#### Context (Where Found / Viewed / Read?)

Mr. Shakely gave to us in class, class assignment

### Content / CD / Summary / Precis (Say? "Plot? Setting/Situation? Key lines/phrases scenes, etc?)

This poem follows the journey of a child into adolescence and adulthood. It describes how everything in life starts off so simple yet gradually gets more complicated as one matures and grows up. As we grow, we start to sense the things around us, and there is always a point in our lives where we feel enlightened by the objects around us. By the end of one's life, they end up right where they started. They realize that everything they learned throughout their life just led them to the same reality that was when they were born.

#### Content / CM / Meaning? / Theme(s)?

This poem is a journey. It is the classic journey of a human being as he or she lives his or her life. They start out as a baby, but soon they grow and begin to experience the world around them. By the end of their life, they find themselves exactly where they started. The theme of this poem is beginnings and endings. We as humans take on a big job as we grow. We take on responsibilities and workloads, but at the end of the day, what does it all mean? What is the point? We start our lives trying to figure out our purpose, and we end our lives the same way.

## Form (Diction? Construction Terms? Symbolism?)

The poem is set up in 6 unevenly lengthed stanzas, the first few describing the beginning of life and the last few describing the end. In the middle, colors and words are talked about, two of the most basic sensations we use to describe things.

Commentary (What do you want to say? Why like? Questions? Synthesis / Allusions-Connections / Relevance to personal experience, to literature, 20Q's? etc.)? "Poetic" Traits?

This poem is poetic because it can take one on a magnificent journey in just a few short stanzas. It's shortness describes the shortness of human life and how we must take advantage of every moment. It takes you from "you begin this way" to "it has an end." This poem is a one way journey through life, using descriptions of the simplest of things to describe the wonder of youth and the wisdom of age.

# Coloring the World:

You begin this way: this is your hand, this is your eye, that is a fish, blue and flat on the paper, almost the shape of an eye. This is your mouth, this is an O or a moon, whichever you like. This is yellow.

Margaret Atwood's

"You, Begin"

Outside the window is the rain, green because it is summer, and beyond that the trees and then the world, which is round and has only the colors of these nine crayons.

This is the world, which is fuller and more difficult to learn than I have said. You are right to smudge it that way with the red and then the orange: the world burns.

Once you have learned these words you will learn that there are more words than you can ever learn.
The word hand floats over your hand like a small cloud over a lake.
The word hand anchors your hand to this table, your hand is a small stone
I hold between two words.

This is your hand, these are my hands, this is the world, which is round but not flat and has more colors than we can see.

It begins, it has an end, this is what you will come back to, this is your hand.