

Poetry

Moon

Overlooking lives with the quietest
appreciation,
With its loneliness causing no
self-deprecation,
A glimmer of hope exudes from its surface,
Completely in control to endure its purpose,
Thousands of years' stories have been
spoken,
In high esteem, likened it to a token,
And without its presence the world would
be broken.

Friends

When friends become lovers
Everything feels new:
Emotions were finally spoken,
Which were long overdue.

When friends become lovers
Their hearts begin to dance:
Not always in sync,
But improving at every chance.

But when friends become lovers
The insults become real:
In heated drunken arguments,
Sadness is all they feel.

When lovers become distant,
Their lives become bare.
With salty water pillows,
Wishing they were here.

Bones

A single tear rolls down her cheek,
Poignant bones standing weak.
Her malnourished figure in the mirror,
Reflecting at her body in absolute terror.
The insecurities are all exposed,
Deep breaths taken to keep composed,
With realisation hitting hard:
Cuts on her body all over and scarred.

Her soul has approached close to the end,
But the pills won't ever help her to mend
All the worthlessness that she feels,
Exhausting self-hatred after all her.
Calories are weighing down her figure -
The guilt acts as a terrible trigger,
To cleanse herself through the act of
purging,
To feed the voices always urging.

But the cycle has constantly occurred.
Along with the days, fast and blurred.
There's been no release to ease her mind.
Peace and normality she won't ever find.

My Quietest Nightmare

She is so quietly beautiful,
With her hair perfectly in place.
And her smile wonderfully irrefutable;
'Entranced' is unquestionably the case.

We fought like siblings,
And were together day and night;
She made me feel like I was living—
Being with her just felt right.

Sadly her heart belonged to another,
As mine belonged to my own girl.
I just had to pretend and cover,
The butterflies weren't able to unfurl.

With every day bringing in perfidy.
Breaking my girl's heart was the only way.
A desire to leave with such certainty.
I must face this, not back away.

Mascara streamed down her face,
As the reality hit her hard.
All she needed was a warm embrace;
But her trust was forever scarred.

However, now I was alone,
With my affection unknown.
I never should have let my heart take over.
Especially when I needed closure,
To be with the girl so quietly beautiful.
As, my love, is forever immutable.

Good Wife

'I've got the good wife', chuckled the man.
'She cooks and cleans at any point she can!
She treats me like an honourable king,
Meals with a smile are all she'll bring.
She looks after the kids, who never pester,
But pass with flying colours every semester.
Of course that's due to my brains!
Because I'm the man despite your claims.
But I'll hit her if she's ever out of line.
However she's the good wife, always fine.'

The women looked with such confusion,
As the man's ideas must be a delusion.

'When I come back from work we both cook
the meals,
And this allows us to feel,
That there is no dominance in the marriage,
To allow no negative emotions to disparage.
Allow your wife to have a voice,
And physical violence should never be a
choice.
Now stop being an arrogant swine!
Help round the house time to time!'

The man's face showed abundant
annoyance,
And he kicked the chair with great
flamboyance. "You're the reason why the
world is crap-
I hope your man gives you a slap!
For your opinion being completely wrong,
Get back in the kitchen where you belong."
An uneasy atmosphere begins to loom,
While the man proceeds out of the room.
People like him are why thoughts are so
behind.
We must have equality throughout
'man'kind.

Writer's Block

Oh, Writer's Block,
You unbelievably horrific monster,
Dominant impenetrable beast -
One day I'll destroy your lock.

The feeling of hopelessness will be lost -
Just imagine the ability to write!
With deadlines looming it's always so
difficult,
But I'll try my best at any cost.

You'll stop devouring the innocent soul,
Destroying creativity inside.
One day they'll overcome you,
Finally able to receive all glories.

I'll destroy you with bursting stories,
With elaborate characters,
Flowing eloquently from the page.
Finally able to receive all glories.

The world will finally be safe again,
Words fluttering so freely,
That a pen will become man's best friend.
We'll finally be released from this ball and chain.

Butterfly

The dripping tap echoes,
The wine glass strikes pose,
The sounds of silence shouts,
The darkness flows throughout.

Her irrational thoughts roar,
Her clothes are all torn,
Her face is white as a sheet,
Her job is nearly complete.

The steel is cold as ice,
The Lines are marked thrice,
The desperation takes over -
One action then there's closure.

