

Original Poem Log # 3

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

Date 3 / 3 / 14

Title "Hero" (Optional; add later? First Idea to Hit you?)

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

I wrote this poem as an assignment during English. We were shown a video of a speaker at a high school graduation telling the students that they were not special and they were just like thousands of other Americans. I was supposed to write a poem relating to this video, so I did. I wrote this poem about a hero who created some sort of gadget that allowed everyone to become a hero. His plan went terribly wrong, crime rates went up, and people abused their power. One major source of inspiration was the Pixar movie, *The Incredibles*. In the movie, a villain named Syndrome has created products for people to buy that will make anyone super. "Oh, I'm real. Real enough to defeat you! And I did it without your precious gifts, your oh-so-special powers. I'll give them heroics. I'll give them the most spectacular heroics the world has ever seen! And when I'm old and I've had my fun, I'll sell my inventions so that everyone can have powers. Everyone can be super! And when everyone's super...no one will be."

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?)

When I wrote the poem, I tried to emphasize the fact that if everybody is special, then nobody is really special. If everyone is a superhero, then nobody is super at all, they are just normal. Something is unique because it is different, not because it is unique just like twenty other "unique" things. For having such a short time to write this poem, I am actually very pleased with the outcome. We had class votes to decide which poems in the class to put up on the projector because they were good, and mine was one of the ones chosen. I like this poem because I managed to make it general. Originally, I had a more specific story, but I felt like that limited its meaning, so I tried to broaden its message by make more general statements in the poem.

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

This poem is an allusion to Disney/Pixar's *The Incredibles*. When I first heard the assignment, the quote by Syndrome stated at the top of this page was the first thing that popped into my mind, and I was determined to write about it.

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

I tried to give this poem a narrative form and feel to it without being too specific and detailed as to not tighten the range of things it applies to in life.

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).

Hero

The hero stood on a hill,
overlooking the city he helped protect.
What he saw was not pleasing
Evil and injustice filled the air,
so much that even he could not prevent it.
He thought if he could help others help themselves,
then they would not need him anymore.

The hero worked day in and day out,
creating something that would make everyone a hero.
At last he succeeded, and he had changed mankind forever.
The world would supposedly become crime free,
but in fact, the opposite forces reigned.
Evil and hate took over as people abused their new powers.
Pretty soon, everybody was a hero;
therefore, nobody was unique.

The hero quickly realized he had failed,
and he would do everything he could to make it right.
He did learn something from it all:
If everyone's super, then nobody is.