



Think
About

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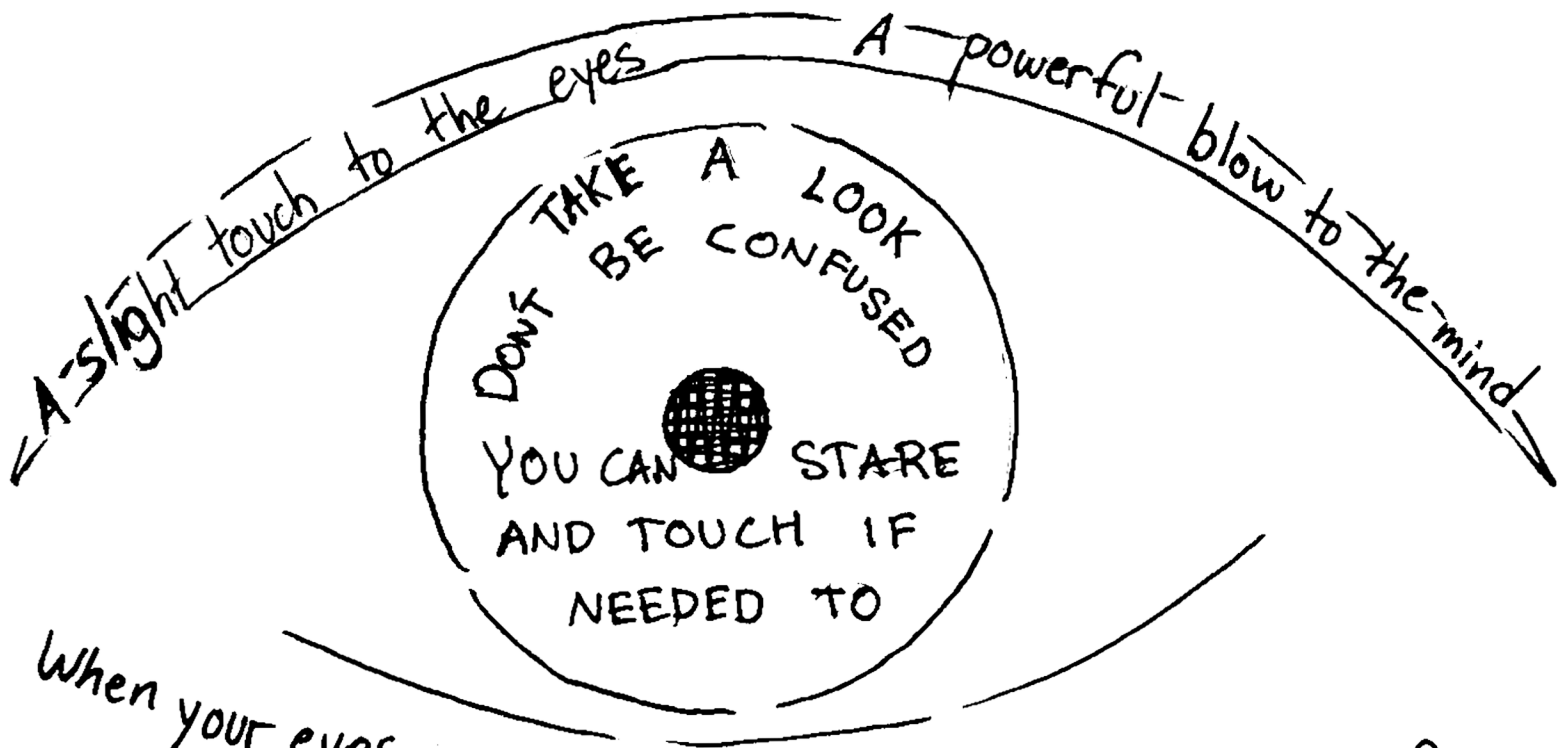
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Eyes on Me



When your eyes wander about
What do you see?
What do you think?
What do you feel?