A swift swipe is all it takes,
But she quickly realises her mistake:
Liquid fits her hand like gloves:
Her last thought, of the one she loves.

Insecure

After two years you think you'd be fine,
Ignoring all thoughts in your mind.
But feeling insecure within yourself,
How can you be secure with someone else?
When any look feels like a threat,
And you try your hardest to forget,
Because you can't help but feel jealous,
While you try to ignore the zealous.
Yet obviously he has only eyes for you,
However, you struggle to believe this due.
To all the insecurities you feel inside.
It makes every comment seem like a lie.
You apologise for feeling this way,
But your mind set won't change any day.
You know it sounds completely dense,
And this makes the relationship tense.
You can't help but wonder if he'll feel better,
To lead separate lives, not together.

Stagnation

I swear I'm just tolerated,
Not even liked.
Fake smiles every day,
False compliments everytime.

With trust issues getting worse,
Seclusion is the only way,
As I can't get hurt alone,
With friendships starting to decay.

But there isn't long till I leave;
Fewer days left to endure,
Of repetitive daily routines:
A new life will be the cure.

I hope to find happiness,
And find bonds that will last;
And try not to repeat,
All the horrors of the past.

It's Okay

Giving him the ability to break your heart
Was the worst mistake you ever made.
You shouldn't have done this - I know you're
smart,
And I know your emotions won't ever fade.
But you must endure the aching pain,
With the abundant loneliness you'll feel
inside.
The perfect memories will leave a stain—
It's okay honey, its fine that you cried.
However, you'll one day get over this—
Being independent on your own,
His company you won't even miss:
You'll even feel like you've put yourself on a
throne.

Those Three Words

Letting you know with three little words,
How you make me feel,
That would be abundantly absurd -
But just know these emotions are real.

I know I'm being a hopeless romantic;
However, the time feels truly right,
And I know you find this awfully pedantic,
Yet listen and don't be impolite.

You make my world considerably better,
Especially just being in your presence.
With too many feelings filling eight letters,
You must understand my pleasance.

To have a companion who keeps me stable,
And deals with all my emotions.
To have the ability to enable,
You to cope with all my commotion.

Especially through the thick and thin,
While being my fortress of protection.
With the thanks I can't help but begin,
For giving me resilient affection.

We're pretty much two of a kind,
And being inseparable every day.
It's often like we're the same mind;
I hope this feeling will never go away.

Breakup

I yearned your companionship like a drug,
Craving to just be in your presence.
I was completely hooked—
Oblivious to the dangers.
I thought what we had was love,
Oh, how I was wrong.
You used and abused
With your selfish actions—
And emotional manipulation.
Yet I thought this was normal.
You made me think that I was the problem,
That it was all in my head -
I was so besotted that I believed every lie.
Thank god I went cold turkey and this is
goodbye.

Cats under the Stars...

A Claw-some Cat-astrophe!

The garden is seamlessly silent under the glistening moonlight as I search for my next meal, ducking and diving under trees and bushes until I spot my prey safely sleeping in the tall grass. I stalk the furry creature, one step at a time. Closer and closer, until I'm only a swoop away. It hasn't noticed me.

I lower my body into position, crouching for the attack. With one final check I give a little wiggle from behind: balance, leverage, pounce!

The animal dives for cover and with my paw I catch it with skilful simplicity. However, looking at the helpless creature I can't help but lower my paw, letting it scurry away a few paces into safety. Suddenly I capture the careless animal again and watch it once powerlessly struggle in my paw. Tossing the organism even further than before, it dizzily lands and attempts to bolt once more. With anticipation I catch the squirming animal in my mouth and slowly close my jaw to stop its annoyingly loud squeaking.

I smugly head back to the house and deliver my thoughtful present to the humans. Last week I caught one of the largest blackbirds I have ever seen and the humans wrapped it up so fast off the floor that even I was surprised at how much they appreciated it! I deliver the creature to the usual present drop off point, just in the food preparing room and become excited at gratitude I'd receive in the morning.

The eagerness isn't long lived as I forgot to check the human lying on the boxed shaped cloud of comfort. She doesn't move all night, which is really quite worrying, so I use my best methods of resuscitation: lick under the nose or try to warm the gigantic head by sitting on it. It doesn't seem to have worked. I'll watch over her until the morning, as I am protector of the human, although this requires the most amount of space on the comfort box. I stretch my legs and arms, creating the most soothing of positions, and begin my protective duties. I can't help but forget how tranquil this spot really is...

