

Tragedy of Thought

Logan Underwood

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A Statement

The human experience is a meandering river with twists and turns that define it. The emotions that are tied to the twists and turns of life are something I hold dear. These emotions are what make life worth living. Decoding the experiences of life are an utmost challenge. If I were to be asked to put into words the ebbs and flows I barely begin before I am overcome with the memories that surround events. My poetry is an outlet to share these emotions; a medium to decode the mess of thoughts that flow from ear to ear.

A tribute to the rebels, a tribute to the ones who were willing to push the world forward when faced with the most obstacles. In the years following World War II, the culture of the world reached a crossroad. While millions chose to move to suburbs in an effort of social conformity, a few groups of people chose to swim against this tide of conformity. One of these groups were the Beat Generation. They were poets who challenged society in their poems and language. Their lack of fear for the repercussions of working outside of society's norms is a trait that I envy in these individuals. Allen Ginsberg was the perfect individual to symbolize the Beat Generation. He is a man of creativity and with unbelievable natural talent in writing. His poems challenged the status quo, when he called for change in his work. In one of his most well known poems entitled "America" he outlines America's greatest faults. This critique of the world is an

extremely admirable skill. I idolize his ability to paint beautiful scenes with his words. His ability to use the images he creates to build the picture of the message he is trying to convey is amazing.

In a poetic journey, I share with you my interpretation of experiences of life. I have spent weeks understanding the literary devices that can give words power. Using these devices I have painted a picture, like the great beat poets before me, that alludes to my greater message. A message of human experience and emotion mainly focussed on the hardships and triumphs of life. I explore the forces of individuality by commenting on pleasures, frustrations, and realities of life.

Trail and Error

The evening glow of the spring fades
Looking around I see only solitude
I see broken promises and half hearted goals
Off in the distance I see a city
It's skyline booms with progress and success
In Between lies a labyrinthine forest

My solitude is not lonely
Friends have come and gone
Trying their hand at the maze before me
I stand watching, petrified
Locked into an unremarkable life

I feel the eyes at my back burning holes in my livelihood
The eyes shine bright uncovering my truth
Staring me in the face grounding me to my reality

I Put up a brave face
Telling stories of who I can be
After years of languishing in the daylight
I begin to question if they are just stories I tell
Are they stories of a future I am to be or just a fairy tale?

Are my dreams fleeting hopes of a rambling imbecile?
I deconstruct why I am tangled in failure
What is inherently wrong with me?
What limits me to this life?
I am lost in my mind

He has a vision of what he is to accomplish
His goals are clear — His path is clear
The maze I face is nothing but trinkets to him
A hurdle that requires only one vault to overcome

I am jealous of his clarity
His obstacles are defined and simple
A far cry from the mangled mess I see before me
A mangled mess that defines what I accomplish

I am the creator of my own hardship

Transformation

He is an enigma of personality
So complex that even the machine cannot decode itself
During the machines journey of split personalities, he has forgotten his original settings
Long forgotten is who he is in his own heart, for it has been shielded by his masquerades
He looks back at who he is unable to realize how far he has traveled

He realizes that his personalities mean nothing
He is lost in his mind
Constantly chasing the situational personality
Losing track of the importance of his own
Ruining his greatest gift in search of another one

Shining

Society is a cage
It is a prison denying purpose
That creates a life of suppression
It is a life of creative indifference

Society is designer gold chain
A gold chain; seemingly robust
Glowing with strength and beauty
But like humanity's materialism; it's impractical
Malleable and superficial, it's days are numbered
Numbered by the individual that empowers it

Prison

I miss the days of Childhood ignorance
Where the future had no bearing on the present
The time when you didn't fear
There is sort of peacefulness in ignorance

The vivid colours of the forest surround me
As I run, I feel the wind at my face
It guides me through the twists and turns of trail before me
The roots and rocks that could send me hurtling towards the ground
Are of little importance to my mind for my ignorance shields me

Petrified by self doubt like an aging statue
A statue is at peace; a brave face hiding the war brewing inside
Uncontrollable thoughts race through its mind
What if?
What could happen?
No longer am I lost in ignorance

With maturity comes awareness; an understanding of the world
An understanding that makes life real.
No longer am I in a prison of ignorance
A blissful prison but a prison alas.