Think About

LIKE

A

MID

WINTER'S

SNOW

I

GENTLY

FALL

APART

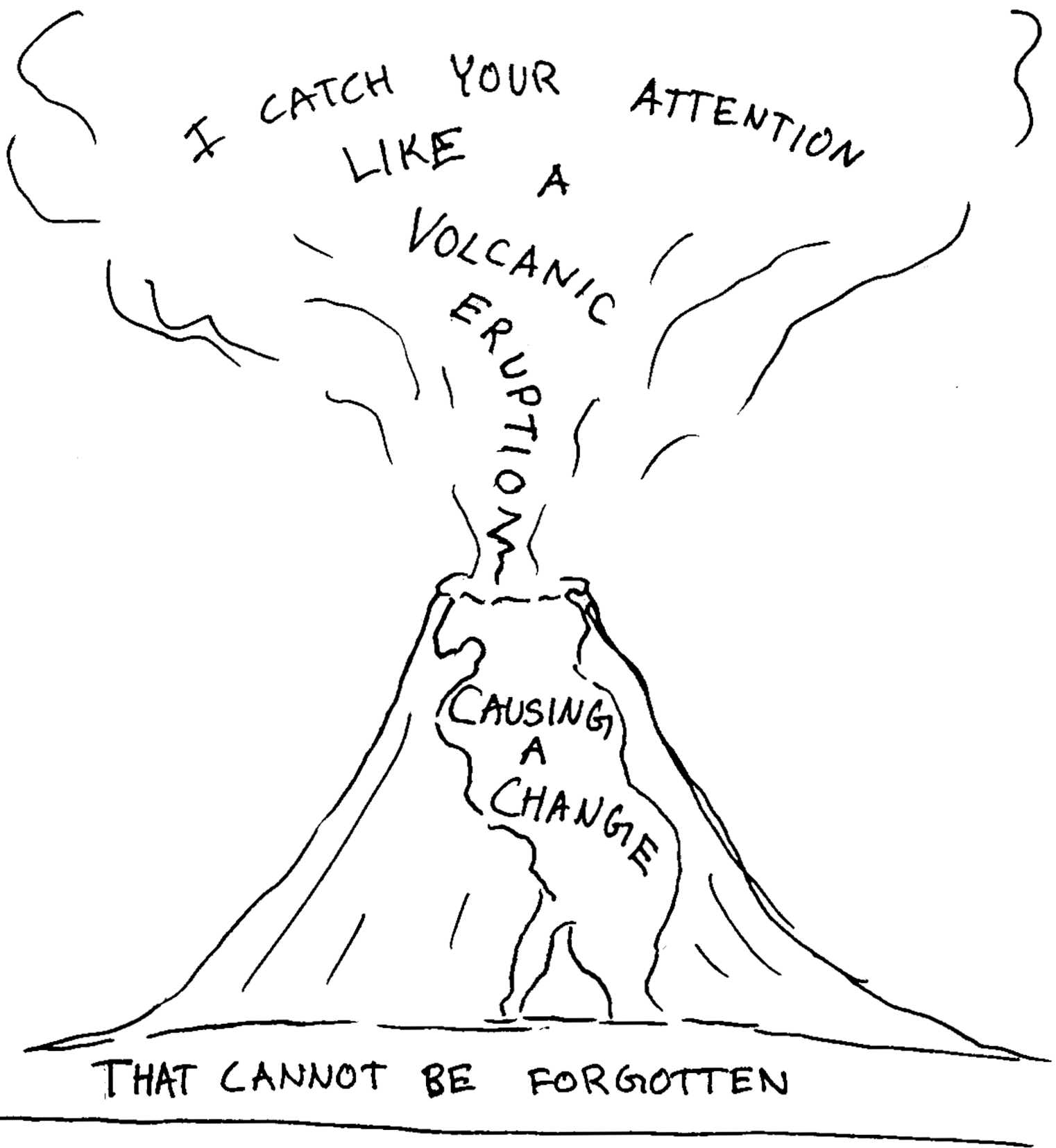
MELTING

AWAY

INTO THE

EARTHLY SOIL





I CATCH YOUR ATTENTION
LIKE A

VOLCANIC
ERUPTION

CAUSING
A
CHANGE

THAT CANNOT BE FORGOTTEN

WHEN YOU GO

I AM LEFT

ALONE

LEFT
TO
ROT

ON AN
EMPTY
CORNER WALL

I FEEL NO PAIN

I FEEL NO WARMTH

ALL I DO IS RELIEVE YOUR THOUGHTS

Summer

Like
a summer breeze
You lift me off my feet

With invisible arms

You plant seeds in me



You
are
the
rain
that
helps
it
grow

You are the sun
that helps it

flourish



You aide me

You guide me

You transform me

Frank Lu

Jean Pierre

Composition 1

21 November 2019

Genres: Poems and Art (Poem Book)

Message:

Art is powerful and can sway people towards a certain opinion, for my poems, I hope to allow the viewer to feel relaxed and enjoy the poems. I want them to feel a connection to art and feel maybe motivated to even start using art and creating.

Reflection:

In my poem book, I decided that the audience is for all ages but is made simple in consideration to the younger ages. Some barriers I had in communicating the idea, was that in the poems I wanted it to be sort of abstract and not too direct in terms of the message, somewhere in between, so kids and adults would be able to get it. So by making it poetic and adding visuals, it allowed for that simple vibe to better communicate with children. The composing process required almost no research, it was similar to writing the draft of an essay, where you would just jot down ideas out and then compose it and organize everything after rereading them. As for my visuals, I drew what you would envision when reading the poems to help younger or older readers better visualize it. I chose poems and visual aids because of the message I was trying to convey, which was to show how art is powerful and can inflict emotions upon others. So how else to show how art can be used than to use art to convey that message so they can have a first-hand experience of it. As for poems, I used this genre because of how creative you can be with the words. Using poems it became easier to visualize and draw out the diagrams and pictures to represent them. For the audience, as I said before I had to consider the age of the readers and the complexity of poems so that I would be able to get my message across all ages. So using the Poem Book, similar to a picture book children would read, it was very visual and had both poems and visual aids to help people read and visualize the meaning. Some rhetorical practices I used were the audience, purpose, author, tone, and genre. I spoke about the genre, audience, and purpose already. For author and tone, I spoke in various ways due to the number of poems I had, for example, I spoke as the artist, a blank canvas, the artwork, and sometimes different forms of art like abstract art. Whether the audience is able to get it or not is what I am unsure of, but knowing it is about art, I made it somewhat obvious of who the speaker is.