Another Enemy, Paw-lease!

... Two large petting machines surround my body in the most satisfying way. Ahh! This really is the best way to be woken up, especially as my human once again survived the night due to my help. However, I begin to get bored of the repetitive strokes from her, especially as she really isn't paying attention to my needs! Instead a row of cylindrical red objects catches my eye. They look overly suspicious on the table in the corner; I must inspect.

The closer I get the more menacing they look. I ready my award winning pounce and attack! They fly everywhere, quickly falling to the floor, but I'm stuck!

The black stretchy band has caught me! I scratch it off my body using all my effort and chase it under the bed. I wander across the room but I'm suddenly stopped in my tracks.

What is that strange looking creature in the clothes container? It makes no sense; the doors are shut.

I crawl over to the clothes container and the creature is staring at me, its deep green eyes glaring. This is my territory. It must leave.

Hissing and growling as loud as I can, I ready to pounce, but the creature copies my actions! Turning my head to the side in vast confusion, the creature copies my movements once again.

The creature can anticipate what I'm going to do before I've even done it. A different method of attack must be used! I bolt round the side of the wardrobe, completely out of sight.

Checking that the creature hasn't followed, I slowly scuttle back, my fur close to the door. The creature gradually becomes visible; it's unaware of my presence.

It's time to swoop! Claws out, I slash the creature as many times as possible. It hisses in defeat and I scramble across the room.

After such a traumatising experience I can't help but feel tired. Sleepily heading back, I notice the human had left the material drawer open. She really was grateful for last night! I curl up in the array of materials and dose off once again...

Pro-cat-stination at its best!

The aromatic smell of the white meat drifts into my nostrils and awakens me from a pleasurable nap. With a slight curl in my tail, I cheerfully arise from the snuggest place in the house and search for the smell. Pleasantly surprised, I find it's just the human watching the lightbox, thankfully not disturbing the little people living inside, with a plate of meat just beside her. I politely ask the human for a piece of her succulent substance but she just ignores me.

I must be assertive: this is my food, my birthright! I shout the loudest, squealing meow possible until she shows me attention. With a sigh she gives me a chunk of meat, which I scoff as quickly as possible, but I'm still hungry! I try the same technique but it doesn't seem to be working, so it's time for plan B.

I rush over to my scratching post, managing to climb to the top with obvious ease. Then just a quick hop to the table and I'm at my desired destination: the lightbox! I perch in

front of it and screeched out another outrageous meow. Letting out yet enough sigh, the human strolls towards my direction.

My plan is working!

With great anticipation the human picks me up. Oh I had forgotten that this is the most exhilarating feeling ever! I'm flying! Soaring through the sky like my greatest enemy! I bet this is the highest any of my species has ever been!

Unfortunately my excitement vastly crash lands and all four paws return to the floor; it was completely worth it! The human puts a handful of the green stuff in front of me and I begin eating like it's the first time in months. However, I suddenly realise that this food is what the human once described as 'catnip'. She must be out of her mind, it's only midday! Everything suddenly becomes extremely loud in the quietest of ways. Also, I can't understand how the air tastes orange; it wasn't like that a minute ago.

The human, it has three legs. I can't cope with the amount of feet. That's too many feet to accidentally kick me in the middle of the night! I don't want that.

No. Please. Stop...

A Meow-nificent Ending!

The room is still spinning when I wake up; I'm really not as young as I used to be.

The human is calling my name from the food preparing room! I run as fast as my legs can take me and skid across the cold marble floor. The human has done well: she's prepared me another two course meal, for the second night running! The first course is the normal dry biscuits with the interesting shapes, but it perfectly complements the second course of Lamb with Vegetable Pâté.

Feeling seamlessly satisfied I decide to follow my human to the forbidden water bowl. It's my job to follow and protect in this room as one time I forgot and she stayed there for over half an hour! Then the demons of hell are unleashed by the pull of a handle. I try to curl round my human's feet for some much needed attention after that horrific ordeal, but instead she heads over to the tiled floor behind the impenetrable force field. Back when I was a kitten I learnt the hard way about his horrifically scary indistinguishable fortress. I used to charge round the house, at the fastest I could run, and would accidentally hit it when attempting to go outside. Even though it's basically invisible, it hurts. But my human didn't show me any sympathy and just laughed. It's her favourite anecdote when speaking to foreign humans in the house.

