

Original Poem Log # 2

*One log hides another, as one idea, one chore.
Many of these you'll provide, I trust.
Painful, tedious, insufferable, yet a must.*

Date 2 / 10 / 14

Title "The Home Run" (Optional; add later? First Idea to Hit you?)

Context (Required). When/Where Written? Impetus/Catalyst/Source of Inspiration? Who or What?)

This poem was written at home after a prompt given to me by Mr. Shakely asking us to write a poem about a tangible object or item. I initially had absolutely no clue what to write about, so I wrote about one of my favorite objects, a baseball. I decided to write about a Los Angeles Angel hitting a bomb off a Yankee pitcher, using the ball as the first person narrator. This is clearly an ideal situation for the Angels are the best team ever while the Yankees are just about the worst.

Meaning (Required. This is more important than poem itself): Immediate CM re: the process, the product, your satisfaction/dissatisfaction level.

- 1 What were you trying to accomplish with poem? Theme? One-word ? CM/20 Questions?
- 2 Initial impressions once completed ("...started off good, .lost it"; Satisfaction / Dissatisfaction with it? Other?)

This poem's goal was to describe a feeling of freedom and adventure as a baseball goes for the ride of its life over a fence. The baseball has been trapped all its life in a box, but now it is his time to shine. Baseballs are very rarely hit over the fence, so this ball is extremely lucky that it was one of the few to do this. It was the chosen one, and as this may be rare for a baseball, every human is chosen by God. Every single person on Earth is the chosen one, and some people take advantage of it while many don't. I am somewhat satisfied with this poem. I tried to make it ambiguous so that one would only know what in the world I was talking about through the title, but the title is very important for its interpretation.

Relevance / Allusions (optional): Connections? Personal experience [Micro]? Historical [Macro]? Lit allusions?

I have hit one home run in my life, and it was one of the greatest feelings in the world, so I can only imagine what it would be like to be a conscious ball flying through the air and into the stands. The poem describes something rare that only happens every once in a while, so this poem encourages us to take rare opportunities and make the most of them.

Form (optional): Anything you tried to do? Nothing? Diction? Poetry Terms? Symbolism? Why?

I tried to make this poem very hard to understand without reading the title. If one reads the poem without the title, it would sound very strange and unexplainable. Ambiguity opens the doors for creative interpretations, and that is what I tried to encourage.

The Poem Itself (attached): (Rough Draft Perfectly Acceptable. Need not be a neat copy. Or you may attach draft work if

you desire to show something of process).

The Home Run

I finally see the daylight
My first time since that terrible mud bath

For a moment, I cannot see,
But I am calm and patiently wait my turn.

At last! I am up!

The man in the blue tosses me
to a large, pinstriped fellow.

He rudely digs his fingernails into my skin,
And sends me flying through the air.

I am hit hard by a man in a halo.
I wobble through the atmosphere, dazed and confused.

I see water cannons burst into the air.
I black out.