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AP Lit & Comp

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### When Mourning a Loss

Shifty and elusive – the blame is never his.  
Pushing others into the flames of darkness  
while standing cowardly in the soft white light.  
Blinded by the binoculars of insecurity and false purity;  
consequently he lacks the strength  
to lift even the smallest of a pond's weathered pebble.  
Considered by self to be scholarly and constructive;  
considered by teammates to only exacerbate.

Alone he builds, brick by brick,  
the foundation of a barrier – a desperate barrier.  
Solemnly pleading, wishing, and begging  
for the thin cement to remain sturdy,  
and it does...but with holes.  
Attempting to secure his heart in the sweet bread basket of his walls,  
he cradles his feelings so they won't crumble out of control.  
Although he battles his inner dilemma,  
he is the backbone. Clinical and reliable.

With a heart as big as the atlantic  
and as strong as the rivers carving through the rocky mountains,  
his leadership lays a path for all those around.  
Tying back together the new friendly foes  
and the shambled disputes in attempt to silence the uproar  
– to reunite and rally once more towards the forgotten common goal.

Broken by hardship, a once gracious stream pours  
. Down, down, down... it's violent water roars.  
Considered weak and submissive, all it takes is a strike of agitation;

outcomes it's true beauty – outcomes it's true power.  
He is a waterfall, and wounded he thunders.

For he it is mistaken that one's mind can roam free,  
for his mind is chained and forced to melee.  
He fights and fights, but this thought will go nowhere.  
He bellows late at night; he cries out “Why?”  
but it is assured by reality that nothing will change.  
All he can do is wish; wish it would've went north instead of south;  
wish he could change the moments leading up to tragedy.  
If only he would've knew the outcome --  
he would've changed everything.  
Like the clouds on a stormy night,  
this moment will haunt over him forever.

### Reflection:

My poem focuses on the different types individuals, or teammates, and how they respond after a loss. It is vague at times to give the reader a better chance at fitting someone into that category. It is meant to be read analytically and this is because it can get difficult to decipher and understand the deeper meanings expressed in this poem's analogies, metaphors, similes, and uses of imagery. Semicolons and dashes were often used to create unique syntax and developed vivid imagery as well.

- I. My first stanza has a serious tone that is set by the belittling of an individual who can't take responsibility. I include some visual imagery through metaphors like "blinded by the binoculars of insecurity and false purity..." to further focus the weakness and selfishness of this individual.
- II. My second stanza focuses on people who build barriers around them to cater their feelings. I include visual imagery of building a barrier to show the truth of the process. I made it to be "desperate" and have "holes" to allow the reader to realize that these walls being built still let feelings through.
- III. Stanza three was about people who help comfort the team and bring them back together. This was the most uplifting stanza and did it so through the use of earth analogies. The analogy "...as strong as the rivers carving through the Rocky Mountains, his leadership lays a path for all those around" for example, show natural born leadership and their ability to bring people together that were driven away from each other.
- IV. Stanza four was simple and straightforward. I wrote this stanza to demonstrate the emotional side of those who lose. I talk about how even though most can be calm and collected, even the worst lost can bring them down. Throughout the stanza I personify a waterfall to symbolize the player's emotions. The syntax in this stanza is not organized in a purposeful way. It signifies the jumbled emotions and feelings of rage, disappointment, and disgust.
- V. The final stanza was all about the regretter who wished it would have gone differently. This stanza is meant to tug at the reader and really connect to them. In the stanza I write that it "will haunt him forever", and this gives off a very compelling energy. Unlike the other stanzas, this one is written in a quite uniform syntax – like a paragraph from a novel. I intended to write the last stanza this was to symbolize the mindset of "the regretter". He studies every play until he knows what went wrong and then studies even harder to know how to fix it. In that sense you must have a very uniform technique.



