

Reflection Essay

Teenagers have a lot of angst and sadness, or at least I did. I was never popular and never valedictorian. I loved to write poetry to get my feelings out and share them with the world, but a previous teacher of mine said people would rather read happy snippets than depressing rants. It was at this time in my life when I fell out of love with writing.

Since I feel writing has never been my strong suit, you could say I like to express myself in other ways. I thought I had the knack for writing when I was younger and decided to sign up for a creative writing class, but I soon realized the teacher was not as supportive as you might think. My teacher always said my writing was too dark and not airy enough, which was in direct contradiction with what she would tell the class, “Never lie when you write.” I put all I had into my writing, it was private, yet I was willing to share it because I thought that’s what my teacher wanted. Most of my works stemmed from my father’s death and issues with depression and suicide. I was always confused by her hypocrisy to the point of being driven away from writing and losing any enjoyment I expected from expressing myself on paper.

When I was young, my mom always dreamed I’d become a famous writer. I think she was living vicariously through me, or just wanted me to succeed. Now that I’m older, and a bit out of practice, I can’t find things that interest me in a literary sense. The satisfaction of being published was attained when I was a young high-schooler. I remember being so ecstatic and shocked that my peers thought three of my poems were worthy of publishing in our school’s literary magazine “Pencilings” two years in a row. I wish I would have kept up with that state of

mind and written until my fingers wore down to the bone. That feeling of euphoria when you've accomplished what you thought un-attainable is what I long for once again.

My problem now is I never get an idea I find interesting enough to write about. The doubt placed in my mind years ago forces me to ask myself, "Will people enjoy this poem?" Or "Will my writing make someone want to cry?" As long as someone's feeling something about my writing it's worth it, I suppose; especially if that someone is me. When writing poetry or prose, there is the inevitable collision of what gets written down and what is thought. Not everything can be expressed as beautifully as I can think of it, or make the words flow as elegantly as in my mind. I reason that if what I write allows someone to reflect on a different plane than their usual mode of thought, then by a literary definition, I have succeeded. If only there was a way to ward off the forever hovering shadow of procrastination.

I'm going to enjoy this class and how it will motivate me to write more. Hopefully I'll learn to be excited about writing again, the way I was before my creative writing teacher made me feel obsolete. I plan to keep a journal, especially when I travel, so I can look back on the amazing adventures I've had in my life thus far. It would be nice to start writing a short story or book, but I get side tracked so easily. Hopefully, the consistent opportunity in class each week will push me to learn more and apply that knowledge to become a better writer and fall in love with paper and pen once again.