Connor Gilbert

Mrs. Rutan

AP Literature and Composition

13 October 2016

The Bell: A Portal For Tone And Atmosphere

I. Eyes heavy,

 feet feel like a vessel held back by an anchor,

motivation to be here hasn’t quite presented itself.

 As I dwell on a sense of self pity,

 I enter the through the portal of soon to be new found literary knowledge.

Class DONGSSS to a start,

 I begin to realize on a level of academic knowledge I am not the strongest in our class—

 a thought that always seems to re-occur,

 a thought that never likes to leave.

 On the contrary I am a people’s person and I’m never short on words to say,

 ideas to share,

stories to recall.

 Everyday during class these ideas or thoughts love to battle it out.

 *Connor you’re very smart, your ability to communicate and make connections is great*

vs

*Connor why are you even in this class,*

*you should've paid more attention during grammar lessons and studied vocab harder.*

 As I sit in class and listen to the debate in the back of my head,

 their words ring out when the teacher asks for suggestions or a raise of hands.

But, like every class eventually does, it ends.

 The bell gives its slow earthy growl and I pack up my things and head towards my next destination.

II. My next class is a barren sight,

something I notice everytime I walk in.

I am given the opportunity to work on projects at my own pace.

Without a teacher present my mind goes wild,

deep deep down my soul longs for creative free range.

I am a videographer for the next hour,

my projects never fail to move me.

Without anyone to review my work I always find myself thinking, *exactly how moving are they, or is it just me?*

The pride I feel for my projects is like the pride a mother has

for her children;

it may not be all that great,

but I am overjoyed because I created it.

As the minutes go by

the pasty white walls surrounding me seem to get smaller,

the ticks on the clock seem to linger.

As time goes on the creativity slowly turns to loneliness.

With nobody around,

my mind runs askew and my focus diminishes.

The glare of the digital screens mesmerize me

I catch myself time and time again

blankly staring at a desolate screen.

With a sudden dong the bell once again saves me from my prison.

Just like that off I go to my next class.

III. It amazes me how one sound can change the tone of my whole day.

When the bell rings at the end of second block I realize that I am in the home stretch-

it is only up from here.

I make my way to the library and I am engrossed the entire time.

The large sea of people occupying tables,

computers, and chairs engulfes the library.

With this many people there is always a higher chance someone will step out of line.

Like an eagle vigilantly scanning the ocean for his prized fish,

I look out into the crowd looking for a troublemaker to reprimand.

More often than not my search is unsuccessful.

I typically man my post,

just the idea that I may have to step in and exercise my authority is enough of a thrill for me.

It feels as though within minutes the bell sounds off and I am off to my next class.

IV. While I make the trek up the stairs to my next destination my heart starts pumping,

I begin to feel almost a sense of excitement.

This next block will be full of jokes and almost definitely enjoyable.

As I walk through the door I am always greeted by familiar and smiling faces.

This was the class my four best friends and I planned to be in together.

As class starts our jokes and banter carry into the period.

We are typically working on a project,

 which gives us an opportunity to have free discussion.

Instead of having conversations about subject material,

the conversations usually are along the lines of:

poking fun at one another,

what are we going to do this weekend,

or the talk around the school.

Before we know, it to our dismay,

 the bell decides to give us the command.

 Just like that I make my way to the last class of the day.

V. To complete my day I make my way back to the library to work on an online KCC class.

The problem is online KCC is rarely completed.

My mind wanders and my feet follow.

I begin to think

*I wonder what so and so is up to,*

*or I haven’t been to the bathroom in a while maybe I should go.*

I tend to struggle not having a specific place to be.

I wander through the desolate halls and find people to make conversation with.

 Before I know it the bell gives its final ring.

I am Free.

Reflection

My poem describes my daily schedule at school; I go on and explain what each class is like for me. Each stanza represents a block of my school day. I describe the classes in chronological order—1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc. I play with font and the length of the stanza to represent the tone of the class and how time seems to goes by. A common event that re-occurs throughout the poem is the bell. The bell represents a tone shift, and serves as a portal between different moods experienced at different times throughout the piece.

The first stanza is dedicated to my first block— AP Lit. I use the font “Times New Roman” to infer that this is a serious class and the tone of the class is very focused. I use imagery and descriptive vocabulary to describe my feelings towards the class and my motivation to be there. The length of the stanza coincides with how long the class feels; I use long lines and complex sentences to provoke a “dragging” feeling. This stanza has a personal narrative complex— I use italics to describe what is going on in my head.

My second stanza is all about my second block class on videography. The goal was to portray a somber or lonely tone with a creative twist. To accomplish this I used the font “Courier New”. This font reminds me first of a barren old west town, but at the same time it looks the font a big time director would use to write a script. This fits perfectly because I feel independent in this class but at the same time I also have the ability to be as creative as I want. I use the length of the stanza again to show how the class feels— long…

The third stanza is meant to be fast paced and fun. This portion of the poem is about my third block— library surveillance duty. I use the simile, “like an eagle scanning for fish”. This showcases how vigilantly I am watching over the library. I used the font “Cambria” to make this stanza feel fun, but also serious. It is short because the class feels very short.

This stanza, based on fourth block, is the most genial of them all. I write with happy tone words to portray a friendly setting. The font “Comic Sans MC” fits perfectly. The font screams fun loving, just like the class does. I make each line short and easy like you're having a conversation with someone you’re close to. I did this because some of my closest friends are in this class and that's how it feels to talk with them.

My final stanza— the shortest of them all— is about fifth block. Not much happens this block and I tend to daydream. Therefore, the class flies by and school comes to an end before I know it. I use extremely short sentences and a brief stanza to represent how it feels to be in this block. The font

“Oswald” is what I used because the font displays a sense of finality.