

Multi-Media Reflection

I chose the broadside because it felt perhaps the most familiar and within my talent realm (I cannot draw or use my hands for anything other than typing). My initial research led me to a collection of broadsides that a children's hospital did and I liked the use of illustration and poetry/prose. I liked the old broadsides that use different fonts and sizes to announce something, but I didn't really know what to write since it's less words so I chose to write a prose poem that came out of my summer longing from my first short try.

I really like the genre because it allows creativity on multiple levels, not just writing and I'm a big fan of creative projects but I have a harder time with illustrating or drawing my own ideas. I have another idea to simply use the size of the broadside and maybe morphing it into some kind of sellable poster for whitewater offices around the west. The general idea is having the outline of the whitewater section of river and writing the stories behind the rapids (while identifying them along the "map"). Most rapids have fascinating names (Lunch Counter, Satan's Ridge, etc.) usually with a cool origin/naming story and I thought it'd be cool to have that written out for patrons to see and engage with prior to trips or even after!

I revised my current piece (leaving my whitewater idea for a future time outside of class), by adjusting the fonts to look more like the olde time announcement posters and revised the language to try and be more of a call to action. I did it to make it look more like the classic broadside rather than the ones I initially saw in the children's hospital because I couldn't find the right graphic. I learned that the sky's the limit when it comes to projects and ideas within creative non-fiction and that poetry can still be considered non-fiction.

IT'S SUMMERTIME!

An Ode to the best season of the year



The melting snow gave way to thawed mud as you made the world beautiful again and banished the frozen snow.

I tore off my boots and calloused my eager feet, getting so dirty I couldn't set foot in the house even if I'd wanted to.

I packed away my heavy layers so I could soak up all your rays – UV and Infrared – until my skin settled on a constant shade between red and brown.

Each new freckle on my skin was like a star making up a constellation that could tell the story for each new memory.

I jumped into a bed of soft grass and you left me love notes imprinted on my skin.

TO-DO LIST:

RUN on rocky and rooted pathways, zigzagging in a frenzy to explore each new trail.

SWIM and survive furious rivers, choking in the waves that try to sink you. Arrive at the end drenched in victory.

LISTEN to the songs of elk in the mountains and

SEARCH for moose

SCAR your fingers on jagged mountains, banging up your body til you reach the top because one bruise will simply not be enough.

FEED logs to the fire all night and watch it belch sparks into the starry sky, its appetite never ceasing until dawn when the glowing embers and symphony of insects lull you to sleep.

BUT OUR LOVE IS HINDERED BY PHYSICS AND I CAN'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND WHY YOU LEAVE...VISITING OTHER LOVERS FAR AWAY.

MY HEART FREEZES OVER -
FIND YOUR WAY BACK TO ME SO WE CAN:

**STRIP DOWN,
GET SUNBURNT,
SCRAPE OURSELVES UP,
SIP OUR BRIGHTLY COLORED BEVERAGES,
& GET STONED WHILE WE SWAY TO THOSE
TWILIGHT CONCERTS.**