Rational:

In making a poem book, I hope to allow the reader to have a playful experience while reading and looking at the visuals. I made the drawings and poems in hopes of getting my message across of how art is important and can shift feelings for all ages. To convey the message to all audiences, I decided to make simple drawings that are easy to follow. Also, by combining both the visual art aspect and the written poems, I am able to be more creative with the way the words were placed as well as what drawings I would draw.

Genre 1 (Poems):

In one of my poems, Think About, one of the stanzas was about how, like art, snow comes and goes, by softly landing on the ground before melting away. To show this graphically and to help readers visualize the imagery easily, I drew snowfall and the sentences falling like snow, then landing on a blanket of snow, before melting into the earthly heart. I drew a literal heart for this so that people won't think I am just describing snow falling, and that it is actually referring to the feelings and emotions impacted by art as a viewer is looking at art then leaving it. But to just add words in a drawing does not actually allow it to be read in the same language as the drawing. To allow for both components to be read as one and the same, I reorganized the words and structures so that readers can see the hierarchy for each line and can still read from left to right then down. The reorganization of these poems was made so that the text actually flowed through the images that I have drawn. For example, the word "eruption" in the sentence, "I catch your attention like a volcanic eruption," was written so that it curved into the concave of the volcano where the eruption occurs and it fades into it. These little tricks of rotating or re-directing the words allow for the reader's eyes to follow that end directly to the next sentence. Therefore by doing that I allow the reader to experience both art and written language at the same time.

Genre 2 (Cover Page):

As for the cover page, I decided to have a simple black and white cover so that it lets the mind wander, and the reason why I had the design and white spots on one end was to make it seem like those spots were floating away. Like little thoughts that wander around your head, I wanted the cover to convey the same sort of language as that. The title of the book is also the same as one of the poems, Think About the reason for this is because I felt like having an abstract title would be appropriate as to not be too direct with the message and to allow for readers to think and be creative when reading the poems.

When I was typing and drafting these poems, I just wanted ideas to flow out about art. So I wrote a couple and only chose a few to be in the poem book. To choose these poems, I decided it would be best for the ones that seemed to be easily pictured and can be visualized to be chosen. In the end, I hope that the reader will have fun reading the poems and enjoy the visual aids given to them so that they may understand it.

Poem Drafts

Puppy Eyes

I am Aesthetics
I am Beautiful
I am Order

Like puppy eyes I make you look
You may give me a thought
You may give me a stare
But in the end, you will end up nowhere

Pat my head
Play with me
Only then will you come to understand me

Summer (viewer to art)

Like a summer breeze
You lift me off my feet

With invisible arms,
You plant seeds in me

You are the water that helps it grow
You are the sun that helps it flourish

Like a caterpillar, I undergo a change
I become a butterfly
Flying in waves and waves of clouds above the
trees

You aide me
You guide me
You Transform me

I Am Born from Desire

I am born from desire

I am what you want most
I am what you crave

But what you want may not be what is made

I never change
Yet I am never the same
I become what you want
I become what you do

When you look,
You are in awe,
But once you think
You think more

I begin to shift,
I begin to change,
I am different to you
Than I am to the rest

What is it that you desire?
What do you feel?

I Am Born from Desire

Barren Lands Artist to canvas

O barren land
What will it take to make you shine with green?

Like a dying tree,
you standstill
Waiting for your season to come

What do you want to be?
What do you want to do?

I can make you grow

You can become a flower
You can become a bear
You can become anything

Formless Power

A slight touch to the eyes A powerful blow to the mind

Take a look,
don't be confused
You can stare and
touch if needed to
When your eyes wander about? What do you see?
What do you think?
What do you feel?

Think about

Like a mid-winter's snow
I gently fall apart
Melting away into the earthly soil heart

I catch your attention
Like a volcanic eruption
Causing a change
That cannot be forgotten

When you go I am all alone
Left to rot on an empty corner wall
I feel no pain
I feel no warmth

All I do is receive your thoughts

Abstract

Every Look you take
Every thought you make

I am the cause of that

Are you convinced?
Are you amazed?

Do you get why I am?
Do you get why I exist?

If you do, then think some more
You may be wrong

I may not be what I am
I may not be what you see
What I am is something more
Something more than you will ever
be

So take another look
With different eyes

Maybe then, will I fall apart

