

Taylor Stark

Wild Card - Poem

I initially wrote this poem as a supplement to my first essay titled "Fabrication to Freedom." The poem discusses my transformation from a child consumed in the imaginary realm, to a young adult in search of adventure. I chose this poem as my Wild Card exhibit because it depicts the structure and writing style that I love. It is a free verse poem that incorporates some poetic devices, but there is not much of a consistent pattern throughout the piece. With this assignment I did not feel any pressure to conform my writing, but rather I was able to lay it out exactly how I desired. The poem "Fictional Life" reflects my unrestrained lifestyle and writing.

Fictional Life

It was all in my dreams
Pages held my world into place
Words were my means of transportation
Setting was my place of habitation and residence
Plot was my everyday life without tangible consequence
Characters were mere reflections of my desired self

Defined by the adventures of fabricated men and women
I lived the quiet and vicarious life

I explored all corners of the earth
I interacted with the most fascinating creatures
I felt the deepest heartbreaks and the most passionate love
What could I say for myself?
What could I call my own?

Defined by the adventures of fabricated men and women
I lived the quiet and vicarious life

My body would lie in a box six feet under
My headstone would read only of my birth and death
My existence would be as dust in the wind
I wanted something more
I needed something more

No longer to be defined by the adventures of fabricated men and women
I embarked on a journey labeled with my name

I touch the trees and feel the earth between my worn toes
I am not invincible, my flesh is vulnerable and mortal
I feel despair and great joy; envy no longer flows through my veins
What can I conquer next?
What is my next step?

When my body is feeble and worn down

When I can no longer skip or see the cracks in the pavement
I will dig back into my content memory and recall
I will relive the days of my youth and put pen to paper
For there is at least one child waiting to dream