So I've learnt my lesson. I must be careful where I walk nowadays. Nevertheless, I follow the human round the glass, still purring for attention until rain suddenly fell from the ceiling. I swear in that moment, I lost one of my nine lives.

I bolt from the tiled area and out of the room completely. I must go to my safest place. This is too scary. I rush over onto the sofa in the lightbox room to find my most beloved companion, Mr Bubbles, a monkey who lives in these areas. I dive into his soft furred stomach, craving comfort. The light escapes the room with my worries swiftly drifting away. The events of today drained my energy and I am out like a light, preparing for new adventures tomorrow...

Reflective Commentary -Poetry

The aim of my poetry has been to explore the rhythms and textures of language, in order to convey a theme. Wider reading of poetry, literary essays and viewings of propaganda has inspired many of the pieces. The following sample of the poetry produced strove to demonstrate a variety of styles.

The Good Wife

The theme of this poem can seem relatively outdated to the modern reader. However, the piece was inspired by some 1944 propaganda by Swan which addressed women about 'How to be a good wife though married'. The aim of the poem was to write from the historical perspective of the advertisement but add a feminist perspective. The outdated opinion of women looking after the house and kids was represented by the male figure - with the female character successfully arguing the modern belief of equality. The contrast in opinions allowed the idea of women's rights to be demonstrated even further. Throughout the stanzas, a natural flow was achieved primarily through the use of rhyming couplets; however, loose iambic pentameter further contributes to the fluidity of the poem. An ironic element was also featured in the last line which states 'We must have equality throughout 'man'kind'. The "apostrophe" portrays the irony, as the word for collective humans is predominantly represented by men.

Butterfly

The poem 'Butterfly' uses a variety of poetical techniques which explores the theme of suicide. The idea of having a suicide themed poem was inspired by an impressionable news article I read several years ago which stated the death of 13 year old girl. I wanted to explore the mind-set of an individual who had a potential suicide attempt in order to convey a scared and desperate nature in my poetry. The title 'Butterfly' was chosen to reflect the fragility of the narrator's mental state. Butterflies are regarded as being delicate and beautiful creatures, which was an image I wanted to convey to the reader. The difficulty of the situation for the speaker is demonstrated throughout the poem. However, the use of oxymoron in 'the silence shouts' further demonstrates the issues experienced by the speaker. Similarly, the use of isocolon and anaphora causes stasis and fixes the moment to a point the narrator can't get beyond. Nevertheless, the form of the poem changes considerably in the last stanza, as there is no repetition in the line openings. Having this variation shows the disparity of the situation, with the individual consequently regretting their actions.

Breakup

The main influence of this poem came after reading George Orwell's novel, 'Nineteen Eighty-Four'. The male protagonist, Winston Smith, develops a love interest for his co-worker Julia, which eventually leads to their capture by the Thoughtpolice. In Room 101, Winston is subjected to torture which leads to the betrayal, and then repulsion towards his former lover. In 'Breakup', the same emotions of disloyalty and anger are explored

thoroughly. The form is a Shakespearian sonnet, 14 lines with rhyming couplets in the last two lines. Sonnets are primarily about both love and beauty, so the theme of a relationship breakup is contradictory and ironic. The poem features an extended metaphor, which states how love has vast similarities to a drug. The issues relating to addiction are explored throughout the poem, especially the cravings, abuse, selfishness and manipulation. The comparison allows the reader to understand the anger still experienced by the narrator.

Stagnation

The poem 'Stagnation' is one of the more erratic in the selection. This is due to inconsistency of both lengths of syllables in lines and rhythms, which reflects irregularity of the subject. The title of the poem further highlights the foulness and staleness of the situation for the speaker. However, 'Stagnation' also stresses the speaker's inability to develop or advance, which insinuates that the situation could have been self-inflicted. The insecurities of the speaker are also a prominent element of the poem, especially with the quotation 'false compliments every time'. Despite this, the speaker's grip of the situation is also demonstrated through the use of the rhyming pattern.

