

## "Cliche" Thought Process

I did not want this poem to have any meaning, and I wanted others to learn what it means by themselves. But, originally, this poem was made for someone I cared about, a love poem. And I believed it to be cliché for it to be made in to a song (there are too many songs about love, and I criticize myself for being in the majority ). I do not know how to talk about this creation without revealing too much while being authentic. This was made at an open mike session at the Penrose Library, and one of the topics was "Whenever I see you." I read the poem in front of everyone ( including my case manager ) and heard their collective "Aw" after I read the final line. My case manager said we could turn that poem in to a song, and this was before the discovery of the Runaway and Homeless Youth Artistic Expression Contest. Putting this in to a song is challenging, and I wanted the poem to be submitted anonymously. I felt uncomfortable thinking of a multitude of people knowing my name. I just want to be left alone.... Now I'm just typing to fill space. Anyway, "Cliche" is a cliché of its own, a love poem turning in to a song at the moment. I've never done anything like this before, and I find my singing capabilities to be flawed, but (\*shrugs\*) it is a new experience... I may have created this poem, and submitted it, out of a sense of wasting my life away. I know I have the potential to do grand things, but I choose not to. Part of it is my disapproval of humanity, the other is boredom. I don't know of the rewards it brings. So here I am, making a thought process in word form about "Cliche" for an art contest. I wonder if there is a cliché to this extended dialogue... I would applaud anyone who took time to read this. And if this is also wasting your time, I apologize for doing so. At least this will only be a page long. It has been a while since I wrote anything significant besides "Cliche." The stories don't come out like they used to. But I was told that I've merely forgotten them for a while. Peculiar. I might take up writing again. Oh, and how can one judge something that comes from the soul? Should creation be authentic to everyone, or to the creator? Actually, I believe many achieved both sides. Who knows what the collective un/consciousness wants?