

**Original Poem Log # 6**

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

Date 4 / 19 / 14

Title "Alone" (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 at home with no restrictions or guidelines. At the beginning of the semester, I started a document with original poem topic ideas on it, and one of the very first ones I had was about being alone in the midst of everything. This is the final product of that idea. I was inspired by the social justice summit, and hearing stories of depression and mental distress. I could feel the emotion in some of the speakers, and I wanted to transfer this to a poem of some sort.

**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 is about a person who feels alone mentally and spiritually. There is a hole in his or her stomach, and a gap in their soul. They long to be loved, by anyone or anything, but they are the discarded, forgotten people of our society, and nobody wants to provide this love. People are not supposed to be just thrown away, but society does this every day. It throws away "unwanted" people such as minorities. Being marginalized is not fun, and it is not okay. I am satisfied with this poem because I thought I got my message across pretty well using good metaphors and a good technique.

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

Everyone has been left alone at some point in their lives, and so have I. I personally relate to this poem somewhat, but I strongly believe there are others that can relate to it more, and that is what drives me to do something about it.

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

The only real unique form set up that I did was repeat the first line as the last. The first and last lines of the poem read "I am alone," I representing everybody and not just the narrator.

**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).

## Alone

I am alone,  
Surrounded by others, but alone.  
A small fish in a large ocean,  
I go with the currents, unnoticed.  
I am in the presence of other beings, but alone on the inside.  
I know that I am beautiful, though others say I am not.  
My heart is warm, but few want to share that warmth.  
I am swarmed by thoughts of not being good enough,  
Not fitting in, not making the grade.  
I am alone.