**Spirits**

First Draft

I broke

Not a glass, nor a resolve, but

Away. I broke away

Using nothing except my spirit to fuel.

He stayed

Not dead, nor alive, but

On. He stayed on a path

Using nothing but his spirits that

Muddied the road and blurred the lines, as well

as his speech.

I left

A virgin of toxicity, and he

More experienced than most

The playground and lunchrooms

And the swings that held

Grudges pushed away, turned their

Backs, and rejected him

But I, they welcomed with open arms, met

With rejection.

For what it took to reject the waste

Was the same used to reject the pure.

Not a switch flipped on, flipped off

So all or nothing and I chose

Second Draft

I broke

Not a glass, not a promise, or a resolve

But away. Broke away

Using nothing, only my spirit to fuel.

He stayed

Not dead, not alive,

But on. On a path

Using nothing, but his spirits that

Muddied the road and blurred the lines

As well as his speech.

I left,

A virgin of intoxication and he,

More experienced than most

The playgrounds and lunchrooms

Especially the slides with good memories

And the swings who held

Grudges pushed away, turned their backs and

Rejected him.

But I, they welcomed with open arms, met

With rejection, cold and indifferent.

For what it took to reject the waste

Was the same used to reject the pure.

Not a switch flipped on, flipped off

So all or nothing

And I chose

Familiar

First Draft

I only remember what she hated

She hated doors, but only if they

Were open.

She hated carpeting almost

As much as she hated wood floors

That creaked and gave her away

Like all her actions did.

She only laughed when she thought something

Wasn’t funny.

Almost as if she was afraid of what I

Can’t remember.

I remember the bare feet and long legs

The sarcastic smile. The steam that filled her

ears and smoke that filled the car, and the

front seat where I sat because she wasn’t

“My goddamn Chauffeur.” I was six.

I didn’t know what a chauffeur was.

She is a lawyer, but I don’t know

If that’s something I knew or something I know.

She played the violin back then, but then,

So did I.

Not to say that we had that in common.

I do believe, however that in her absence

I have grown

I often wonder whether she did as well.

Second Draft

I can’t remember much, only what she hated

Doors, as long as they were open.

Carpeting, but not nearly as much as Wooden

Floors that creaked and gave her away

Like all of her actions

Laughter when something was funny.

She hated it and feared it.

I remember bare feet and long legs

Sarcastic smiles. Steam that filled her ears and

Smoke that filled her car and the front seat

Where I sat because “I’m not your

Goddamned chauffeur.” I was six

I didn’t know what a chauffeur was.

And for that, I apologized. One regret.

She is a lawyer, but I do not know

If that’s something I knew or something I know

She played the violin back then, but then,

So did I. She crocheted and now I do.

She is quick-tempered, headstrong, outspoken

And hates anything remotely associated with

Femininity. Like the color pink. Or sensitivity.

She sounds very familiar.

Not to say that we have anything in common.

However, in her absence, I have grown

I often times wonder whether she did as well.

Other times, I do not waste the energy.

Myth

First Draft

Every thought, every breath Every decision or lack thereof Every problem, puzzle, answer, observation That fills my thoughts, immediately fills my mouth And the air, and the ears open or closed Surrounding

So when I take the time to think Without speaking The sounds that surround leave my brain time to rest To exist, or just be And it makes it easier to hear

I can hear voices, loud ones Usually, one of them would be my own I can hear music Some with brass or stringed or vocal chorded instruments And some without

I hear . . . my school I can hear onomatopoeia Overly dramatized words Coming from overly dramatized people I can hear exclamations and profanities

I hear . . . my friends I can hear exactitude and estimation Cries of joy and cries of dismay Sounds of flirtation and sounds of irritation Of rejection, of exclusion

I can hear . . . my world And in a quieter world, I can hear my heartbeat I can hear my breath, in and out Sometimes held or coughed or laughed Usually hysterically

I can hear . . . myself So many sounds that When you finally start to listen You start to wonder if there is such a thing as a myth Called silence

Second Draft

Every thought, every breath Every decision or lack thereof Every problem, puzzle, answer, observation That fills my thoughts, fills my mouth And the air and the ears surrounding

When taking the time to think, Without speaking The sounds that surround leave my brain time To rest, to exist, or just be And it makes it easier to hear

I can hear voices, raised ones I can easily pick out my own I can hear music Some made by brass or stringed or vocal Chorded instruments And some without

I hear my school

I can hear onomatopoeia Overly dramatized words Out of overly dramatized people Exclamations and profanities

I hear my friends

I can hear exactitude and estimation Cries of joy, those of dismay Sounds of flirtation and sounds of irritation Of rejection, of exclusion

I hear my world

And in a quieter world, I can hear my heart –Beat I can hear my breath, in and out Sometimes held or coughed or laughed Most often hysterically

I hear myself

So many sounds that When you finally stop to listen You start to wonder at the myth That they call silence

**Spirits**

I tried using a few line breaks in this poem so that the reader could easily pick out the more important parts within the text. I only have one example of enjambment when I wrote “And the swings who held – grudges.” Probably the most important change that I made was the phrase “virgin of toxicity” to “virgin of intoxication”. I think that this change helps the reader understand what the poem is about.

I wrote this poem about alcoholism in the first person. I find that writing in the first person can make words stronger, instead of writing as a third party recalling the story. Other choices for titles were ‘Pure’ and ‘Choose’. ‘Spirits’, I decided, was a good play on words as well as a clue as to the meaning of the poem.

**Familiar**

I tried using ambiguity within my phrases in this poem to demonstrate the haziness or lack of clarity that the poem’s subject holds in my memory. It shows that the way I saw her as a young girl is the way that I see her now. In the second draft, I added a few more details to the last stanza.

The title of this poem is ironic, meant to point out that there are many parallels between myself and the “she” of the poem. Other possible titles I considered were ‘Recollection’ and ‘Chauffeur’.

**Myth**

I wrote this poem for class about how we can get so wrapped up in what we’re doing that we start to ignore what’s happening around us. I used repetition to get my point across. I wrote ‘every’ often in the first stanza and “I can hear . . .” was repeated after every other stanza.

I titled this poem ‘Myth’ to show how I feel about the word ‘silence’. I also considered naming in ‘Observation’.