Friends

The poem 'Friends', follows the development of two individuals journey towards love. However, due to faults of their own, the relationship disintegrates and leads to their inevitable breakup. The decision to have four stanzas was inspired by the blog article stating the '4 Stages of Relationships'. Wiggins states how the stages are sexual attraction, romantic love, intellectual decision and mature companionship. In regards to 'Friends', the characters are unable to overcome the step of intellectual decision, in the third stanza, due to having the inability to accept the partner's flaws. The effect of the relationship is demonstrated within the last stanza as the reader witnesses' consequences of the pair breaking up. The last line 'wishing they were here' deliberately undermines the expected rhyme, which further mimics the hiatus of the situation. The poem was written in order to demonstrate that sometimes the risk of developing a friendship to a relationship isn't always worth taking.

Creative Commentary – Cats under the Stars

The inspiration for *Day in the Life* was inspired by the poem “A Martian Sends a Postcard Home” by Craig Raine. The Russian formalist idea of defamiliarization was a new technique in poetry I had never come across. Household objects, such as books, are described as being “mechanical birds with many wings”, along with phones being “a haunted apparatus sleeps, that snores when you picked it up”. This new and revitalizing method of description was something I wanted to incorporate into my own work, especially as this technique allowed the reader to interact more fully with the writing.

Initially, the structure of the prose piece was going to be in a letter format, from a mature cat’s perspective, giving advice to a kitten. With its military undertone, the cat is directed into each room of the house and given advice in order to survive its possible life threatening ordeals. The technique of defamiliarization was a prominent throughout the initial piece, as beds were described as “box shaped clouds of comfort” and the television a “lightbox”. Getting into the mind-set of a cat was key in this first draft further aided later redrafts. Both the arrogance and ignorance of the creature was explored, along with the actions from humans implementing their self-centred lives. This is especially evident in the description of the catnip and opening of the underwear drawer. Although the first draft was incomplete, it allowed the foundations and ideas for an improved format, while setting the basis for further ideas.

The shape of the piece changed considerably in comparison to the first draft. Instead of being a letter addressing a kitten of the feline way of life, it turned into a 1st person story following a cat throughout its day. Key settings, such as bedroom, living room and bathroom remained, although were adapted considerably in order to comply with the new style. Similarly, additional surroundings such as the garden and kitchen were added for dramatic effect. Furthermore, events with the catnip were written about in more depth in order to bring a comical element to the piece. The developed form of writing allowed the reader to be more of a captive the mind-set of the furry protagonist.

Despite the considerable number of redrafts, the storyline lacked realistic elements. It wasn’t until reading Erin Hunter’s “Warrior Cats, Into the Wild” that this issue could be overcome. The novel follows the housecat Rusty, who dreams of hunting a mouse in the woods, but is condemned for his actions owing to threatening the forest Clans. The opening hunting scene for *Day in the Life* was inspired by the novel and invigorates the initially spiritless character. The reader witnesses the cat capturing its helpless prey under the moonlight and teasing the creature for its life. Feline hunting traits are captivated by “I lower my body into position, crouching for the attack. With one final check I give a little wiggle from behind: balance, leverage, pounce!” Hunter’s novel enabled both depth and progression in the storyline, whilst allowing precise descriptions of motions.

Throughout the day in the life of the cat, events occur in order to involve the reader and ensure realism in the storyline. The reader witnesses the speaker “protecting” the

human owing to never moving throughout the night. The “methods of resuscitation” were inspired by personal experience of owning two cats as many nights I would be woken to by a cat sleeping on my head. After researching on the internet and speaking to fellow cat owners, including this would provide amusement for any cat lover. This was also the case in the incident of the cat first seeing itself in the mirror. Catnip, similarly, would also achieve this humorous effect. These incidents involve the reader, while allowing non-cat lovers to have an understanding of cats in these situations.

Once concepts and realistic aspects to the plot were established, specific details could be added. Initially, the piece was divided into four main sections, all titled with paronomasia and relating to events happening in the chapter. This division is to represent the cat’s sleeping patterns, especially as cats have been recorded to sleep anywhere from 16 to 20 hours a day. Throughout the prose, the identity of the speaker is never explicitly stated to create the sense of ambiguity and mystery. However, the personality of the creature was achieved through the use of sibilance. The technique is used throughout the piece in order to capture the cat’s character. Similarly, phrases such as “with a slight curl in my tail” further add to the energy and life of the protagonist.

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Word count

Poetry and Prose – 2,871 words

Reflective Commentary - 1,598 words