

REFLECTIVE DIARY OF MY LOVE

I fell in love and I wanted the world to know. I wanted the world to know about the highs and the lows, about the moments that I never wanted to be over and the moments I never wanted to meet. I wanted to give the inner core of my experience in English 1101. I thought long and hard on the best process to complete this task. I thought about an essay, a short story, a monologue. However, none of them were intimate enough. I wanted to offer the inner depth of my mentality as I flowed through the semester, the imperfections and the insecurities included. After thinking day in and day out I pondered on this quote I heard by C. Day Lewis: "We do not write in order to be understood, we write in order to understand."

With just that being said, here are my diary entries. Hopefully, they will offer you the same understanding they offered me.

Dear Diary,

Me and literature were made for each other. We help define one another. The poetry, plays, novels, short stories, and films that literature offer me help me find sanity in a day-to-day life. In exchange, I offer literature my writing. The combination of the two were born for one another. It's like Catherine Drinker Bowen said, "Writing is not apart from living. Writing is a kind of double living." My double life is the love I have with literature, with writing, with writing about literature. This love has walked me into an honorable resume', award-winning essays, and publications of poems. I'm pretty sure I can even say that this relationship walked me into the University of Georgia. My test scores were good, my grades were better, but my application essays were AMAZING. I promised my love that I will keep exchanging the gift of my writing with the gift of his presence as long as he never leaves me as I know him. On that day we vowed our love will outlast eternity.



Love,

A Young Writer

Dear Diary,

He's gone as I know him—already. I walked in my first college English class today and received the syllabus. It was missing something, something major. There were no assigned readings on the syllabus—no poems,



no plays, no novels. This means no JOHN DONNE, NO SHAKESPEARE, NO TONI MORRISON. This means NO LOVE. I thought we had a deal. Why would he do this to me? He knew how much he meant to me. He knew that all I needed to stay sane was him. And yet, he's gone. My feelings are overwhelming me. I feel as if I am drowning inside a lost love.

*But I can't quit yet. I am going to search for my love because I know where ever he is, he is longing for me the way I long for him. I searched for him in my writing. Our first writing assignment was an essay in which we had to analyze a picture. I thought this was easy. I could simply analyze Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Grey*. . . Again—I was wrong. My teacher*

actually wanted me to analyze an ordinary picture, no metaphor intended. I left class for the next few weeks with my head hanging low. I felt like I was losing the one thing I had ever found. I felt myself falling out of love with the only thing I had ever loved so passionately and so true.

Love,

An Abandoned Lover

Dear Diary,

Life has to go on. I have to finish school. I HAVE TO. There is not an option in it. Today I thought back to the day when I read that quote by Catherine Drinker Bowen. I lied to you diary. I told you that she said "Writing is not apart from living. Writing is a kind of double living." I mean, she did say that. However, I left a part out because I felt like it would never apply to me and my love. I felt like my writing would always be with literature, and literature would always be with me. But since I've been proven wrong, here is the complete quote:

" Writing is not apart from living. Writing is a kind of double living. The writer experiences everything twice. Once in reality and once more in that mirror which waits always before or behind him. So expect to feel both the highs and lows when you're writing."

That mirror is in front and behind me at all times. I know I must address this problem. I must address this issue. My love has fallen down the drain. English class used to be a class in which my top and bottom lip never met each other, because I had so much to say. However, now they are best friends. Now, all the noise that surrounds me in English class is subtle silence that magnifies the warring conflict inside my mind, inside my heart. And when I tried to search for him in my writing, it never ended up good. I turned to my poetic style, because it's the most powerful, and because I know he can't ignore it. I made it loud, and sometimes I even forgot that I'm writing prose:



"Obama says, 'It's the answer that led those...to put their hands on the arc of history and bend it once more towards the hope of a better day.'" These last words of the tricolon turns all the limp hearts into thrusts of force by circling the brittle rim of the audience's brain"-

