Framing Statement

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Throughout the poetry unit of this class I learned a lot about my writing style, specifically how deep my writing could truly go. Some of the prompts caused me to really look at myself and evaluate what to write. I think the poem that really stuck out to me as a strong point in my writing was my For the Sleepwalkers poem. The prompt was to select a marginalized group and write a poem that starts about what the negatives around them are or why they are considered “others” but then transition into an overly beautiful and poetic section about them and why they are special. I chose to write this poem about the children I work with, this is an early draft:

For the Kids I Work With

With these lines I want to speak

About the children I work with

The ones society has given up on

But that still need a chance

They have behavioral problems

Cannot function in society right now

But their trauma is what makes life hard

They go through their days

Scared and worried about what terrible

Thing will happen next;

A restraint? Will they run away? Assault?

*Their minds however,*

*Are beautiful works of art*

*Colors unbenounced to the rest of the world*

 *paint their dark world bright*

*Their ability to bounce back*

*From a world that left them for nothing*

*They take flight on wings*

*That start of broken but heal over time*

The heart and spirit of these

Children give hope

That those who the world discards

Can still become the very best in it.

When I was originally writing this I was focused on meeting the criteria of the prompt but revising it was a different story. I added more in the beauty section because the children I work with are truly inspiring. The things they go through inspired me to write more about their achievements, because not many others will. I even showed some of the kids my poem to see what they thought and they loved that I had written about them. My final draft truly means a lot to me and I think it is one of my best pieces ive written.

For the Kids I Work With

With these lines I want to speak

About the children I work with

The ones society has given up on

But that still need a chance

They have behavioral problems

Cannot function in society right now

That’s what they have been told

But their trauma is what makes life hard

They go through their days

Scared and worried about what terrible

Thing will happen next;

A restraint? Will they run away? Assault? Will they leave me again?

*Their minds however,*

*Are beautiful works of art*

*Colors unbenounced to the rest of the world*

 *paint their dark world bright*

*Their ability to bounce back*

*From a world that left them for nothing*

*They take flight on wings*

*That start of broken but heal over time*

*Their eyes are bright and full of hope*

*They learn again to trust, like a new born puppy*

*Opening its eyes for the first time*

*Become open to the world once more*

The heart and spirit of these

Children give hope

That those who the world discards

Can still become the very best in it.