Forgotten

The pungent smells of the alley are overcoming.
Different origins, building a melody of scent
Staccato and ugly
Forgotten, left to die in a destitute pit
Poor and forgotten
Ugly and deformed

It is hidden from society
Removed from common view
Stuffed with the waste that allows the presentable's to survive
Of the greatest importance, yet forgotten

Peace

Serenity discovered
Intimate experience
Branches sway, whistling in wind

Comfortable home
Scenes with allure
Connections with land

Unique bonds are built between
Land and man bonded by peace
Where thought is one with the earth

Hidden

Childhood

Hidden in hole so deep
Deep enough to never be found
Been overwritten like sediment
Hidden under the rock of society
Removed from the lights that gave it life
Hidden under the sediment of society

Responsibility and reality were the first come
Mistakes were owned for the first time
Responsibility for actions brings focus

Social pressure builds like a weight on ones shoulders
Anger and irritability comes
Shaping personality and perspective

Layers upon layers have shrouded childhood
Shrouding innocence of childhood
Shrouding carefree times of childhood
Shrouding freedom found in childhood
Shrouding the greatest human experience

Accomplished

A man of in the crowd looks on in horror
As he saw a despicable moment of cowardice
He mutters “pass”

The quitter walks on living his life missing opportunities
Losing — and losing again
Brushing it off, he is unbothered
Unaware of the chances he missed
Quitting in the wake of fear and failure
Choosing the path controlled by the people surrounding him
Trades his freedom for a life of peace
An unremarkable life; without purpose
Settling into bed he is ignorant

The man is approached by a kid
interjecting the kid forces himself into conversation
He thinks to himself “pass”

The roaring one walks his life unaware of his destruction
Fooling himself with false pretences
Lost in the lies he tells
Stories told without fabric in reality
Roaring with life
Hiding his insecurities with his booming personality
Imposing and unlikable
Seen in the light sought avoid
Settles into bed he overestimates his life

The same man looks on in interest
A quiet kid sitting glow as if he is beacon
He gathers his interest and looks closer

The kid with pretence gathers attention
He lives by his actions
Demanding heights
Accountable to only himself, his drive is admirable
Carrying the weight of his future on his own back
He treks the furthest
Over the most treacherous cliffs
He is the strongest one could ever know
He sleeps soundly

Patriot

A chorus of children sing
“God keep our land — glorious and free”
Echoes of their melodies bounce through the halls
The energy in each classroom builds
Until they utter those final words
“We stand on guard for thee”

In the kindergarten classroom, kids seem as if the words spoken are foreign
Speaking from scripts without heart and zeal
Indignant to the purpose of the event
Yet indifferent to the process

In the grade 2 classroom, kids recite with further emotion
Speaking from their memories
Reciting with a robotic passion
Learning the gravity of the lyrics

In the grade 5 classroom, kids sing with pride
Speaking from their hearts
Projecting their patriotism in heartfelt words
Realizing their connections to the lyrics

They are patriots for they have grown up with Canada’s traditional song
It infiltrated their lives from young
Shaping them with passion and patriotism

Chronology

September 2007

Logan attends school for the first time

March 2010

Logan visits Hawaii for the first time

March 2011

Logan joins Seymour Golf and Country Club giving me the opportunity to play golf

July 2012

Logan plays baseball and develop a connection to my national anthem

June 2013

Logan learns about the difference of life in the city compared to the suburbs

Winter 2015-16

Logan is named captain of his hockey team and score

January 2016

Logan chooses to join PLP

March 2016

Logan loses a playoff hockey game to go to provincials

September 2016

Logan attends his first day of high school

December 2017

Logan's mother takes a stand against consumerism and pledges to buy zero clothes for a year

July 2018

Logan loses the final to fail qualify nationals for baseball

June 2019

Logan faces the heights of mental adversity in a golf tournament

July 2019

Logan loses 2 straight games to fail to qualify it nationals for baseball