud

The Ode

“An Ode to Matt Foley”

My parent will never forget the day
You appeared on the television screen
On Saturday nights you would laugh and play
Although our conscience seemed rarely clean
From a Chicago sports fan eating sausage
To Dancing as a Chippendale
These skits were your own comedic passage
And given any role you would prevail
With Spade you left Saturday nights
Played Black Sheep as well as Tommy Boy
In Beverly Hills Ninja you wore some tights
Your comedic genius gave many joy
Sadly you left us at an early age
Like Beluschi and Candy long gone
It was tough turning the comedic page
But your skits and your movies live on
In next generations you will still have fans
Although your death made the nineties shiver
You made us laugh, and will always be the man
Who lived in a van down by the river
Thank You, Chris Farley
The Sonnet

“The Sunset

A summer sunset provides many peace
And some may stop to capture a picture
But my passion for sunset now deceased
For your beauty and morals like scripture
With hair and eyes like the sunsets auburn glow
Your give me personal serenity
With an angel like face and smile to show
Your happiness is my tranquility
My passion grow stronger each day with you
Filling my soul with laughter and joy
I now that the love in my heart bleeds true
You’ve helped mold a man out of a boy
We shall watch the beauty of sunset together
But unlike the sunset, our love shall last forever

Carpe Deim

“Be Remembered”

Why not laugh and enjoy today
When tomorrow we could all be gone
Coping with the lost is difficult
When not able to visualize what is in front
Study the past? No! Create the past
Create what professors will teach in history class
Do not remember, Be remembered
I stared down at the cadaver with unease. Every trace of life was gone as the makeup covered the body’s ash gray skin. The only human characteristic the body had was a slight smile across the face which defined the soul that was once in the body. As I was kneeling next to the body, my fiancé Charlotte kneeled next to me. She went to touch the arm of the body but hesitated. She began crying, tears streaming down her face. Her curly auburn hair draped over head. She flipped her hair back and stood up. She inhaled and exhaled slowly. She blew a kiss to the body and slipped a note in the casket. With tears still running, she turned away. I turned with her and began rubbing her back gently.

I looked back at the body one last time and could not believe what a tragic accident and how it took the soul away from the body.

It was a week before the funeral. The weather was beginning to get better proceeding two days of rain. Birds chirped in the distance and flowers were beginning to blossom. As I took my morning walk with my French bulldog Ted, I had a feeling it was going to be a beautiful day. Nothing could go wrong. My shorts began to vibrate. I reached into my pocket with an unoccupied hand and opened my old-school flip phone with my bottom lip.
“Happy 21st handsome!” A smile came to my face as Charlotte’s voice filled my ear. “I’m so excited for tonight. I haven’t seen you in forever! It’s going to be so much fun!”

“I know,” I said. “John has the whole thing planned out. It’s going to be a blast.”

“Ahhh! It’s going to be crazy!” I could feel her excitement through the phone. We hadn’t seen each other in about a month. We have gone longer without seeing each other before though. Although she has been going to college at a small school in southern Maine, and I was attending a school in Rhode Island, we have been able to keep a strong relationship for about three years in college. We are technically high school sweet hearts, beginning dating our junior year of high school.

“Love you babe, call me when you’re close.”

“Of course, and once again, Happy Birthday!” I hung up the phone. I walked into the house and saw my best friends John on the phone. He had been calling people to attend the party at the house since he had woke up.
“The Guide”

Scene I

Bill: A 40 year old oil business man

James: A 32 year old manager of a fish market

Mark: Best friend of James

Bartender and Bystanders

James is about to walk into the local bar. He is excited for billiards night since his best friend Marc is in town. Before he enters, he notices a man in a gray suit and black tie walking towards the door (Bill). Bill is yelling into a smartphone. James holds the door open for Bill. Bill enters without acknowledgement of James, still yelling into his smartphone.

Bill: (into phone) I told you, the documentation for the oil company is on my desk! Tomorrow is Saturday, my day off. You better not think I’m coming in just to hand you a sheet of paper left on my desk!

James observes Bill as Bill hangs up the phone and sits on a bar stool abruptly.

Bill: (to bartender) Captain and Coke. (As the bartender begins pouring his drink, Bill interrupts). If you’re going to jip me that much, just give me two. (He snatches the first glass and drink the mixture within in ten seconds).

James walks up to the bar and takes a seat next to Bill

James: That’s a nice suit. Must’ve cost you a pretty penny.

End Scene

Scene II

Bill: (Sneering at James), It was imported from Italy. Worth more than your life.

James: (smiling) to you.

Bill: What?
James: It’s worth more than my life to you. I am guessing most of the items you own is worth more than my life.

Bill: It better be for the pain in the ass that my job is.

James: And your line of work?

Bill: Business. For an oil company.

James: You must be very proud of that.

Bill: Of course I am. My wallets even more proud. So proud in fact, it wonders why I am still talking to you. (He finishes his second drink). Bartender! Another!

James: (to bartender) Paul, this one’s on me. (he winks).

Bill: You don’t deserve to pay for my drink. What are you? A garbage man?

James: (laughing) close haha, no, I’m a manager at a fish market.

Bill: Still doesn’t make you worthy of paying for my drink. I make more money in a year than you will in your life.

James: I’m not paying for the money. (quietly), I am paying because I pity you.

Bill: Hahahaha. Why on earth would you pity me?

James: Because I am happy, and you are not.

Bill: How are you happier than me? We both sit here, the same situation. At the bar, alone.

James: I’m not going to be alone. My friend is usually a little late in fact. And if you haven’t notice, I’m not the one with a drink in my hand. I’m not here to drink my sorrows away. But you are.

End Scene

Scene III

Bill stares at his drink, and his mood shifts from pompous to sadness. He puts the glass up to his lips, but does not sip. He puts the glass on the bar again.

Bill: I’m guessing you have a wife that loves you too.

James: A wife, yes. And a little boy that I love more than anything.
Bill: I haven’t talked to my daughter in weeks. Haven’t seen my wife in five days.

James: And that’s why you’re unhappy. Instead of caring for our girl and loving your wife, you care for your job, your suit, your money in your wallet, but only love the alcohol on the bar in front of you. Drown your luxury in your drink, when all the luxury you need is the love from your family.

Bill puts his hands into his face.

Bill: You’re right, (he cries).

James: I sat next to you because you need someone. Someone to guide you in a better direction. Call your wife. Go home. Call the office. Tell them you’re taking next week off. Spend time with your family. Smile, and be happy.

The bar door opens, and Marc walks in. James swivels on his stool, stands up, and greets Marc with a bear hug.

James notices Bill walking out the door and talking on his cellphone, making out the faint words from Marc’s voice.

Bill: Cindy, I’ll be home for dinner. (Bill exits).