

Creative Writing

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Thinking Metaphorically About Writing

First, think of yourself as a writer or in the act of writing in metaphorical terms. Are you a **turtle** in your writing, slow and steady throughout the race. Unlike the others who sprint ahead with their ideas, only to get bored in a short time and lay their pens down, staying with your idea, making small progress with your little turtle feet each day until, at the finish line, you realize the great race you've covered and the work you've ground out, not dazzling but still pretty substantial.

Or, is writing for you like **returning to a clear, cold mountain water spring**. As many times as you come back to that quiet little spot, you always get refreshed.

Either way, you and the process of writing that you employ can be thought about in terms of an extended metaphor. Read the list of some aspects of writing that real writers encounter on a daily basis below:

fears, problems, joys, habits
where to get ideas from
how to hold a pen, body, paper, pen type
place of writing, private, public
how to begin, develop ideas
how to revise, edit
let others read? Publish
release feelings, clarify thoughts, tell stories

Now that you've read the common aspects that many writers encounter, think about yourself and the way in which you write in metaphorical terms. Are you a turtle that takes his/her time, eventually crossing the finish line with a solid "product"? Or, are you an artist, dissecting your subject with every little detail, ultimately creating an abstract masterpiece where beauty is held only in the eye of the beholder?

Assignment: Create a poem that describes you as a writer or describes the way in which you write in metaphorical terms. Be sure to extend your metaphor throughout the poem to create a complete image of your comparison.

Read the samples on the back of this page

I Am the Sun

I wake up and rise above the horizon with each new piece,
creatures gather and life begins all around for me to observe.
From a distance I watch people together,
from tiny children to elderly couples.
I add them to my list of topics.
I move across the sky with great anticipation
of what these ideas will bring.
Slowly, diligently,
I craft each word.
As each day draws to a close,
and my light drowsily dims,
I make my way past the skyline.
I prepare for morning.
I contemplate working on the piece to completion,
perfecting every flaw,
beginning anew with the sunrise.

The Wind

As I write, my writing is like the blowing wind through
the leaves on a tree.
The wind is the endless thoughts that keep going.
As it blows through the leaves, it collects thoughts
and leaves with it.
When the wind lies down, thoughts are not collected,
but left behind.
Unable to open a new passage between the branches,
my brain almost goes blank.
When my thoughts come back, they are put together as one,
to form a poem, a story, or a prose piece.