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A.P Literature and Composition
Mrs. Rutan
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Words

Flesh and Blood:

I. A beautiful, thin pink line
Reaches towards my eye like an outstretched hand.
 Nearly blinded by pain, so close,
 The result of a jocular aunt,
 What a cruel joke it would have been,
Had my life changed forever by the distance of one inch,
 One inch to the left.
 Weeks went by, the hand reaching for my eye,
 Still crying red tears when my eyes would crinkle,
The most genuine of smiles paired with the most genuine of pain.
 Now the hand stays locked in a tight fist,,
 No longer crying,
 Simply a small white scar.

II. My story plays out,
 Like a movie on my hands,
 A pale screen with flickers of life on it.
 In this movie,
 The teeth of a dog ripping through flesh,
 The bite of a bowl sinking deep,
 The slice of a pocket knife quick and clean,
 And countless callouses
 From long hours and hard work.
 The movie plays on, no end in sight,
 These hands show character,
 These hands show life.

III. Bracelets are the preferred jewelery,
 But adorning my wrist, a small mauve circle,
 A gem formed through heat,
 The fire of a hair curler,
 The fervent attack which left a lasting mark.
 It bit and it burned,
 Injured and inflamed.
 And by the way, it hurt like hell.

IV. Two years past,
A journey south,
And a nearly invisible mark.
The sun was not kind that day,
Shining with the intent to scald,
And scald the sun did.
If you look closely now, you can barely see
The still-pink skin on my chest.
Scarred from the sun,
A point of shame,
The sun scalded me, as it intended to.

V. From the first moment there,
Camp Grayling, my hell,
The memories piled up,
Like shells from a machine gun.
The blisters cicatrize
Continuing to grow in number exponentially.
The mars are a constant reminder,
Of a time past,
A time that left me forever changed.
SAR Academy left my ears ringing,
With distant shouts and hyperventilation.
SAR Academy left my heart beating,
From the feeling of running,
Though I can't tell whether it's because they told me to,
Or because I was too scared to not listen.
My fear may have kept my legs moving,
But the scars keep the memories racing,
And although they expected me to be perfect.
After all,
I'm only flesh and blood.

Reflection:

I. When I was around nine or ten years old, I was visiting Battle Creek from Germany, and I was with my great-aunt, we were kidding around, and I ended up flinging my head around when she was joking about hitting my with a rubber spider. It was really painful, and the scar split open several times over the course of the next few weeks and bled. If I had gotten hit only an inch or two to the left, I would have been blinded. Since my scar has healed, it had formed a small white scar, similar to a zit. I like to

II. This stanza is relatively self-explanatory. I'm simply describing the scars I have on my hands, linking it to what a movie could be to sort of go further with the repetition of the idea of life that's mentioned. I think that I use a lot of repetition in this stanza, between the list of the different scars and the use of life over and over again.

III. When I did the musical Bye Bye Birdie, I was not as adept at the use of a curling iron, and, funnily enough, I didn't even burn myself when I curled my own hair. The only time I burned myself was when I curled the hair of a friend of mine. It hurt so badly, and it happened twice, but I kept going until I was finished.

IV. My friend and I went to Florida over summer two years ago, and I burn really easily, so while I was there, I forgot to wear sunscreen and burned so bad that a part of my chest scarred over. It took a long time to heal, and is barely visible now, but I thought it was really embarrassing when it was still healing, so I made a point to cover it up, hence the line "A point of shame."

V. In Creative Writing, I wrote a piece about SAR Academy, a personal narrative about a military camp I went to two years ago. It was long and hard for only being a week, and it left a lot of scars. There are a few on my hands from trying to build shelters in the woods and choosing the wrong plants, but there are also many on my feet from marching in hot and sweaty combat boots all day, not to mention running in them. Because of the lack of ventilation in the boots, my feet were sweating the whole time, which caused friction against the inside of the hot boot, causing massive and painful blisters. These blisters scarred and are now a permanent reminder of what happened.