

Sample Literacy Narrative: How Not to Respond

I had to find a new coping method to deal with this strange new life I was forced into. I felt like I was floating adrift in a sea of emotions and feelings for a long time. I reached a really dark point in my life that I didn't let anyone see. I had hit that breaking point that you are at right now, my friend. That point where it seems like no light can break through to you, where you swear you're just done with life. Everything your feeling right now I've felt, my friend, you're not alone. The thing about hitting your breaking point is that after a break you must rebuild yourself with the tools you do have. Every person utilizes different tools to fix different situations, and for me, that tool was music.

You would never catch me without earbuds in. The music, it transported me to another state of mind, another world. It wasn't the culture behind the music, the flashy life of musicians, the videos, it was the melodic cadence of the beat collaborating with the strength of the lyrics. Pure poetry, I mean that's all it is, poetry and a series of notes strung together, however when these forces clash together what they create is a real work of art. It's a particular melodic aspect of music that can be contagious; however, it was the lyrics that actually saved me. The way an artist can not only tap into his own emotions and experiences but then take them and reach out and heal someone else was incredibly therapeutic to me. Lyrics can be shallow or deep, have one meaning or several, this allows any listener or reader to automatically relate or interpret the lyrics and finding their own meaning in them. The words hold power to the song. I found a new way to cope through my pain through music as I transformed my variety of emotions into lyrics. I took my pain and passion and put them into the lyrics. Not to any

Commented [1]: delete "had"

Commented [2]: Avoid using second person pronouns in your writing

Commented [3]: Don't make assumptions about your audience

Commented [4]: Confusing sentence structure

Commented [5]: Replace "It's" with "There is"

particular beat, it was about the songs, the poems. I would charge my words with so much power, the pain would flow from my body cementing themselves into the pages of my notebook.

Commented [6]: Repetitive

I found a way to cope with my own written words. I was never good at writing in general, however, when I dove into poetry, it wasn't like any writing I had done before. I could hear the flow of the syllables in my head, the count of the cadence they are written in, and the rhyme schemes that captivate a reader's mind. So, I began to write I would write about anything, from my father to my health. I kept a couple ones that I liked for myself and anonymously shared others. I wanted other people like you who might have to be in the same place to possibly see it, hoping it would help them or at least give them the courage to find their own way out.

Commented [7]: add "of"

To this day, I use the literacy creativity that poetry offers to cope with my everyday battles. I created a second twitter account, one that only I follow and have access to called Project Artemis. Artemis is the Greek goddess of the hunt, the moon, and archery. I chose her as the title because, like poetry hunting, archery, and the moon all have some aspect of patience involved. Poetry takes a certain kind of patience to find the right word, the correct symbol, or the right place to pause to construct a work of art that reveals your truth. Poetry relieves me of my stress, exposing my truth and allowing me to take my pain and mold it into something constructive. This gives me the added benefit of being able to go back and reread them, thus, allowing me to accept that pain and in turn, move on. Poetry opened my eyes to a whole other world, one that gave me a second chance at dealing with life's cruel ways, a world that is now forever cemented, one I can always come back to.

Commented [8]: Informal language

Now I am not anywhere close to fully rebuilding myself, but that is the beauty in self-restoration; it's always room to improve yourself and be a better person than the one you were before. Poetry was my rebuilding tool, what will yours be?

