



Six-Room-Poem

From Awakening the Heart, by Georgia Heard

Take a blank sheet of paper and divide it into six parts, or *rooms*.

Room Number 1: Think of something that you have seen outside that is amazing, beautiful, interesting, or that has just stayed in your mind. Close your eyes and try to see it as clearly as a photograph-notice all the details about it-and describe it as accurately as you can in room number one. Don't think about writing a poem, just try to describe your object as specifically as possible.

Room Number 2: In room number two, think about the same object/image, but focus on the quality of light. For example: Is the sun bright? Or is it a dull, flat day? Are there any shadows? If it's unclear what the light is like you might have to use some poetic license and make it up. You can also describe colors.

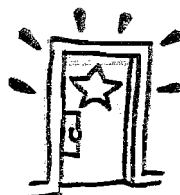
Room Number 3: Picture the same object/image and focus only on the sounds. Are there any voices? Rustling of leaves? Sound of rain? If it's silent-what kind of silence? Empty? Lonely? Peaceful?

Room Number 4: Write down any questions you have about the image. Is there anything you want to know more about? Or wonder about?

Room Number 5: Write down any feelings that you have about this same object/image.

Room Number 6: Look over the five rooms you have already created and select one word, or a few words, a phrase, a line, or a sentence that feels important and repeat it three times.

Read over what you wrote in the six rooms, then see if you can create a poem. You can rearrange the rooms in any order, eliminate rooms, words, or sentences.



**Six-Room-Poem
Outline**

<p>An astounding depth A mysterious history</p> <p>Stillness and salt Smooth rocks and hot sun</p> <p>A plague of tentacles All floating lifelessly</p> <p>No murk nor mud No swamp nor foam</p> <p>Crystalline and constant Placid and serene</p>	<p>Illuminated by Mediterranean rays, center of reflected sunlight.</p> <p>Distant mountains merely peak their shadows onto its shore.</p>
<p>There is a slight sound of breaking whitecaps.</p> <p>Footsteps never hide as toes and heels make shifting clicks on beach stones.</p> <p>The calm wind is a sedative as it lightly whishes in my ear.</p>	<p>Who named you Loutraki? Why did some call "Sea of Corinth?" What killed all the jellyfish floating onto shore?</p> <p>What should one think of a dried up Man-of-War?</p> <p>Why do the monks on the high mountain pick a spot in perfect view of you?</p>
<p>serenity calm Placidity stillness peace mystery displacement joy admiration protection</p>	<p>Neither murk nor mud Neither swamp nor foam</p> <p>Neither murk nor mud Neither swamp nor foam</p> <p>Neither murk nor mud Neither swamp nor foam</p>



Sea of Corinth

There is a slight sound
of breaking white caps.

Illuminated,
by Mediterranean rays—
center of reflected sunlight.

Why did the monks
on the high mountain
settle in perfect view of you?

The calm wind is a sedative
as it whishes in serene ears.
Footsteps never hide,
as toes and heels
make shifting clicks on beach stone shores.

Neither murk nor mud
Neither swamp nor foam
Neither murk nor mud
Neither swamp nor foam

What killed all the jellyfish floating in your swells?
A plague of tentacles—calm, still, mysterious.

Sea of Corinth, some call you Loutraki,
Tell me,
What should one think of a dried up man-of-war?