From Essay 2

My diction, style, or sentence structure was never fit for any Handbook of St. Martin because all I was interested in was finding my first love. However, through the comments that my teacher left on my essay I could tell that she wanted me to let him go. She felt that it was time to divorce literature and fall in love with my audience. She warranted that my writing style sometimes ignored the factor of audience awareness. She preached clarity, wordiness, word choice... I heard nothing! I figured that those who knew my kind of love, knew that the audience's interpretations weren't the most important, the author's intentions were. They knew that content should outweigh clarity. I figured if this wasn't true then even Shakespeare would have made some changes. For example, he would have exchanged the blue version of the set of lines from MacBeth with the green, clearer version.

But 'tis strange:

*And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's*

In deepest consequence. (Act 1 Scene 3 Lines 123-127)

It's odd

*That sometimes, to win us over to the dark side and then do us harm,
That ghosts and witches tell us the truth
And win us with little things, to betray us*

To greater things

But of course Shakespeare would have never considered this. And unfortunately I would have never considered saying this to my teacher because she may have failed me for trying to suggest a revision to such an epic writer.

I just want her to understand how I feel with out my love. I want her to help me find him. I feel she has the power to do that. I'm going to schedule an appointment with her. I'm going to FIND MY FIRST LOVE.

Love,

A Shook Heart

Dear Diary,

The counseling session was simple today. First I explained the problem. I told the counselor how I had a relationship with literature and how this new kind of writing is too new to me because it was not involved with literature. I told her that the reason my essays were filled with metaphors, loaded diction, asyndectons, colloquial language, and excessive imagery is because the subjects I wrote about were not filled with any. I had to invent the creativity, the literary richness, and the irony because I thought that would bring my love to me. Then I told her how I was wrong. My love and me were still not intimate; therefore, I told her that I wanted to change my major. I told her I feel like I'm in a one way relationship. I'm giving English everything I have, and English is giving me nothing back.



The second part of the counseling session was filled with the counselor telling me how horribly wrong I was. She explained that she enjoys my writing but my excessive intertwining of poetry in prose is distracting. She tried to help me understand that there are two jobs in literature. Writing the words to be analyzed and analyzing the written words. I should never wholly do both. She said I have to find out what it is I love about this relationship I have with literature and let it guide me through the rest.

I left confused. I'm still confused. My mind is full of so many questions. I need to go back to the core. What it is that I really love? Is it Ralph Ellison? Is it literature? Is it poetry? Is it figurative language? I feel like I will never know. I feel like my love is foreign to know where it initially aroused from.

Love,

A Searching Lover

Dear Diary,

This morning I woke up with answers, soothing answers. I chased my falling in love back to the roots. I did not fall in love with literature exactly. I did not wholly fall in love with poetry or figurative language either. These are all branches that the stem of my love grew into. However, the true thing I feel in love with was not as specific as any of these things. What I feel in love with was the single most impressive nature of Ralph Ellison's Invisible Man. I feel in love with the art of creation. I feel in love with the imagination it takes to think of an idea, the intellect it takes to build a plot, and the poetic language it takes to translate such plots into words. And while my love for the creation around me grew, I feel in love with my own creation. I feel in love with my ability to put black on white—pen to paper. I feel in love with the fact that my creations began to create themselves. I can think and my brain would write for itself. I can look and my mind would read for itself. This is what I feel in love with, something rooted so deep in literature that I begin to mistake their faces for one another.



However, now I know the true face of my lover. And I know that he never left me. Because as long as I could write, read, and interpret creation was with me. In fact, the underlying connection between my three essays was based on my love for creation. The two essays used for my portfolio, "For the Love of Art," and "For the Love of Speech" both explore creation at its best. One explores an art of creating a captivating painting, the second explores the creation of a meaningful speech. Both the painting and the speech analyzed portray some degree of mixing poetry with rhetoric—a beautiful creation. Even my third essay, "Mending Blindness" is a piece analyzing the creation of a influential song. My love was so close this whole time. Shame on me for thinking he left.

Love,

A Young Writer